



THE CHURCH·MISSIONARY CLEANER



HE · THAT · REAPETH
RECEIVETH · WAGES
AND
GATHERETH · FRUIT
UNTO · LIFE · ETERNAL

VOLUME
X.

1883.

"And they took up of the
fragments that remained twelve
baskets full."—St. Matt. xiv. 20.

*And Ruth said, Let me now go to the field, and glean.
And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field.*

RUTH ii. 2, 3.

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THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

L. Qr. 1st .. 12.50 p.m. F. Qr. 16, 19.48 a.m. | F. M. 23, 7.15 a.m.
N. M. 9th .. 8.59 a.m. L. Q. 31st .. 10.37 a.m.

January.

THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

- 1 M Circum. I am the first, and I am the last, Is. 44. 6.
- 2 T Before the day was, I am He, Is. 43. 13.
- 3 W *Krapf's 1st visit to Mombasa*, 1844. Whatsoever God doeth, it
- 4 T The Everlasting Father, Is. 9. 6. [shall be for ever, Ecc. 3. 14.
- 5 F Everlasting King, Jer. 10. 10. [Everlasting God, Ro. 16. 26.
- 6 S Epiph. Made manifest... according to the commandment of the
M. Is. 60. Lu. 3. 15-23. E. Is. 49. 13-24. Jo. 2. 1-12.
- 7 S 1st aft. Epiph. Before Abraham was, I am, John 8. 58.
M. Is. 51. Matt. 4. 23 to 5. 13. E. Is. 52. 13, & 53, or 54. Acts 4. 1-32.
- 8 M The eternal God is thy refuge, Deu. 33. 27.
- 9 T French and Knott sailed for India, 1869. Underneath are the
- 10 W Thy years shall not fail, Heb. 1. 12. [everlasting arms, Deu. 33. 27.
- 11 T 1st Miss. Sermon at Lagos, 1852. The word of our God shall
- 12 F Eternal power and Godhead, Ro. 1. 20. [stand for ever, Is. 40. 8.
- 13 S H. Venn died, 1873. Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever, Is. 5. 19.
[ending, saith the Lord, Rev. 1. 8.
- 14 S 2nd aft. Epiph. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the
M. Is. 55. Matt. 8. 18. E. Is. 57 or 61. Acts 8. 28.
- 15 M 1st Arrian baptisms, 1852. Called us unto His eternal glory,
- 16 T The living God, and stedfast for ever, Dan. 6. 26. [1 Pet. 5. 10.
- 17 W The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Is. 57. 15.
- 18 T The King eternal, immortal, invisible, 1 Tim. 1. 17.
- 19 F Who only hath immortality, 1 Tim. 6. 16. [years, 2 Pet. 3. 8.
- 20 S Tinnevely Centenary, 1880. One day is with the Lord as 1000
[Thou art God, Ps. 90. 2.
- 21 S Septuagesima. Before the mountains were brought forth...
M. Ge. 1. & 2. to 4. Rev. 21. 1-9. E. Ge. 2. 4, or Job 38. Rev. 21. 9 to 22. 6.
- 22 M J. Vaughan d., 1882. Thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever,
Ps. 102. 12. [from of old, from everlasting, Mic. 5. 2.
- 23 T 'Henry Venn' launched, 1878. Whose goings forth have been
- 24 W From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God, Ps. 90. 2.
- 25 T Conv. St. Paul. The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, Is.
60. 20.
- 26 F I am He that liveth, Rev. 1. 18.
- 27 S Behold, I am alive for evermore, Rev. 1. 18.
[ations, Ps. 90. 1.
- 28 S Sexagesima. Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all gener-
M. Ge. 3. Matt. 15. 21. E. Ge. 6 or 8. Acts 17. 1-16.
- 29 M Nyanza reached, 1877. The counsel of the Lord standeth for
[ever, Ps. 33. 11.
- 30 T The thoughts of His heart to all generations, Ps. 33. 11.
- 31 W *Islington Coll. op.*, 1825. This God is our God for ever, Ps. 48. 14.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

I.—Our Own God.

"God, even our own God, shall bless us."—Ps. lxxvii. 6.



E are entering on a New Year. We stand on holy ground. The Hand of Mercy has drawn a veil over the future of life's wide, wild sea, and ere our frail bark sails onward, we crave an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. Here we find it, in three precious weighty words, "OUR OWN GOD." Is not this a fitting New Year's motto to cherish in our hearts until the day break, and we see Him as He is? Let us rest our anxious souls upon this sweet strong truth. Let us make it our spring carol, our summer shadow, our autumn jubilee, our winter cordial. Come joy or sorrow, peace or perplexity, all will blend in holy harmony, if accepted as the wise discipline of our own God.

At a season like this, the GLEANER would fain reach out the warm hand of sympathy to all the faithful workers in its many harvest fields, and our motto seems to draw us very close with cords of Christian love. Though parted in seeming, we all look up to the same blue heavens; we all rejoice in the same bright sun. Go forth, dear wondrous words, and cheer the desponding, comfort the weary, and give a glad impetus to the successful and the happy. Is He not God, and is He not *our own*? What a blessed union of earthly weakness with almighty strength!

What is hidden within the hours of this New Year? For each of us much joy; much sorrow also for most. We shall

need again and again to stay ourselves on One that is mighty. We shall find rest in dwelling upon His attributes, as we severally need their re-assuring comfort; on His Omniscience, His Omnipotence, His Omnipresence.

Are we looking this way and that way, eager for work, yet doubtful what to do? Our path is all marked out by One who cannot err; let us look up and listen to hear His sweet voice say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He will never chill our ardour, nor repress our enthusiasm, for both are His gifts; but He will temper our zeal with prayerful patience, and then send us onward, rejoicing.

Are we hedged about with difficulties, sowing much and reaping nothing? Ah, the Lord's mighty hand can extricate us from every seeming hindrance. Let us cling to the safe, sure refuge of faith in One who neither fails nor forsakes His own children. For if we can look up with clear and trusting eye, and call Him from the very depths of the heart "our own," so will He look down with approval and whisper the assurance that He acknowledges us as His own also. We need no more than this, till time shall be lost in the bright ocean of eternity.

And what can we say of His Omnipresence? It is this which makes us glad as we write, the feeling that He is everywhere, by night and by day, protecting His dear ones and ours, so that we need not mar the peace He loves to bestow by faithless broodings over what may be. Surely all the experience of past years has been only goodness and mercy. The woes we dreaded have never come; the menacing cloud has dropped on our path in a soft, refreshing shower. We have found Him all He has promised to be, and as we journey on, we would say to each and all, Only trust Him; trust our own God.

Thoughts such as these will bear us onward in happy assurance. If the New Year is to bring us accumulated work and responsibility, His secret support will make us a wonder unto many. If we are to be laid aside, He will give us songs in the night of affliction; and if we are to be called home, what will that be to those who have leaned upon and loved Him? Oh, let us be up and doing through all this glad New Year, trusting ever, doubting never, certain that all must prosper, according to the will and the rich blessing of "our own God." A. M. V.

OUR NEW YEAR PRAYER.

"Ask of Me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."



SAVIOUR, plead on! our hearts are sorely yearning,
Longing to see the kingdoms made Thine own;
For all our life is spent in winning many
Soul-gems to jewel Thine eternal crown.
Saviour, plead on! for we, Thy workmen, labour
Daily Thy glorious temple to upraise;
Strange stones of beauty, dug from midnight darkness,
Lay we before Thy feet, to give Thee praise.
Saviour, plead on! this New Year brightly dawning
May see Thee owned by all as God and King!
What care we then, though tears of blood were needed,
Or if we bought Thy crown by suffering?
Saviour, plead on! and claim Thy Father's promise;
Stand forth as God's appointed Heir of All;
Let every kingdom, every people, see Thee,
And at Thy coming Feet, adoring, fall.
Saviour, plead on! the cry of all creation
Echoes Thy prayer, and rises up to heaven,
Oh! may this year, so young in hope and promise,
See Thee as King to all the heathen given!

EVA TRAVERS POOLE.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT AND THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



It is not necessary for the GLEANER to commemorate the general work and life of the good Archbishop of Canterbury whose death on Advent Sunday has been so universally mourned. But it will interest our readers to know something of his connection with the Church Missionary Society, more especially as this is a subject not touched upon in the newspaper notices.

No. 2 of the Fundamental Laws of the Society says, "The office of PATRON of the Society shall be reserved for members of the Royal Family; and that of VICE-PATRON for His Grace the Primate of all England, if, being a member of the Society, he shall accept the office;" and the last four Archbishops of Canterbury have filled this office of Vice-Patron in succession. Dr. Tait, however, did not wait for his Primacy, nor even for his elevation to the Episcopate, to be associated with the Society. His name can be traced in the Annual Reports for forty-five years back. From 1837 to 1842, in the contribution list of the Oxford Association, "the Rev. A. C. Tait, Fellow of Balliol," appears as a subscriber. In the latter year he became Head Master of Rugby School, and at once accepted the office of Vice-President of the Rugby C.M. Association, which his great predecessor Arnold had held before him. On the C.M.S. Jubilee Day, Nov. 1st, 1848, he preached in Rugby School Chapel; and every year since then what is called the "Fox Sermon" has been preached there, in memory of H. W. Fox, a Rugby boy who was one of the founders of the C.M.S. Telugu Mission, the offertory being given to a fund for supporting a "Rugby-Fox Master" in the C.M.S. "Noble High School" at Masulipatam. On that very occasion when Dr. Tait preached, there was a boy present in the chapel who afterwards became a C.M.S. missionary, and actually held that very mastership, the Rev. John Sharp, now Secretary of the Bible Society.

When Dr. Tait went to Carlisle as Dean in 1850, he at once became Vice-President of the Carlisle C.M. Association, being the first Dean of Carlisle to take the office. In the following year he opened the cathedral for the first time to the Society, and himself preached the sermon; and its claims have from that time been annually set forth from that pulpit. In 1855

he was one of the speakers at the C.M.S. Anniversary at Exeter Hall, when he moved the 2nd Resolution, which, carried enough, was seconded by the Rev. Francis Close, who afterwards succeeded him in the Deanery of Carlisle.

It was in 1856 that Dr. Tait was appointed to the See of London, and in the next twenty years he spoke nine times at the Society at Exeter Hall, five times as Bishop and four times as Archbishop of Canterbury. Eight of these were anniversary meetings; the other was a great meeting in connection with the Indian Mutiny, held on Jan. 12th, 1858, on which occasion the Bishop referred to General Havelock, and added, "There has been a day in England when psalm-singing soldiers showed that they were not to be despised"—an allusion which elicited one of the loudest bursts of cheering we ever heard in the Hall.



In 1859, the Bishop of London preached the Advent Sermon at the Cathedral of St. Martin's, in the presence of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The sermon was on Ps. ii. 8—"I will give thee the heath for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Dr. Tait was present, and his sermon was in comparison with what he was a speaker; but the sermon read in the present day is impressively after years of his habit, which was not common on the Tuesday following, to be at the Mission sermon; and the last time he was when the present Bishop of Rochester preached in 1880.

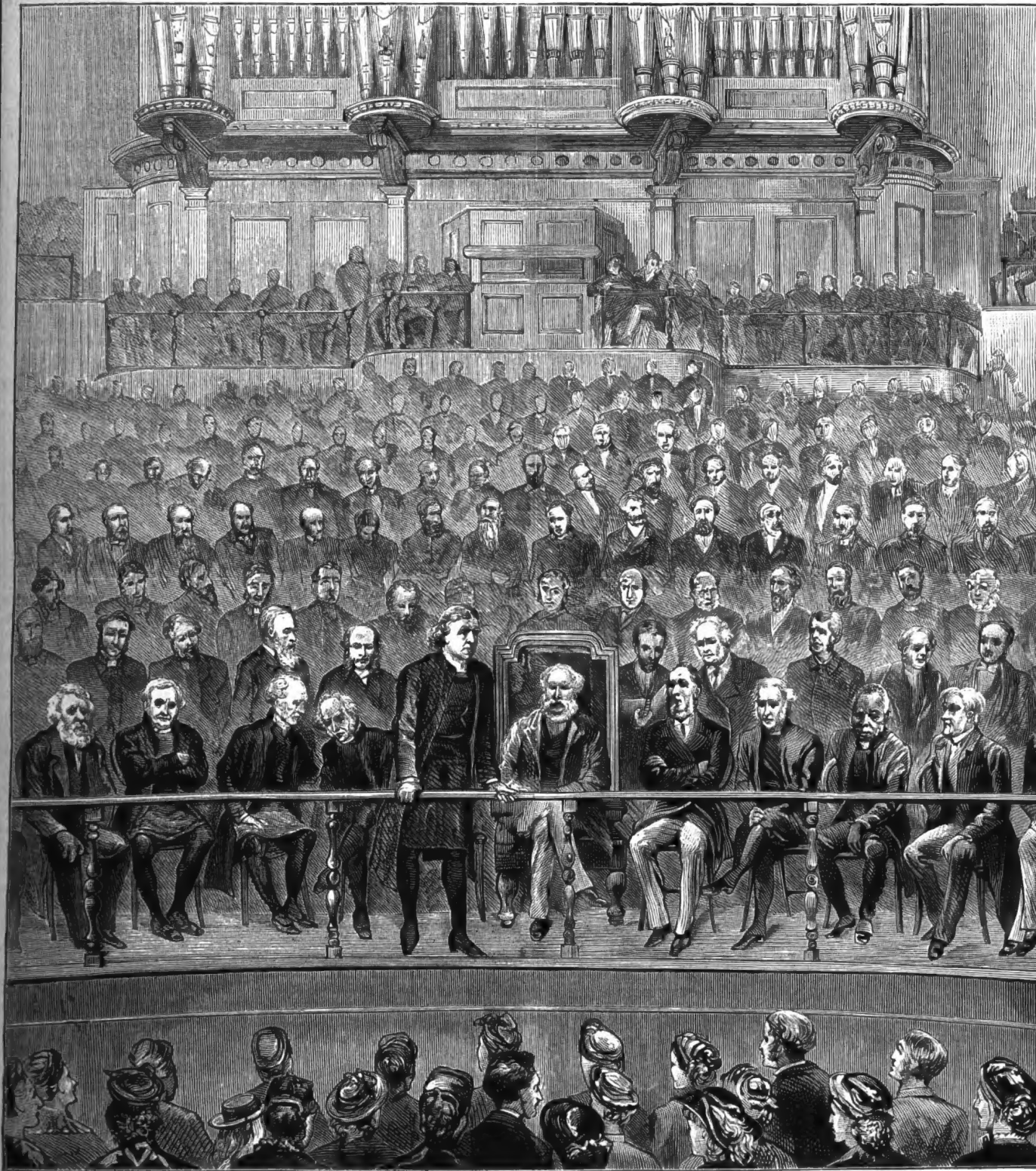
It has been the custom for the bishop of the diocese to bury, on his appearance as Patron at the

Meeting, to take the chair instead of the President. I did so in 1869, only a few months after he became Primate. In 1872, 1874, and 1877, he sat on Lord Chichester's right. His speeches on all these three occasions were important. His speech of 1874 was noteworthy for a memorable passage which has been quoted since:—

In my particular position, I have communications weekly from every part of the earth. The Churches throughout the world are in communion with the Church of England are continually at the centre, and their applications generally come through myself. I can testify that wherever the sun shines upon the miseries of the race, there this Society is at work, and not only at work, but at the best way.

In that same speech he referred to the fact that the recently consecrated five C.M.S. missionaries to be Col

(Continued on page 4.)



ARCHBISHOP TAIT ADDRESSING THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY AT EXETER HALL, MAY 1ST, 1877.

The front figures represent the principal persons actually present that day, and in most cases in the very seats they occupied. The Earl of Chichester is in the chair. On his right (our left) are the Archbishop, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Bishop Perry, Bishop Ryan, and Prebendary Daniel Wilson. Behind the Bishops are the Rev. Henry Wright and Canon (now Bishop) Byle. On the President's left (our right) are Lord Northbrook (who spoke next after the Archbishop), the Dean of Ripon (Dr. Fremantle), Bishop Crowther, Canon Hoare, and Sir W. Muir. Behind the Dean will be seen Captain Maude and the Rev. G. E. (now Bishop) Moule. The Archbishop said:—

"We have reason to be thankful to Almighty God for the progress which this Society has made and is still making. It is always refreshing to hear the Report of this Society—not an imaginary picture of imaginary triumphs, but a real business-like statement of the exact degree of progress which is made year by year."

Missionary Bishops, and said, "From personal acquaintance with them, I believe no men adorn that office anywhere more convinced of the greatness of its responsibilities, or more able to answer to those responsibilities, from a thorough understanding of the business which in God's name they have undertaken." These five were Bishops Royston of Mauritius, Russell of North China, Horden of Moosonee, Bompas of Athabasca, and Burdon of Victoria, Hong Kong. In after years the Archbishop consecrated three more C.M.S. men, viz., Bishops Speechly of Travancore, Ridley of Caledonia, and Moule of Mid-China. He also ordained a great many of the Society's missionaries, both as Bishop of London and as Archbishop of Canterbury.

But all this refers only to his public work. In private he was always the Society's cordial friend and wise counsellor. In the *Memoir of Henry Venn* there is a very interesting passage respecting a conversation Mr. Venn had with him, when he had only just been nominated to the see of London:—

October 30th, 1856.—To Addington at 1 o'clock. At 2 the party assembled for luncheon, and afterwards the Archbishop [Sumner] proposed that Dr. Tait and I should walk with him in the park. We remained out for more than two hours, sauntered about the grounds, and sat on the benches, and I was permitted to join in a deeply-interesting conversation upon a variety of points connected with the future duties of the Bishop-elect. On many matters more immediately connected with the C.M.S., such as the ordination of candidates, the principles upon which Missions must be conducted, &c., I received the most cordial and satisfactory assurances. We also discussed the questions connected with City Missions—open air preaching—lay assistance, &c., and I felt very thankful for the prospects of the diocese under its new superintendence.

In later years, Mr. Wright, who had the deepest respect and affection for the Archbishop, and great confidence in his judgment, was in very frequent personal communication with him; and in particular, the Society must ever be grateful for his wise and well-timed interposition in the Ceylon difficulties. And only shortly before his death, communications were received from his bedside regarding the Sierra Leone Bishopric.

In his last speech at a C.M.S. anniversary, in 1877, there were words which may fitly be quoted in conclusion. The meeting that year was held in the midst of the Ceylon controversies. The Archbishop naturally refrained from giving any direct opinion upon them; but he spoke these solemn words:—"You are right in maintaining that you will not flinch from those great principles which you have announced, and from those doctrines which have not only been your watchword ever since this Society was founded, but which, throughout the world, wherever there are pious souls, are the comfort and sustaining power that bear those souls through great emergencies, and enable them to face death with calmness." Yes: the great truths which the Church Missionary Society proclaims are exactly those on which the dying can rest their faith and hope, and which give them a peace that passeth understanding. And upon them, we are persuaded, the Archbishop himself reposed as he passed through the dark valley into the light of everlasting life.

"THE GOOD NEWS IN AFRICA."

WE do not systematically review books in the GLEANER. That duty is left to the *Intelligencer*. But we wish specially to recommend a book lately published by Messrs. Seeley, "*The Good News in Africa*," and any who purchase it on our recommendation will certainly thank us for naming it. It is a series of sketches of missionary enterprise in Africa; and of seventeen chapters, ten are occupied with C.M.S. work—Sierra Leone, Yoruba, the Niger, East Africa, the Nyanza Mission. The authoress is that "sister of the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth" who wrote the Children's Edition of "*Half as Much Again*," and it is she who is now writing the story of the New Zealand Mission for our own pages.

PLANTS FOR SALE FOR C.M.S.—"E. H." Vicarage, Corbridge-on-Tyne, has "fine seedling plants of wall-flower, ready now to forward at 1s. per dozen, postage paid." [In November we inserted a similar notice from "M. G., Post Office, Biggleswade, Beds." Letters sent there have been returned by the Post Office, as contrary to regulations. "M. G." must name his residence.]

STORY OF A HINDU WIDOW.

By her Nephew.



HE accompanying letter, which I have translated, illustrates several points: (1) that all widows among the heathen are not badly treated; (2) that all women among them are not illiterate; (3) that Native Christians are many of them most exemplary evangelists. See the earnestness of that woman seizing her feet. They would never do such a thing except under very urgent pressure of feeling.

R. R. MEADOWS.

Most Reverend Sir,—In obedience to your order I am giving below a short history of Gnana Pakkiam Ammal. She is one of my father's three sisters. She was married at 15, but ten years afterwards, at the age of 25, she lost her lord. As she had no child she came back, according to our Indian custom, to live at her father's house. As she was so young a widow, her father and mother, brothers and sisters, loved her exceedingly. At that time my father, who is now dead, sold her jewels for her, and with the money at one time carried on trade, at another time put it out to interest, increasing and spending it for her benefit. A house was also built for her at Virdupatti. As she had no child she adopted her sister's daughter and gave her in marriage to me, managing my house for me, and in every respect being a mother to me. A long time afterwards my stepfather brought her from Virdupatti and established her in my house in Sivagasi. As my father was one of her three brothers, I became an inheritor of a third part of the property. She was, naturally, a worshipper of the Hindu gods, but she had a strong will and a passionate disposition. Through her my stepfather and I put our trust in the same gods.

When by the grace of God I became a Christian she suffered intense grief. She took back her money which I had on interest and went back to Virdupatti. On the day that I and my wife and children were baptized she was so overwhelmed with grief that she attempted at Virdupatti to commit suicide. But my God did not permit it, this we are quite sure of. Afterwards, whenever we went to Virdupatti, we behaved ourselves with great patience and submission towards her, and got nearer and nearer to her in love. Her younger brother, my father, and my mother, had been a long time before dead. These she looked upon as gods; offered to them food, cakes, clothes, &c., thought of and worshipped them, and supplied their supposed wants. But whenever I went to see her I used by the help of God to tell her of the Lord Jesus Christ.

One day my wife and I had to go there, at the same time that a new convert and his wife from Mathavanayakkanūr, friends of mine, had also come. His wife spoke to her very earnestly about salvation, saying, "You must repent and turn to the Lord," and attempting to seize her by the feet. To her entreaties she replied, "You must not seize me by the feet, I will repent." "If so, then," said she, "you must now join with me in prayer." "No," she replied, "I will pray when I wish, do you pray now." Immediately she and my wife went inside her house and prayed for her. It was five in the evening when they prayed. At nine o'clock, when she brought my food, she said, "How could I pray, clothed in a garment which I had consecrated to the devil?" I replied, "The Lord looks at your heart; say, Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner." I pointed out to her Matt. vi. 5, 6, exhorted her to much private prayer, and gave her a gospel, for she could read. When she got to her own house she had it constantly read to her. She would frequently send for Abraham, the schoolmaster, and ask him to read it to her, and began to pray in private. But she was ashamed to come to our church and acknowledge herself a Christian. Palappa Nādan one day went to Virdupatti, and knowing this read to her Matt. x. 32, 33. From that day forward she went to church.

At that time she came to Sivagasi and was baptized by Mr. Horsley in 1877, and continued to walk in the fear of the Lord, controlling her temper and her tongue, and living in the peace of God and comfort. Then she returned to Virdupatti, collected all her property, and came back to Sivagasi to my house. Knowing how ill instructed she was herself, and what an advantage it would be if girls were from early youth taught in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, she resolved to establish a girls' school. For this purpose she has given over three bazaars of hers worth 1,200 rupees. At present she pays monthly 2½ rupees to the mistress, reserving the remainder for her own support. After her death the whole of it will go to the school. She is anxious to build a schoolroom, and has bought a piece of ground at 150 rupees for it.

This grace of God to our town is like a great miracle. The heathen think well of Christianity, and now see that there is after all nothing injurious in teaching girls to read. May the gracious God bless these poor efforts, and make our fellow-townsmen acknowledge Jesus as their Saviour. I humbly beg of you to pray to our Heavenly Father for this thing. Gnana Pakkiam Ammal is 76 years old. She cannot do more than walk to church.

VELLEIAPPA NADAN.

A MISSIONARY READING UNION.



WE are grateful to the writer of the following letter, the Rev. J. T. Kingsmill, Vice-Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, and a local Hon. Sec. for the C.M.S., for the very valuable suggestion offered by him. He is quite right in saying that very few even of those who are really interested in missionary work, and warmly support it for the Master's sake, have any clear knowledge of the history, surroundings, trials and triumphs, of Foreign Missions. If they read the *C.M. Intelligencer* or *Gleaner*, they get glimpses of what is now going on; but a great part of it does not interest them deeply, because they do not know what went before. Mr. Kingsmill's plan is designed to remedy this. But he shall speak for himself:—

THE LITERATURE OF MISSIONS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have often thought that the cause of Foreign Missions might be greatly helped forward, and at the same time much spiritual good done to the Church at home, by the systematic and consecutive study of missionary literature. At present many are dependent for information on the annual sermon or meeting in their immediate neighbourhood, or the occasional glancing over a report or periodical. There is no foundation whereon to set these loose stones and bricks of information, and consequently there is nothing but a confused heap of ideas in the mind, instead of a temple of missionary knowledge, with its centre court for India, its great side aisles for China and Africa, its porch for America; one transept for Palestine and Persia, and another for Japan and New Zealand, all adorned with statues of famous and devoted missionaries, and enriched with records of their lives and labours.

I do not altogether blame readers and hearers for this lack of knowledge and order. Many of them would gladly read more and to better purpose if they knew how to set about it. I think the *GLEANER* might help in this matter, if the editor would kindly suggest from time to time suitable books. We have our Shakespeare Societies, our Ruskin Societies, our Browning Societies, pledged to the study of the works of these writers. There are also reading societies, the members of which are bound to read a certain number of hours in the week. Could we not also have a Missionary Reading Society which all readers of the *GLEANER* might join?

I would suggest that three lists of twelve books each should be drawn up, adapted for senior readers (including clergymen, who need this information as much as any one), younger persons, and children; that one set should be mentioned in the *GLEANER* every three months, and so the "course," like a college course, would last three years. The list should be so selected as to carry the reader in the three years over all the principal mission fields, not excluding notices of other Societies than the C.M.S.

Were this plan adopted, I am sure that our parochial and general missionary meetings would soon show more point, aim, and earnestness, the spiritual progress of all Church work would be quickened, and, what is a point of incalculable importance, a constant supply of attractive and profitable reading for Sundays would be provided, and hours would be devoted to it which are now wasted in idle and unprofitable conversation, or spent in secular reading. To illustrate my plan I shall give an example, taking India as the subject:—

Senior Readers ... *The Trident, the Crescent, and the Cross.* By the Rev. J. Vaughan. Price 9s. 6d. Longmans.

Middle Readers ... *Life of the Rev. Henry Martyn.* New Edition, 5s. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.

Junior Readers ... *Far Off.* Part II.—Asia. Hatchards.

I have been recommending such a course of reading to Sunday-school teachers in this neighbourhood, and have been endeavouring to increase the circulation of the *GLEANER* amongst them. I have been trying to secure promises to take the *GLEANER*, and have secured about 200 readers.

As in other book clubs, to save expence the one set of books could be ordered every three months for each Sunday-school by the Sunday-school teachers who wished to read them.

Birkenhead, October, 1882.

J. T. K.

We do not think it is possible to carry out Mr. Kingsmill's plan exactly as he suggests, because the choice of books is a great difficulty. There are plenty of them, but they would not always fit in to the grades of readers proposed. Thus in the case of India, which he gives as an illustration, no book could be better than Mr. Vaughan's *Trident, Crescent, and Cross* as an introduction to Indian Missions; and for children the chapters in *Far Off* are of course admirable; but the *Life of H. Martyn*, although a book which every one should read, would not at all

prepare its readers to understand current reports of missionary work. And as India would not come round again for a year or two, the purpose of the plan would not be attained. But we propose, every three months, as suggested, to take a subject, to recommend two or three books upon it for senior and junior readers, and also to name any others that may also be referred to if accessible. This will enable us to mention some old books which cannot now be purchased, but which are in many parochial and clerical libraries. We can also indicate particular volumes or numbers of the *Intelligencer* and *Gleaner*.

We suggest, therefore, as a subject for January, February, and March, "Missions to Mohammedans in Palestine, Persia, Egypt, &c.," which are of such pre-eminent interest to us all just now. No one book for any grade of readers can be specially named; but the following are all valuable in their different ways:—

Mission Life in Greece and Palestine. Memorials of Mary Baldwin. By Mrs. Pitman. (With an Appendix on Missions in Palestine generally.)

The Daughters of Syria. Seeleys, 1874.

Memorials of Bishop Bowen. Nisbet & Co., 1862.

Far Off. Part II. Asia. (For Children.) Hatchards.

Ragged Life in Egypt. By Miss M. L. Whately. Seeleys.

More about Ragged Life in Egypt. By the same. Seeleys.

Christian Researches. By the Rev. W. Jowett. (Published in 1824.)

Narrative of Islam. S.P.C.K.

Notes on Mohammedanism. By Rev. T. P. Hughes.

The Faith of Islam. By the Rev. E. Sell. Trübner & Co.

Articles on Missions to Mohammedans, in the C.M. Intelligencer, Jan., 1876; Feb., March, Oct., 1877; Dec., 1881; Jan., 1882.

Canon Tristram's Report on the Palestine Mission, C.M. Intelligencer, Sept., 1881.

Articles on Persia and the Persia Mission, in the C.M. Intelligencer, Nov. and Dec., 1881, and Jan. and Feb., 1882. By the Rev. Dr. R. Bruce.

Articles on Missionary Life in Palestine, in the C.M. Gleaner, Jan. to July, 1882. By Miss L. H. H. Tristram.

Damascus and its People. By Mrs. Mackintosh. Seeleys, 1882.

We earnestly pray that it may please God to bless this plan; to multiply the readers of missionary books and periodicals; and to deepen in many hearts a sense of responsibility to send the Gospel to those still lying in darkness and the shadow of death.

MEN'S WORKING PARTIES.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I think every lady whose heart is in Mission work ought either to have a working party on its behalf, or to be a member of one; but the idea of a *men's* working party was new to me until last week, when I heard there was a very successful one at Worthing. I mentioned the subject on Sunday evening to my men's Bible-class, and they took it up immediately. I said to the blacksmith, "I fear your work must be done at home; what do you think you could do?" "Oh! I could make tools for the rest." I looked at a former soldier and said, "I dare say you used to work while you were in the army; what can you do?" "I can knit rugs, but I have no cloth now." "Oh," said the tailor, "I can give you some strips for that." I said to the baker, "We all know what you can do—you can bake a loaf of bread." "Oh yes, certainly I can do that." I believe all will try to do something.

"Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, my Lord, from Thee.

In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee."

S. C. E.

DEAR SIR,—In case none of your subscribers have tried a *Men's* Working Party for the C.M.S., let me tell you how well the plan is prospering here. A lady who has a Bible-class of married men and lads proposed to them to meet her every Tuesday evening during the winter for two hours' work. They took to the idea at once, and threw all their hearts into it, and are quite as quick in learning as women are. The men knit, net, do wool-work—some are making a hearth-rug of snips of cloth begged from the tailors and friends, who turn out their drawers, and another is doing Macramé lace for a chimney-piece. The idea has been copied by a lady with a similar class in a Bucks village, and I trust this account may encourage other teachers to do the same.

Worthing.

M. A. B.

[This is a happy idea. We trust it will be widely adopted.—Ed.]



EGYPTIAN WOMEN DRAWING WATER.

WHAT EGYPT WANTS.

"I am come into this world that they which see not might see."—*John ix. 39.*

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."—*John vii. 37.*

EGYPT is still in all our thoughts, as Englishmen; and Egypt should be much in our thoughts as Christians. We need not apologise, therefore, for again giving pictures of Egyptian life a prominent place in *THE GLEANER*. We do so this month, and we shall do so again, with the express object of reminding our readers that the Church Missionary Society has, for reasons explained in former numbers, re-established its old Mission at Cairo, and has opened a Special Fund for the purpose, to which are invited thank-offerings for the rapid and complete success granted the British arms in restoring peace to Egypt.

Our pictures this month are surely most suggestive. "Egyptian women drawing water" do we not at once think of the woman of Samaria, and of what Jesus said to her? "Whoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again; but whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Do we not see at once that what Egypt wants is a stream nobler and more beneficent than the Nile—the river of life—the living water of Divine Grace?

"Egypt: A Blind Beggar" do we not think of Bartimæus and the other blind beggars of the Gospel?—remembering that Jesus gave them sight by a word or a touch, not merely that their bodily eyes might see, but that they might be true and figures of the spiritual sight He gives to the blind in heart and understanding. "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light"—that was St. Paul's commission when he was sent to the Gentiles, and that is what we pray the Great Healer to do in Egypt by the instrumentality of our missionaries.



EGYPT: A BLIND BEGGAR.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT,

Author of "Free to Serve," "Lottie's Silver Burden," "Mother's Nell," &c.

CHAPTER I.—AN UNCOMFORTABLE QUESTION.



Only I had something definite to do, I believe I should be much happier," thought Sasie Ogilvie, as she stood leaning her elbows on the stile before crossing it into the peaceful little churchyard of Inglesby.

Her eyes were fixed absently on the woods beyond, forming as they did a pretty background to the grey church tower. The birds were twittering in the trees close by, and the sunlight "lay sleeping" on the many green graves and white tombstones.

It was a lovely peaceful scene, but the face of the young girl, who was looking absently at its beauty, did not correspond with it in calmness.

Sasie Ogilvie was small and slight, but the picture of strong, healthy girlhood. The light wavy hair, which however much she brushed it would not keep smooth or tidy, formed a pretty contrast to her dark eyes; but the face wore neither a very happy nor peaceful expression this summer afternoon, and dissatisfaction was plainly written there. The scene before her was very lovely, but Sasie was not thinking of its beauty. Those green graves and white tombstones had set her thinking.

"Twenty-one, and yet I've done nothing," she said within herself, as she wondered how long it would be before she should be lying side by side with her mother, who was buried in the family vault only a few steps beyond. "My life has been of no good to any one as yet, and I don't see a chance of it ever being any different, though I know Nona would scold me for saying this. I believe she is right after all, and if only I had something definite to do I should be much happier."

Now if any one had told Sasie's friends that she sometimes felt sad and dissatisfied and unhappy, they would not have believed it. They would have said, "Sasie unhappy! Nonsense; she could not be anything but merry and full of fun. If she were otherwise she would not be Sasie." And certainly it was a very unusual thing to catch her dreaming, with that sad expression in her eyes and on her face.

The love of life and all its pleasures was very strong in her, and she liked to get as much merriment and fun out of it as possible. But notwithstanding, even in the midst of her merriment, sad thoughts and longings would cross her mind, unknown to any save One, Who can read all hearts. It was the same old story—a great longing for something to do, and yet a disinclination to do the small duties of life, which lay close at hand. "Something great and grand was what Sasie craved to do, but even if an opportunity had been afforded her of fulfilling her wish, I doubt if she would have had the energy and perseverance to take advantage of it. Quiet home duties Sasie felt to be utterly "against the grain." "Besides," reasoned the girl to herself, "Netta is fond of those kind of things, so I can't see any harm in leaving them to her, and she does not care for pleasure as I do, so what would be the use of giving it up in order to relieve her of what she really likes?"

And yet these thoughts left an uncomfortable sensation behind as they crossed her mind. Supposing after all it was mere selfishness on her sister's part that led her to appear as if housekeeping, entertaining visitors, and paying calls with her aunt, were a greater pleasure to her than tennis, reading, and boating, and going long country walks in search of flowers. But no. Feeling how utterly impossible it would be for her, in her present state, to practise such selfishness in her life, Sasie could not believe it of her sister. It must be that Netta really enjoyed those duties, utterly unaccountable as the taste was to Sasie's mind.

Sasie had been spending a thoroughly idle day, and having been reprimanded for it by her aunt she had lost her temper, and gone off for a walk by herself to cool down, intending to drop in to afternoon tea with a friend before returning home.

But arrived at the stile she lingered; the sight of the green graves and white tombstones had the effect of cooling her ruffled temper and of setting her thinking, while the consciousness of wasting her life, and the longing for some definite work to do, arose again in the girl's heart.

Sasie did not know how long she had stood by that stile. She was given to dreaming, and many an hour had been passed before now in that

occupation. How long she would have stayed there I don't know, had not suddenly thought she heard a voice coming from a distant corner of the churchyard, which was hidden from her sight. Was it her father's? No; there it was again. A man's voice, but trembling and weak.

Holding her breath, Sasie distinctly heard spoken in a slow, soft, but quivering voice, the words—

"Shall I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing?" Aye, but dear Lord, Thou knowest my sin. I kept her from giving her to Thee—to Thy work. I only gave Thee a name which cost me nothing—nothing."

Sasie fancied she heard a sob end the words. Quietly she climbed the stile, and there sitting on a tombstone, his head bowed in his hands, she saw an old man. That he was a gentleman Sasie saw at once, even though his face was hidden; and that he was old—very old—was shown, not only in his bent figure and silvery hair, but by the weak and trembling voice. Was he in trouble, poor old man? Sasie made a movement towards him, but hesitated as again he broke the silence. The voice was now and broken with sobs.

"Lord, my Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest I have loved Thee now; but I couldn't have loved Thee then, or I would have let her go. O Lord, have mercy on my sin."

Sasie's bright eyes were filled with tears. She was a girl easily influenced, very impressible and impulsive, and the sight of this poor old man touched her heart. In a minute she was by his side, and laid her little white hand on his arm.

The old man looked up suddenly with a start, and as his eyes fell on the girl beside him his hands and lips trembled.

"I am afraid you are ill, and in trouble," said Sasie, sorry for the moment that she had disturbed him.

"My dear!" said the old man, raising his hand to his ear, "I am deaf, and can't hear what you say. But I'll listen to you in a minute or two when I feel better, for the sight of you has unstrung me," and then, turning his face again in his hands he murmured, apparently quite unconsciously, that he was speaking aloud—

"So like her, good Lord, so like! Just the one for Thy work, and I would not give her to it. Just because it cost too much, Lord, too much."

Then after a moment's pause he looked up at Sasie.

"My dear, I'm a stranger in this place, and I don't know your name or who you are. But I know one thing," he repeated solemnly, "you are a bit of sunshine, come to me straight from my God."

"What a dear queer old man," thought Sasie to herself, as a pale colour spread over her face.

"I should like to know your name, my child," continued the old man. "It does not happen to be Gracie, I suppose?" a sudden eager expression crossed his face, as he put his hand to his ear, and waited for the answer.

"No, my name is not Grace," said Sasie, with a half pitiful smile. "I am Sara Ogilvie, but every one calls me Sasie."

"Not her name, but her voice, Lord," murmured the old man, and then, in a louder tone, "Sasie; that is a pretty name, my dear. It is sweet, as a young girl's name ought to be. It is a new name quite a new name."

Then suddenly his face became eager and animated again. "My dear," he said, raising his voice in his earnestness, "tell me, do you care about God's work among the heathen? Are you doing what you can for those who have heard nothing of our God? I hope you are. I think you are," with a touch of eagerness in his voice.

It was with difficulty that Sasie controlled the smile that rose to her lips. This old gentleman need not have told her that he was a stranger to Inglesby, for had he lived there he would have known better than to have asked such a question of her. Of all things in the world, she had thought a missionary meeting the driest and slowest. She had been one some years ago, and not having taken the trouble to listen to the speaker, the afternoon sun streaming full into her face, she was fast asleep, and, the meeting over, left saying that nothing should induce her to go to another. But here was this queer old man waiting for an answer, with that strange eager expression on his face. What could he say to him? She felt intuitively that her answer would disappoint him, but did not know how to avoid it.

"I'm afraid I don't care for that kind of thing," said the girl, a faint flush spreading over her face. "I'm not very fond of meetings, you see, and so I don't know much about it."

Sasie was unprepared for the effect her words produced.

"O Lord," he said, dropping his head in his hands again, "this young girl doesn't care for those perishing souls, and she who did care for them, and loved them, and craved to help them, I would not spare, because it cost me too much—too much, Lord."

Sasie stood by looking at him wonderingly, feeling, it must be confessed, somewhat uncomfortable. She did not like the description this old gentleman had just given of her. "This young girl does not care for those perishing souls," he had said. How heartless it made her out to be. She never thought of them, that was why she did not care for them, she reasoned with herself; but what was the use of making herself miserable about the "perishing souls" of those she could not save? There were lots of sad things and sad people in the world, whom it would do no good for her to think about. Besides, Sasie sometimes felt rather uncomfortable about her own soul, so had not much time or inclination to think about the souls of others, and yet how wretchedly hard-hearted this old man had made her out to be.

Sasie's lips were just beginning to pout with a sense of being misjudged, when the face, so old and worn with furrows, but refined and sweet to look upon, surmounted as it was by the white hair which is a crown of glory, looked up again with an almost piteous expression in the eyes.

"My dear," he said, in an unsteady voice, "don't wait to serve the Lord, and to take an interest in His work till you have only the rags of your life to give Him—days which are not worth giving, feeble and weak as they are." Then raising his voice into a tone of solemn indignation, and fixing his eyes upon the girl's face, with such a stern expression in them that Sasie trembled, he added, "Will you indeed offer unto the Lord your God that which doth cost you nothing, and wait for the days when you will say, 'I have no pleasure in them'?"

But hardly had the words passed his lips before his face was again hidden in his hands, as with a sob he murmured, "Nay, but who am I, Lord, that I should reprove this poor child? 'Thou knowest my foolishness; and my sins are not hid from Thee.'"

Sasie stood silent, not knowing what to think or say. She had seldom, if ever, been addressed in such a tone before, and she scarcely knew how to take it. She was not fond of being told her faults (as who indeed is?), and if any one else had spoken to her in this way she would have angrily rebelled. But somehow she could not be angry with this weak trembling old man; and he was so very queer too, he must be childish, she thought to herself. Besides, his tears and prayers had touched her, and she felt she could take from him what she could not have borne from another. "And," thought Sasie, "I am quite sure he is good. He speaks to God as if he knew He was close beside him, so he has a right to speak to one who is so far off God as I am."

"My dear," he said, rising slowly from his seat, "I must be going home now, but I should like to see you again some day. I am Mr. North, and have taken rooms at Mrs. Caston's, the baker. Do you think you could come and see me?"

"I don't quite know if I can," said Sasie slowly, for though she did not feel vexed or angry at what Mr. North had been saying to her, she did not exactly relish the idea of another *tête-à-tête*, and inwardly resolved that anyhow some weeks should pass before she would venture on another.

A look of keen disappointment passed over Mr. North's face at her doubtful reply. "My dear," he said, in a tone of voice which made Sasie feel somewhat ashamed of her answer, "I'm a lonely old man, and should like to see you sometimes. I have pretty things in my room to show you," he added eagerly; "things from India and China, and different parts of the world, that you would like to see."

"Well—I'll come, Mr. North," said Sasie, hesitatingly, "if," she added with a blush, and a half mischievous look in her eyes, "if you don't scold me, and tell me again that I'm careless and selfish."

"Nay, my child, don't be afraid," said the old man, tenderly stroking the hand which Sasie had held out to him, "I won't scold you, pretty one, so I hope you'll come. I once had a little girl like you—so like you—and you remind me of her."

"Then I'll come," said Sasie, and with a smile she tripped away, leaving old Mr. North shading his eyes with his hand as he watched her disappear.

"God bless her," he murmured. "A little bit of sunshine sent by God into an old man's heart. She'll come and see me—she said she would. I must make the room pretty, or she won't be happy in it, and I'll ask Mrs. Caston to lend me her grey parrot, it will amuse the child—bless her!"

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

I.—The Land and the People.



THE Church Missionary Society has strange stories to tell of the scenery and the history of the different parts of the world where its missionaries have laboured; but both in the marvels of creation, and the wonderful facts of its story in the past, few can rival those that we meet with in studying the islands of New Zealand.

As nearly as may be our Antipodes—that is, if a giant skewer could be run through the earth in England, it would come out the other end in New Zealand,—they are as like us in some points as they are unlike in others. The north, the middle, and the small southern isle, may be compared to our Great Britain, Ireland, and Isle of Wight; like us, they enjoy a temperate climate, and our plants and animals thrive there as if they were at home. But in others, they are exactly different to us. Our summer months, with their wealth of flowers and fruit, bring the depths of winter to them; our silent hours of midnight find them in the height of noonday activities; our snowy Christmas is to them the prime of the summer. The more northerly, the warmer it is, in their experience; the farther south, the colder. The British Isles were rich in species of native deer and oxen, in wild boars, and many other races of quadrupeds; New Zealand could not boast of one, until ships from foreign lands transported first some emigrant rats, and by degrees dogs, cats, sheep, and larger animals; and so extraordinary were these in the eyes of its human inhabitants, that they turned sick with terror on first beholding them. We must go back many centuries to find the time when grains of some sort or another were not known and used as food in England. In New Zealand, spite of the rich abundance of noble trees and lovely flowers with which it is adorned, there was no wholesome fruit or grain of any kind suitable for food to be met with of natural growth; nor even any eatable root, except that of a species of fern, which was roasted and beaten into a sort of cake most unpalatable to European appetites. But, with fish to be had at certain seasons of the year, it formed for ages the sole food of the inhabitants, with the horrid exception of human flesh, which was the staple of their choicest banquets. Potatoes, corn of all sorts, and the varied and delicious fruit-trees of our climate, were all unknown until brought to them from the other side of the globe.

Yet we must not for a moment think of New Zealand scenery as barren of natural beauty. On the contrary, its landscapes are many of them eminently lovely. Its deeply-indented shores are clothed to the very edge with myrtles and fuchsias, violas and primulas of various kinds, shaded by the mighty branches of the pohutakama, whose stem resembles an English oak, but its rich tufts of blossom rival those of the scarlet geranium in brilliance and in colour. The largest of all the pine-trees grows there luxuriantly, often attaining a hundred feet before it throws out the clustering head of branches that tower far above the other lords of the forest. The graceful tree-fern grows to the height of thirty feet; the *ratu*, forty feet in circumference, is splendid



MOUNT EGMONT, NEW ZEALAND (Sketched in 1863).

with its dazzling scarlet blossoms, and a perfect forest of convolvuli, clematis, and other creepers festoon the branches and stems of plants of larger growth. The wild bramble, covered with little roses, climbs to their very summit, and descends again on the other side, a very cascade of fragrant bloom.

These glorious forests are vocal with an endless variety of singing birds; the *mako-mako* is compared to our nightingale, the warbling of the *tui* rivals that of the English thrush, and these mingle with the plaintive coo of the wood-pigeon, and less agreeably with the scream of the parrot. The birds are the only denizens of these lovely scenes; not an insect or a four-footed creature of any kind is to be seen.

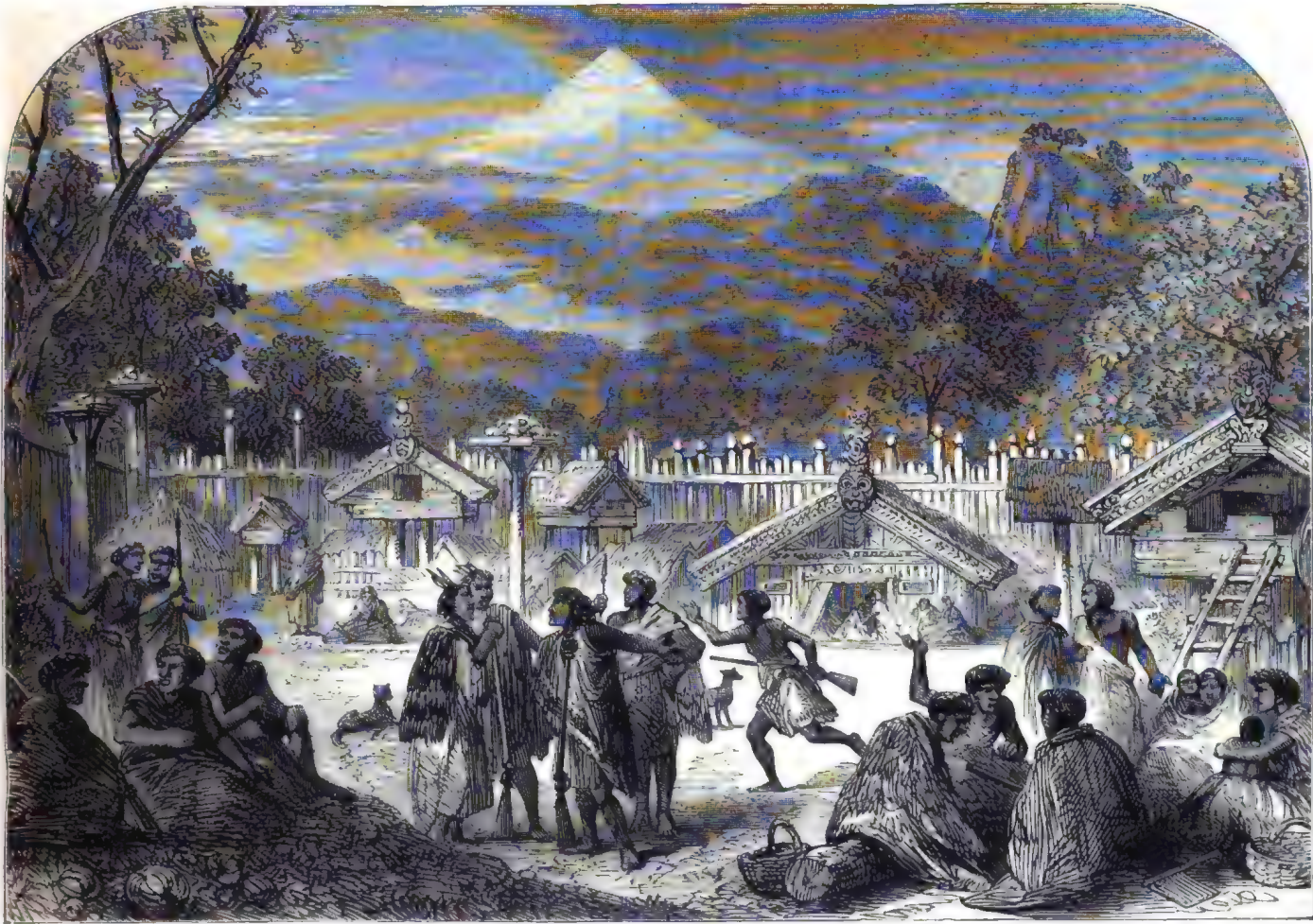
The islands are remarkable for their grand mountain groups and ranges. In the centre of the northern isle rises a volcanic group, in which there is an active volcano 7,000 feet in height, of which marvellous tales are related. Towards the north-east a remarkable chain of lakes stretches to the coast, and descriptions are endless of the beauty and wonders of the scenery of these shores. A first visit fifty years ago was thus described:—

The view of the lake itself was very fine as we approached; on the nearer side a noble wood stretched down to the water's edge; the islands in the lake, the steam of hot springs rising towards the north, and the richly wooded hills of Tarawera in the background, formed a lovely scene. The whole country was full of nature's wonders; here were boiling cauldrons of mud, black, blue, grey, green, yellow, and red, giving out their lazy steam; close to these, and as if purposely in contrast, were clear pools of bright azure-coloured boiling water, enclosed in natural walls of sulphurous formation. But the most beautiful objects were the jets. These boiling fountains, thrown out from the top of irregularly

shaped cones of a pinkish colour formed from the deposit of the w rose many feet into the air, descending again in silvery foam, and sparkling in the sunshine. Some of these hot springs are guided by natives into natural or artificial hollows in the rocks, where their temperature being regulated by a stream of cold water that flows among them, they serve as baths; and when we paid our first visit, we found the natives sitting in these, as novel chairs of state!

Villages built, as some are, on the crust of earth which covers these boiling depths of mud are fearfully insecure; but they are much to tempt savages, reckless as the New Zealanders have been of life, to such a locality. The land is fertile, they use tepid water as baths, and the steaming crevices serve to cook their food, with a very simple arrangement. A layer of fern is placed across the steaming fissure; the food placed upon it, and covered again with fern, becomes dressed as in a regular English oven.

Mr. Taylor visited such a village in 1845, and was greatly impressed with the grandeur of the whole scene. The buildings themselves were extremely picturesque, with their steep palisades, carved posts, and native dwellings. A bright stream ran through the village enclosure, and in front lay the broad expanse of *Taupo* (a fine lake 36 miles long), with its islands, woods, and mountains. The noble figure of the chief, Te Heu Heu, in harmony with the surroundings. He was advanced in years, his hair silvery-white, so white that his people could only compare it to the snowy summit of their sacred mountain, Tongariro, but his form, still erect, showed off his magnificent height of nearly seven feet to the utmost advantage. He was clothed in his handsome native mat, and his manners, distinguished equally by dignity, frankness, and courtesy to his guests, made him a

FORTIFIED PA, TARANAKI, NEW ZEALAND (*Sketched in 1860*).

model of Maori rulers. Long and earnestly did the messenger of the Gospel plead with him to give up the awful crimes that had stained his former life; and Te Heu Heu was softened. He promised to give up fighting, and pleaded that a missionary might be sent to dwell among and instruct him and his people. Alas! we know too well the difficulties which often beset our beloved Society with reference to these heart-moving requests; there were neither funds nor men then at its disposal, and a few months after it was too late. We have spoken of the treacherous nature of the soil. The pent-up subterranean gas gradually loosened the earth, which fell in large masses into the bed of the river already mentioned. The torrent, dammed up, swelled into a lake behind the opposing ridge, and at last, carrying all before it, swept the entire mass of stones and mud as an avalanche upon the native dwellings. The grand old chieftain had an opportunity of saving his own life, but he scorned to avail himself of it, leaving his people exposed to danger; he stood before his dwelling, his silvery hair floating on the wind, calling upon his god to stay the coming danger, and perished in the very act of his bootless prayer.

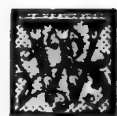
Reference to one or two of the rare instances in which, in the earlier history, the Maori chiefs gave a favourable reception to missionary visitors, must not, however, delude us with regard to the character of the people in their original state. They had their noble qualities: a deep and tender love to their children and relations, a generous hospitality and faithful affection to their friends, and a spirit of courage and daring that never flinched in

danger, or quailed before difficulty; but they were fierce, blood-thirsty, and vindictive in the extreme. They showed a horrible delight in cruelty, not only in massacring, but torturing their victims. War was their favourite pursuit; they esteemed nothing else really worth living for; and the custom of "utu," or demanding satisfaction by the sacrifice of human life for any injury, real or supposed, of however remote a date, always supplied them with a pretext for attacking those weaker than themselves. Destruction and devastation followed every battle; the victors laid waste the country, burnt the villages, destroyed the plantations, and dragged the women and children into perpetual slavery. The treatment of these unhappy victims was simply barbarous. They were their master's property, to be dealt with exactly as he pleased. Hard work, hunger, and cruel stripes for the slightest offence, were their daily portion, while their savage owners stood by, making their sufferings a matter of merriment, actually mimicking their groans and contortions! If the master's anger was aroused, the slave was the one upon whom it was commonly visited. With a sudden blow from his hatchet, his angry owner would strike down the man who, perhaps, had long and faithfully served him, and then make preparations for devouring him. A story is told of one young girl who had to collect the wood and heat the oven, in which, when prepared, she knew after death her own limbs were to be roasted for the loathsome banquet of the rest of the household.

E. D.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTH.



WE begin this month a new arrangement of this last page of the GLEANER. The "Epitome of News" will take a new form under the title of "The Month"; under which head we shall also be able to say many things to our readers on current matters of interest which could not be said appropriately in the old column of bare items of news, and yet which would not need the formality of a regular article. At the same time, as we know this page is the first turned to by most readers, we shall use the present clearer and more open type. For the information of those who also read the other C.M.S. periodicals, we may add that this page will be quite distinct from "The Month" in the *Intelligencer* and the *Record*, although some of the paragraphs will often be identical. But it must be remembered that we have to go to press ten days earlier than the sister periodicals, so that important intelligence can sometimes be included in their pages when it has been too late for ours; and then we have to print it in the following month.

WE would ask the readers of the GLEANER to assist in pushing the sale. It is not strict etiquette for a magazine to mention the numbers circulated of it; but as the accounts of the Church Missionary Society, published in the Annual Report year by year, give the particulars without concealment, there is no occasion to hide them here. In the year ending March 31st, 1882, there were 451,758 copies printed, which, divided by 12, gives 37,646 copies per month. Of these, a certain quantity were put aside for the annual volumes, and a good many were sent as free copies to the missionaries abroad, to association and district secretaries at home, to public libraries, &c.; but the *actual sale* averaged more than 32,000 per month. That is a very large sale for a missionary magazine, as any bookseller or agent would well understand. But why should it not be much larger? We believe it is strictly correct to say that there are thousands of contributors to the C.M.S. who have never even seen it. Certainly there are many thousands who do not take it in. And how many more are there who are not contributors but who would soon become so if they were induced to read the GLEANER? The Salvation Army owes not a little of its fame and of its external success to the persistency of its members in selling its weekly paper. If the members of the Church Missionary Society would put forth the tenth part of their energy to sell our monthly one, its circulation might quickly be doubled and trebled, and the GLEANER would be a real source of income to the Society.

AND we do not wish to speak of the GLEANER only. We want the other publications of the Society pushed too. The clergy and intelligent laity should not fail to read the *C.M. Intelligencer*, which does what we have not space to do—gives a complete record of the Society's work. The children should read the *C.M. Juvenile Instructor*, now more than ever attractive. And we hope every one of our friends has the *C.M. Sheet Almanack* hanging on his wall. But we must not mention them all. We ask our readers to look at the pink paper, the List of C.M.S. Publications, slipped into our present number.

OBSERVE, that every publication of the Society on which a price is fixed can be obtained from any bookseller. There is no reason whatever for any difficulty. Hand the pink paper to your bookseller, and he can get whatever you want. The papers for gratuitous distribution must, of course, be obtained direct from the Church Missionary House. So can the selling publications, if purchasers prefer writing direct.

So much for business. We are unwilling to occupy space with such matters; but our readers will bear witness that we have very rarely done so, and we shall not soon do so again. Let it be borne in mind, however, that the GLEANER is no private speculation. Every penny of loss upon it is a deduction from missionary funds. Every penny of profit is an addition to missionary funds. Those friends, therefore, who help it on are really helping the missionary cause, even in the lowest pecuniary sense. But they do more than that. They are spreading abroad the true records of God's work in the world. Our magazines do what St. Paul did at Jerusalem: they "declare particularly what things God has wrought among the Gentiles." And we want to produce the same results in readers and hearers: "When they heard it they glorified the Lord" (Acts xxi. 19, 20).

WE have referred on another page to the long connection of the late revered Archbishop of Canterbury with the C.M.S. The special meeting of the Committee held in consequence of his death was a deeply interesting one. The President, Lord Chichester, was unable to be present, but he wrote expressing his great sense of the loss the Society had sustained by the removal of such a "real and valuable friend." Sir Harry Verney, M.P., Prebendary Wilson, Canon Money, the Bishop of Huron, and the Rev. S. Gedge, spoke in strong terms of respect and admiration of the late Primate, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Gedge in particular giving some very interesting reminiscences. At the funeral the Society was officially represented by Captain the Hon. F. Maude (Treasurer) and the Rev. F. E. Wigram (Hon. Sec.).

THE C.M.S. Committee have presented a memorial to Lord Granville on the question of Slavery and the Slave Trade in Egypt. The recent important meeting on the subject at Willis's Rooms, when Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Forster, and other public men spoke out fearlessly and strongly, elicited a declaration from the Prime Minister which seemed satisfactory. But pressure will help the most willing Government, and it was felt desirable that the Church Missionary Society should strengthen their hands by calling upon them not to miss the present opportunity of using the influence and power of England to abolish slavery itself and so put a stop to the slave trade.

THE new Nyanza party reached Uyui (near Unyanyembe), on their way to the Lake, on Sept. 2nd. The Rev. J. Hannington, the leader, was dangerously ill, and continued so up to Oct. 6, our latest date. We earnestly trust it has pleased God to spare a life seemingly so important to the highest interests of the Mission.

ONE of the Tinnevely pastors, the Rev. S. Paramanandam, of Sathankulam, died on September 14th. He was ordained in 1878. This reduces the C.M.S. Native clergy of that province to sixty-four.

ON Sept. 24th, in the C.M.S. Mission church at Pallam, Travancore, Bishop Speechly admitted a Native "reader," Mr. W. Kuruwila, to deacon's orders. The Rev. Koshi Koshi presented the candidate and preached the sermon. The new deacon is to labour at Melkavu, among the Hill Arrians.

VERY interesting and encouraging letters continue to come from the two African Archdeacons on the Niger, Dandeson Crowther and Henry Johnson. Immense congregations attend the services at Bonny and Brass. Archdeacon Johnson is doing important translation work in the Nupe and Igbara languages. The Rev. T. Phillips, the English Secretary of the Niger Mission, made his first trip up the river in the *Henry Fenn* steamer in September.

WE desire to draw the attention of our friends throughout the country to the proposed Missionary Exhibition to be held in Norwich on Jan. 23—27. This is a further extension of the good work so ably commenced by the Rev. John Barton at Cambridge in the spring of the present year, an account of which appeared in our April number. Friends who so willingly assisted the Cambridge Exhibition would be doing good service to the C.M.S. by again lending their collections to the Exhibition at Norwich. We strongly recommend our friends at all events to go and see it. None who missed the one at Cambridge can have the least idea of its beauty and interest; and there is every reason to expect that the one at Norwich will be still more remarkable.

RECEIVED.—"From one who would give more if she could, Bath," 10s.; Rev. R. A. Wood, £1; "From one interested in the Mission for Persia," 2s. 6d.; A. D. G., for Egypt Fund, £1 10s.; C. M. D., for the *Henry Wright* steamer, 4s. 6d.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for another year's mercies, continued and multiplied day by day. Prayer for grace to "go labour on," at home or abroad, for the missionary cause during the coming year, in full confidence that guidance and blessing will be vouchsafed as in the past.

Prayer for the new Archbishop of Canterbury.

Prayer for Egypt: that men and means may be provided for an energetic C.M.S. Mission there, and that the Mission may find a door of entrance to the hearts of the Moslem population.

Continued prayer for more men, especially for the Society's vacant posts.

Prayer for the Niger Mission, and the new Nyanza party. (See above.)

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 7th .. 6.10 p.m. F. M. 2nd .. 12.18 a.m.
F. Qr. 14th .. 9.55 a.m.

February.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.	
1 T	I dwell in the high and holy place, Is. 57. 15. [spirit, Is. 57. 15.
2 F	Parif. V. M. With him also that is of a contrite and humble
3 S	Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord, Jer. 23. 24.
[candlesticks, Rev. 2. 1.	
4 S	Quinquagesima. Who walketh in the midst of the seven golden
M. Ge. 9. 1-20. Matt. 19. 27 to 30. 17. E. Ge. 12 or 13. Acts 21. 1-17.	
5 M	1st bapt. Abeokuta, 1848. Thou art near, O Lord, Ps. 119. 151.
6 T	Nigh unto all them that call upon Him, Ps. 145. 18. [Ps. 84. 18.
7 W	Ash Wednesday. Nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
M. Is. 58. 1-13. Mk. 2. 13-23. E. Jon. 3. Heb. 12. 3-13.	
8 T	C. Simeon originated idea of C.M.S., 1796. God is in the midst
[of her, she shall not be moved, Ps. 46. 5.	
9 F	Bp. Williams d., 1878. Fear thou not, for I am with thee,
10 S	I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, Heb. 13. 5. [Is. 41. 10.
[much less this house? 1 K. 8. 27.	
11 S	1st in Lent. Ember Wk. The heaven cannot contain Thee: how
M. Ge. 19. 12-30. Matt. 23. 13. E. Ge. 22. 1-20, or 23. Acts 28.	
12 M	1st Tinnevely Native Ch. Council, 1869. Gathered together in
[My name, there am I in the midst, Matt. 18. 20.	
13 T	Schwartz d., 1798. I am with thee, and will keep thee, Gen. 28. 15.
14 W	Nile party reached Uganda, 1879. Even there shall Thy hand
15 T	O my God, be not far from me, Ps. 38. 21. [lead me, Ps. 139. 10.
16 F	I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Ps. 23. 4.
17 S	J. T. Wolters d., 1882. The upright shall dwell in Thy pre-
[sence, Ps. 140. 13.	
18 S	2nd in Lent. Will ye not tremble at My presence? Jer. 5. 22.
M. Ge. 27. 1-41. Matt. 26. 57. E. Ge. 28 or 32. Rom. 2. 17.	
19 M	Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? Ps. 139. 7. [16. 11.
20 T	Mrs. Wolters d., 1882. In Thy presence is fulness of joy, Ps.
21 W	1st C.M.S. Miss. sailed for India, 1814. My presence shall go with
22 T	The angel of His presence saved them, Is. 63. 9. [thee, Ex. 83. 14.
23 F	Henry Wright appointed Hon. Sec., 1872. Glory and honour
[are in His presence, 1 Ch. 16. 27.	
24 S	St. Matthias. Cast me not away from Thy presence, Ps. 51. 11.
[Zeph. 3. 17.	
25 S	3rd in Lent. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty,
M. Ge. 37. Mark 2. 1-23. E. Ge. 39 or 40. Rom. 8. 18.	
26 M	The Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest, Josh.
27 T	Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord, Hag. 2. 4. [1. 9.
28 W	Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep,
[Ps. 121. 4.	

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

II.—Our Desert-places.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."

St. Mark vi. 31.



THE green oasis of Christmas is left behind, and the New Year is already leading some of us through desert-places. If so, they must be just what we are needing. Let us take heed to seek flowers where the rebellious heart would wound itself against the pricks. Perhaps we have been over-taxing the willing mind. The many "coming and going," many thoughts, many duties, many interests, left us no leisure to eat of the heavenly manna, to drink out of the wells of salvation. It is little wonder that, hungry and thirsty, our soul fainteth within us. Let us listen to the sweet refreshing voice of Him who long ago said to others of His dear weary ones: "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest a while."

Ah! there are a great many desert-places in life, and, whether we will or not, we must come to them. There are seasons of momentous decision, when our whole career seems trembling in the balance. The shifting sands of Time refuse sure footing to our faltering footsteps. Friends hesitate to counsel, and we must stand alone. Let us "come apart" and rest, until we see how the matter will fall. Our disappointments are His appointments. Let us realise that every deep true life is lonely. We are poor logicians, and know not how to defend ourselves amidst

the strife of tongues; but He will undertake for us, and alone knoweth the end from the beginning. Like simple-minded David, let us "encourage ourselves in the Lord our God," as we gaze into the starry heavens we may take counsel "the God of Abraham" in the holy rest of Eternity.

Could the secret steps be traced which culminate in a dedication to missionary enterprise, we might find that, like doughty knights of old, these modern crusaders had been called to brace themselves for their life of conflict by keeping long vigil beside the sword of the Spirit. How many have bravely passed through the ordeal; cheered by the presence of the Great Captain, they carry His sublime rest into the duties and trials of each day, and in His might, go on from strength to strength. God speed all such! Which of us workers has not known the bitter bereavement that seemed to take the life of life, tempting us to regret, lose heart, despair? For us, then, the constraining softness of the soothing words: Come, come apart, and rest. He wants to teach us that society is not sympathy, nor excitement repose, but that His love can fill up all blanks. He knows our sorrows; He counts up our tears. A far rarer proof of mighty love, He smiles back our smile and glad with us. He will make our seeming desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and gladness shall brighten, for us, wilderness and the solitary place. And when we have been consciously wandering away from the safe shadow of His wings, He in mercy lays us low on the couch of pain and languor. He makes a little enclosure, secure from the unrest of busy life. He has wise lessons for us here. Let us learn them and grow better. Had we fancied ourselves indispensable to our little circle? It humiliating to find all can go on well without us? Let us turn our tired heads and sad hearts upon His breast, and let Him tell us what seemeth Him good. Very likely He has abundant work for us still, and He will send us forth to it, not less joyful than before the chastening, but somehow finding "all things new."

There is one desert place, the last in the journey, to which we must come. It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Here earthly companionship is possible there. As regards the family things of this world, we must go through the trial alone. What if we have long since realised, and meekly accepted, the aloneness of our unsatisfied nature? Then, surely, when we reach the last dreary spot, we shall instinctively do as we have done times innumerable; we shall "come apart," and find rest unto our fainting souls. Oh, may we be wise and understand these things. And may the Lord of Rest give us rest always, by all means.

A. M. V.

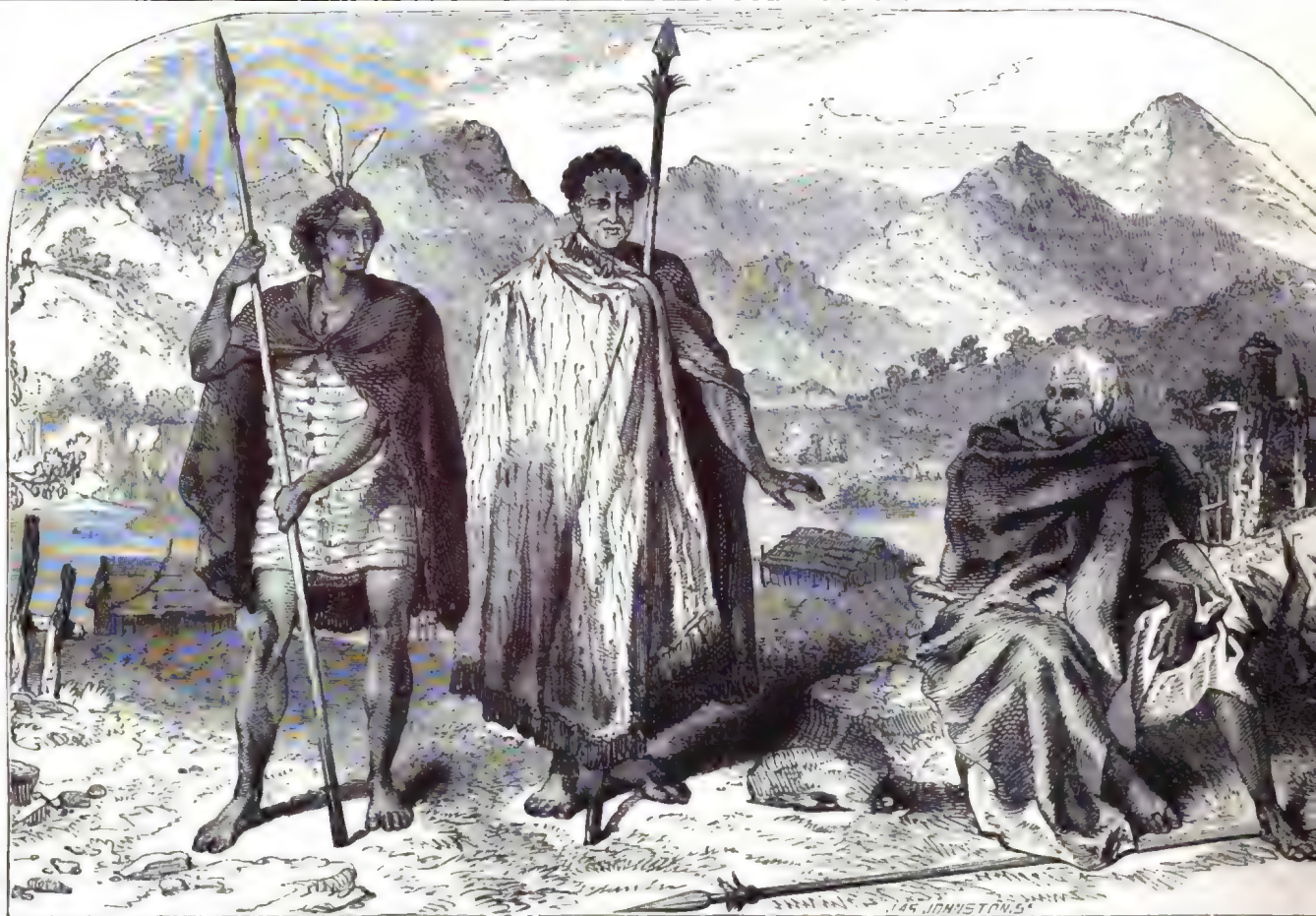
THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

II.



OUR readers of last month's number will have become sufficiently acquainted with the ways and doings of the original inhabitants of New Zealand not to be surprised that the first European who approached their shores, Tasman, should have been fiercely repulsed. He had been sent out in search of the Australian continent by the Dutch governor of Java, in 1642, and, rejoicing by the sight of land, was pushing forward to the shore, when the Maori, launching out in their canoes to repel the unexpected visitors, made an unprovoked attack upon his boats. Tasman, judging from their numbers and desperate bravery that the safe



MAORI CHIEFS, NEW ZEALAND.

of his ships might be seriously involved, did not care to risk an engagement, and retreated, leaving nothing behind him but the name which the islands have borne ever since, in honourable remembrance of his native land.

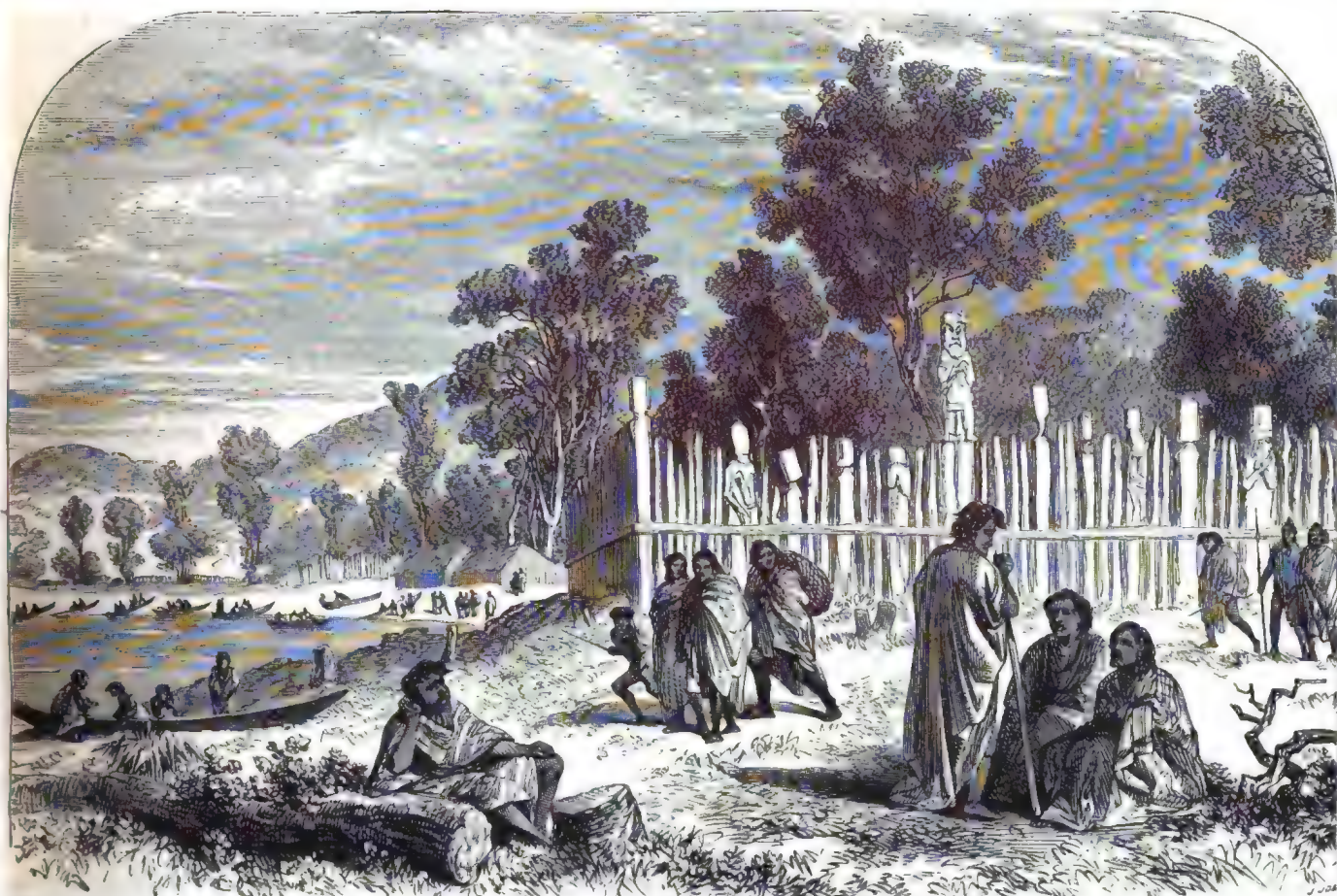
It was reserved for our fellow-countryman, Captain Cook, nearly 130 years later, really to weave the first links with this singular people. By the firm discipline he exercised amongst his crew, and the mingled courage and tact which marked his relationship with the natives, he established intercourse on so satisfactory a footing, that (with the exception of four New Zealanders slain by a misunderstanding on his first approach), not one other drop of blood was shed during his five visits to the islands, and to this day the grateful recollection cherished of him amongst the Maori forms the strongest testimony as to how he dealt with them. He had a great and a loving heart, this fearless navigator; he was touched with the want of proper food, and the lack of the most ordinary comforts amongst these people. It was he who introduced the pig (afterwards one of their most important articles of diet) amongst them, with the potatoe, the turnip, and the cabbage. Wheat, peas, and beans, they refused to accept, though he urged these also upon them. They were utterly unlike anything that they had seen before, and they would have nothing to say to them!

But better food for the body only could not benefit the souls, the characters of these poor heathen. Trade was established with New South Wales, but it speedily degenerated into a system of fraud and violence—acts of bad faith on the part of Europeans, and thereby retaliation on that of the New Zealanders ensued, so that the scattered notices we have of Maori history between the times of Captain Cook and Samuel Marsden are little else than

tales of cruelty and bloodshed, in which the European narrators have known how to conceal their own faults, and lay the blame on the ignorant savages with whom they came into collision. The reputation of these latter grew blacker and blacker, so that the very name of New Zealand was held in abhorrence.

The heavenly joy of being the first to penetrate this dark land with the healing rays of Gospel light was reserved for a Yorkshire blacksmith, who united earnest love to his mission and care for perishing souls with the indomitable perseverance and energy of a North countryman. Born in the humblest of society Samuel Marsden was regularly brought up to the farm, but he had set his heart on being a clergyman, and, uniting the Latin grammar with the fulfilment of his own work, managed to blow the bellows with one hand, and copy Latin rules and exercises upon the fire-board with the other. The clergyman of his parish did his utmost to help him, and in course of time Mr. Marsden was ordained a chaplain to the fleet, and dispatched to the antipodes, at Port Jackson (Sydney) in Australia.

Whilst there he met two New Zealand chiefs whom a Captain King had brought with him from their native land, hoping they would be able to furnish valuable information on the cultivation of flax. This was his first introduction to the race to which he was truly to be an apostle in the future; the interest thus awakened in them was strengthened by intercourse with Tippihae, a remarkably intelligent and superior Maori chief, who with his four sons had worked his way to Port Jackson on board a sailing vessel. This man's eagerness for the welfare and improvement of his country was such, that when taken rope-walk to see the process of spinning twine and rope, &c.



MAORI PAH (FORTIFIED ENCLOSURE), NEW ZEALAND.

burst into tears, exclaiming, "New Zealand no good!" Mr. Marsden saw much of Tippihaee, and finding with joy that he would thankfully co-operate in any attempt to bring the Gospel and civilisation to his native land, took occasion, on returning to England, to lay the case before the Church Missionary Society.

The Committee at that time were few in number, but they were strong in faith. Mr. Marsden's appeal met with earnest and prayerful attention, and it was determined to send out, as settlers, a few artisans, men of piety and industry, to teach the natives the simpler arts of life, who, while winning their confidence and affection, might scatter amongst them the seeds of Divine truth. Two singularly suitable men were appointed—William Hall, a carpenter, who understood navigation and ship-building; and John King, a shoemaker, who was conversant with flax-dressing and rope-making, and knew something of agriculture. These men, noble, faithful-hearted mechanics, laid the foundation of all the mighty work subsequently achieved in New Zealand. They knew nothing of the land of their adoption but its misery and its wickedness, its massacres and its cannibalism, yet they left their native country, with all its blessings, to dwell amongst a nation of terrible savages, where they knew well that their own lives, and those of their families, would be in constant danger. All honour be to them and to the memory of their self-sacrificing toil!

It was a marvellous omen for good, that a day or two only after they had started, August, 1809, Mr. Marsden noticed a man sitting upon the fore-castle. He was evidently in great suffering, miserable-looking and emaciated. He recognised a New Zealander, and found that the stranger was a nephew of his friend Tippihaee, Ruatara by name. His sad history was soon

told. The love of enterprise which marks many of the Maori, had induced him, four years before, to engage himself as a common sailor in one of the whalers touching at Port Jackson. After twelve months' service, he was put on shore without either money or friends, and must have starved had he not been re-engaged by a Captain Richardson, who kept him six months, and dealt honourably with him as regards payment, so that Ruatara, forgetting his first experience, engaged a third time with the master of a ship, who promised to gratify the height of his ambition, and take him to England to see King George. Alas for the too-confiding Maori, this man left him for ten long months upon an uninhabited island, with a few others, to collect seal skins, so ill provided for, that three of the little band died from sheer want, and though they had collected for him no less than 8,000 seal skins, the inhuman monster treated Ruatara, when again on board, with the utmost cruelty; he was beaten with such severity, as seriously to injure his health; and though he bore all patiently, in his intense desire to see King George, yet when they actually arrived, the master laughed at him for having been thus taken in, and discharged him without wages.

Ill, destitute, and friendless as he was, who does not trace an over-ruling Providence in his being led to make his return voyage in the very ship which was conveying Mr. Marsden and his missionary companions? We can imagine the genuine sympathy and kindness with which his troubles were listened to, his ailments doctored, and his wants supplied. His health speedily improved, and his appearance and manners won general favour. In person he was tall and well made, his dark eyes were full of animation, and his bearing noble and dignified. His behaviour was naturally courteous and engaging, and his mind equally

intelligent and generous; he was now about twenty-one years of age. Desirous as his uncle had been for the welfare of his countrymen, he promised the missionaries every assistance, if they would only establish themselves on his property in the Bay of Islands. His yearning after the Sabbath was remarkable; he described the craving for it felt by others as well as himself in touching language, explaining that they had not known "how to make a Sunday."

Full of hope, the party landed at Port Jackson, in February, 1810, but here a sad disappointment awaited them. A trading vessel, named the *Boyd*, had been attacked by the Maori, and burnt, while the crew were killed and eaten. Some traders, eager to revenge, had come upon Tippahee in his island home (although he had had no part in the crime), burnt his village, destroyed his crops, and put him and his people to the sword. So great was the general excitement, that there was no prospect of a safe landing in New Zealand for the missionary party, and Runatara thought he had better go alone and find out what the actual position of things might be. His absence was prolonged over a year, and Mr. Marsden was beginning to be seriously uneasy, when the young chieftain returned with a fresh tale of European ill-usage. Those who had engaged to take him home had never done so at all, but had kept him again hard at work, and ill-paid, until at last, worn and haggard, he had found his way back to Mr. Marsden. Under this hospitable roof he soon recovered, but we must reserve the story of his actual landing in New Zealand with his missionary friends for our next number.

E. D.

MISSIONARY SERMONS.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the notice in your October number, of subjects for a course of sermons recently circulated among the members of our Suffolk Union, I should like to suggest, especially to your clerical readers, the importance of having some such course as a preparation for the annual sermons and meeting in their parishes.

In case they should consider eight Sunday evenings too much to give up for such preparation, I would suggest the following, as a shorter course, which would occupy only four evenings, and would embrace the principal subjects which we desire to bring before our congregations:—

1. The state of the world without the Gospel.
2. The agencies employed for the spread of the Gospel.
3. The results which follow from the preaching of the Gospel.
4. The responsibility of all Christians to assist in making known the Gospel.

This course would also be suitable for the four Sundays in Advent, and might, by God's blessing, tend to stir up an increased interest in the extension of the Kingdom of Christ, as well as to direct the thoughts of our people to that Blessed Day when the heathen shall be given to Him for His inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession.

EDWARD D. STEAD,

Hon. Sec. Suffolk Church Missionary Union.

JOHN OKENLA, THE CHRISTIAN BALOGUN OF ABEOKUTA.

THE Native Church of Abeokuta has sustained a heavy loss by the death of its leading lay member, the Christian Balogun or war-chief, John Okenla, on Sept. 7th. The Rev. Valentine Faulkner writes:—

"He was an old man of between seventy and eighty years of age, but very active. He was one of the earliest Christians baptized in this country, and for over seventy years has held the post of Christian Balogun. He was also the founder of the Christian village of Shuren, between Abeokuta and Ota. About a fortnight before his death, being away from home, he walked about twenty-five miles on Saturday, slept on the road, and early on Sunday walked another ten miles or so to be in time for morning service. He arrived at 9.15, and was in his place in church by 10.30, remaining during the whole service, and afterwards for Sacrament, also attending the afternoon service. On Monday, Sept. 4th, we held our Harvest Thanksgiving Service, at which he was present and engaged in prayer, and also persisted in carrying his own offering (a bag of twenty thousand cowries) into the church and laying it down in front of the Communion rails. He died on the Thursday following, after only two hours' illness. The funeral took place on Saturday, Sept. 9th. At the grave our Native choir sang a poem composed by some of their number. It was a picture I shall never forget. Many strong men were holding their guns with one hand, and with the other wiping the tears from their eyes."

THE IMMORTALS.



N army of Immortals,
We march in happy throngs
And enter Zion's portals
With triumph and with songs;
And as we cross the threshold,
Another fills our place,
The ranks may never lessen—
The trophies of God's grace

A glorious succession
Of witnesses for Him!
Ring out your brave confession
Nor let your light grow dim:
For as ye sing, exulting
O'er earthly loss and pain,
Another, yet another,
Shall join the steadfast train.

Nor mourn, when through yon portals
A brother passes in,
For are ye not Immortals,
Whose ranks can never thin?
Ere yet th' inspiring echoes
Of one voice ceases here,
Another lifts the holy strain,
And rings it full and clear!

CLARA THWAITES

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT,

Author of "Free to Serve," "Lottie's Silver Burden," "Mother's Nell,"

CHAPTER II.—"WHAT CAN HE DO?"



F Mrs. Venning, the doctor's wife, enjoyed one thing more than another, it was to run in to one of her neighbour's houses between four and five o'clock, and to partake of a delightful invention, afternoon tea.

What could be more pleasant on a winter's afternoon just when the daylight was waning, than to sit in a comfortably furnished room, where the firelight flickered cheerily on the walls, taking to having a friendly chat? And though the afternoon in question was summer, and the French windows were wide open, showing the green lawn, and beyond, distant woods glorious in golden sunshine, Mrs. Venning was nothing loath to spending half an hour or so in Lancaster's comfortable drawing-room, in which was everything, both colour and comfort, to satisfy the most fastidious of tastes.

For Nona Lancaster had a love for all that was bright and beautiful. While still quite young her husband had been taken away from her, and sorrow left her for a time crushed with its weight, but God had raised her from her despondency to become the bright and tender woman she was—stronger and more able to pity and sympathise with others, having passed through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death. Instead of allowing herself to grow careless and indifferent as to her surroundings, because the light of her eyes had been taken from her, instead of wrapping herself up selfishly in her sorrow, she did as she could to prove to her friends and neighbours that she knew and believed that God had done all things well—in fact she said daily, by her bright and cheerfulness, "Thy will be done." For her boy's sake, as well as her own, she made her home as beautiful and attractive as possible. Her sweet face, looking so tender and bright from under her widow's cap, enhanced its beauty.

There could not have been a greater contrast than were Mrs. Lancaster and her guest. The former was just the kind of woman one would expect to find in such a room, where the colours of carpet, curtains, and furniture were harmonised, and every little corner showed signs of a woman's taste. But it was not only Nona's graceful figure, as she leant back in her chair and looked with those soft brown eyes of hers across the garden woods beyond, nor her white blue-veined hands, which, however worn, were worth looking at, as she busied herself about the tea tray, nor her mellow voice, which formed such a contrast to Mrs. Venning, but the very atmosphere that surrounded her—a strong bright calm

a tender "protectiveness" about her, which often led others to confide in her, sure that they would have her sympathy and willing attention, and a sweet self-forgetfulness which convinced those who sought her help and sympathy that she was not too full of her own concerns to listen to theirs, but that she had a mind "at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise."

Mrs. Venning was the mother of a large family, and what with home duties and parish work had her hands full; indeed a more active, busy little woman could not be found in all Inglesby; but unfortunately she lacked both calmness and tact, and knew just a little too much about everything and everybody, though at the same time a kind-hearted woman and thoroughly in earnest about her work.

"I hardly know how things will go on now that Miss Jenner has left Inglesby," she said, as she stirred her cup of tea. "It seems a great pity that her work should drop; and it is not as if the successor to her lodgings would in any way be able to fill her place. Have you seen him, Mrs. Lancaster?"

"No; in fact I only knew this morning that Mrs. Castin's rooms were let. I understand that her lodger is a gentleman this time."

"Yes, old Mr. North; he is as deaf as a stone, and comes from no one knows where," said Mrs. Venning, as if this latter fact was somewhat of an offence in her eyes. "Mrs. Castin tells me that he has no near relations in England."

"He must feel very lonely coming to a new place, knowing no one," said Mrs. Lancaster, remembering the feeling of desolation which had swept across her at a similar experience.

"I hear he speaks to himself by the hour together. I wonder now what brought him to Inglesby? It really seems a thousand pities that the room of such an active worker as Miss Jenner should be filled by an apparently childish old man. I don't wish to speak against him, poor dear old man," she added, apologetically, fancying, from the look on Mrs. Lancaster's face, that she did not quite approve of the tone of her conversation. "He may be very good for all I know, but of course it is not to be expected that he can be a worker in any sense of the word, and what Inglesby wants after all, Mrs. Lancaster, is a few more active workers."

"Yes," said Nona, quietly, a slight flush tinging her face; "but don't you think that very often those who have not the strength to work have the heart to pray, and it is as easy for God to send His blessing on their prayers as on our work?"

Nona looked up into her guest's face with a smile, the expression of which quite disarmed any feeling of being snubbed on Mrs. Venning's part. "You may be right," said she; "but I cannot for a moment suppose that Mr. North can fill Miss Jenner's place in the ranks. A deaf, childish old man! What can he do in this great battle of life to stem the evil all around? I assure you, Mrs. Lancaster, I sometimes come home from my district feeling utterly aghast at the sinfulness of the people. Even in this quiet little country town there is enough to make the soul of any human being, who has God's honour at her heart, heavy with sorrow."

It was seldom that Mrs. Venning allowed outsiders to have a glimpse into her heart, so that few had any idea of the real earnestness which lay beneath her brusque manner. Every one knew she was busy about God's work, but few imagined that it was genuine love for her God that made her so. Somehow Mrs. Lancaster's few words and smile had opened her heart, and the curtain was drawn aside for a moment. Nona's sympathy was awakened, and she felt for the first time drawn towards Mrs. Venning; but just as she was about to reply she caught sight of a slight girlish figure running across the lawn.

It was Sasie Ogilvie, whose face clouded for a moment with disappointment as she saw her friend was not alone—however, Mrs. Venning having said rather more than she had intended, and feeling a little uncomfortable in consequence, rose to leave, and it was with a sigh of satisfaction that Sasie saw the door close behind her.

"I have a lot to tell you," she said, taking a low seat by Mrs. Lancaster's side. "I've had quite an adventure to-day, and have made a new friend, the queerest old man. I had promised to go and see him, but I rather dread it."

"Why should you?" asked Mrs. Lancaster, somewhat amused.

"Because he asks me uncomfortable questions and scolds me!" said the girl, looking up laughingly into her friend's face. "And you know,

Nona, I'm not fond of being scolded and lectured. This old man preached me quite a sermon."

"Did he? Well, I hope you'll give me the benefit of it; tell me what it was about," said Nona, rising to fetch her work.

"Now why didn't you ask me to do that?" exclaimed Sasie; "you know I like doing things for you."

The girl's face was full of bright eagerness, and a longing arose in Nona's heart, and that not for the first time, that her zeal might be turned into the right direction.

"Yes, I know you do, just because you love me. How I wish, Sasie, that you loved God enough to do His work."

"Mr. North was speaking about God's work too," said Sasie, gravely.

"Mr. North?" said Nona, surprised, remembering her conversation with Mrs. Venning. But Sasie had laid down her cup of tea, and sat with her hands clasped on her knees, looking absently up into the blue sky. Ah! how she wished she was good, and loved God, and cared about His work. There must be something very radically wrong about her, she was quite sure, which caused her to be so careless about what was right except in Nona's presence—she always felt a different girl when with her.

Nona meanwhile had been thinking of Mrs. Venning's description of Mr. North. "A deaf childish old man, what can he do in this battle of life?" This side by side with Sasie's words aroused her interest.

"You've not yet told me what his sermon was about," she said, breaking the silence.

"I'll tell you another day," said Sasie, with a sigh, as if already tired of the subject. "I don't care to think of him any more just now. I wonder if you would sing a little to me, or must that sock be finished this evening?"

"By no means—so long as it is done by the time Leith goes back to London, it is all that is necessary. He is out fishing now."

And then Nona sang, but instead of listening to the music with wrapt attention as usual, Sasie's thoughts persistently flew to the little churchyard, and she heard again the slow trembling words, "Will you indeed offer unto the Lord your God of that which doth cost you nothing, and wait for the days when you will say, 'I have no pleasure in them'?"

After taking leave of her friend, Sasie made her way home. Her path lay through the golden corn fields, and, infected with the joyousness of nature, the girl burst into a song, and even the sad thoughts which had so lately oppressed her were banished. She was humming some gleeful little air to herself, when, having reached home, she came face to face with her aunt and younger sister Mildred on their way out.

"Going out at this time, aunt?" said Sasie, surprised. Miss Ogilvie, a tall commanding woman, looked gravely down upon Sasie as she answered—

"Yes, they've sent to tell us that Mrs. Dorris has been taken worse, and as Netta is engaged with her father, I must go and see her myself."

"You look tired," said Sasie, conscious of something unusual in her aunt's manner, and forgetting the cause of her displeasure.

"I have one of my bad headaches, and ought to be lying down, but Mrs. Dorris must be seen, and as you never make yourself useful in that way, I must go myself. And let me tell you, Sasie, that after your behaviour when I last saw you, I should scarcely have expected to meet you singing. You seem able to forget everything that is unpleasant very easily."

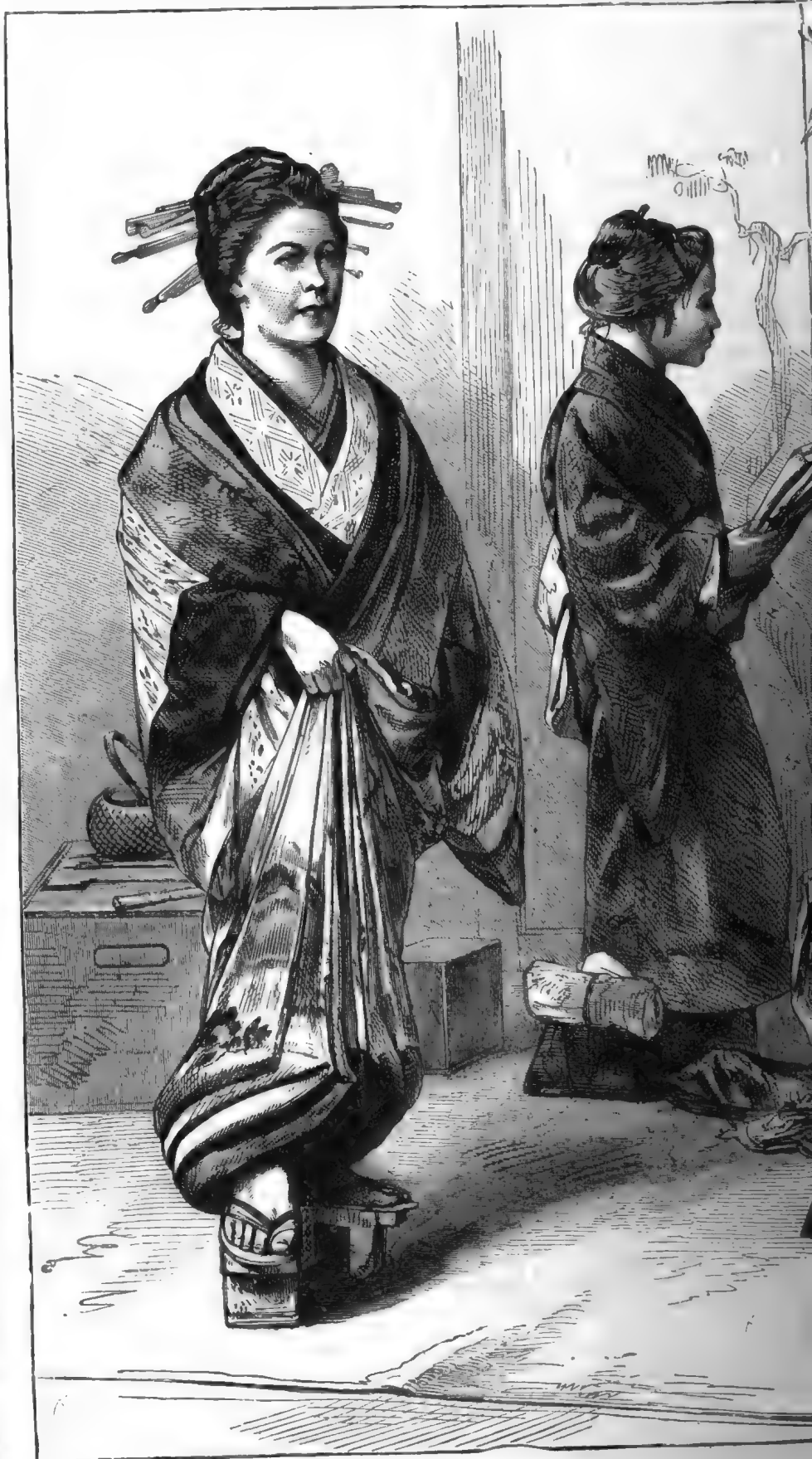
Then Miss Ogilvie moved on, leaving Sasie standing by the gate, in neither a very happy or amiable state of mind. All the beauty of the afternoon seemed to have faded, and she felt vexed with herself and her surroundings. Instead of going into the house, she sat down on one of the wooden benches which were to be found in every nook and corner of their old-fashioned garden. "Now," she thought to herself, "why didn't I offer to go and see Mrs. Dorris for aunt? Netta would have done so in a minute;—but after all I'm rather glad I didn't, for I shouldn't have known what to have said to her, and it would have been a decided effort." But with this thought came the remembrance of Mr. North's words, "Shall I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing?"

"Ah!" thought Sasie, sadly, "Nona must be right. I do not love God enough to make me willing to do anything for Him which costs me either time or trouble. I think I could do anything for love's sake."

THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN.

AMONG the multiplying signs of the speedy triumph of the Gospel in Japan, not the least significant is the expectation of it prevalent among the people themselves. Not only do newspaper writers discuss the claims of Christianity and acknowledge its superiority over the old idolatry—not only do they avow that it is “the only religion that can satisfy the religious aspirations of the Japanese people to-day” and so “preserve and promote virtue among men” (to quote the words of one leading article)—but the more conservative Buddhist priests have taken alarm, and are now roused into energetic opposition. “They are raising,” says Mr. Maundrell, “vast sums of money for the express purpose of decrying Christianity, by means of books, and of lecturers, who are going throughout the empire on their errand of defamation.” One of these lecturers, at a great meeting held last year at Kioto, enlarged on “Christianity as a National Injury,” and in order, as he said, to “startle the immoral believers of the foreign religion in their infatuated dreams,” and expose “the iniquities of the Christian sect,” detailed the humbling history of the religious wars of Christendom. Yet he admitted that “of late the progress of the sect has been marvellous, and may be compared to a fire sweeping over a plain, which constantly increases in power.” His alarm can scarcely be wondered at, when in that same city of Kioto, as Mr. Warren writes, equally large meetings have been held in the theatres for the purpose of disseminating Christian truth, meetings entirely arranged by Japanese Christians, and addressed only by them. In another letter Mr. Warren says, “It is scarcely possible to travel now by rail or steamboat in Japan without meeting one after another of those who know something of the Gospel, or who possess portions of the Scriptures and other Christian books.”

These remarkable signs of the times must be regarded as the result, under God, and in the





main, of the work of the American missionaries. Their superior numbers and more perfect organisation have enabled them to carry on missionary operations of all kinds, including schools, female work, and medical missions, on a scale far beyond that of the English societies. Probably five-sixths of the Japanese Christians belong to them. Upon the labours of the C.M.S. agents, however, the Divine blessing is very manifestly resting. The number of baptisms in 1881 was 99 (figures for 1882 not yet received). Of these, 44 were of children, which in a young Mission is a noteworthy sign of progress, as indicating an increase in number of Christian families. Among the 55 adult converts were some men of position and influence, including a leading ex-official, well-known for his scholarship, and a Shinto priest, in the Island of Yezo; and two gentlemen Samurai, father and son, with their respective families, at Kagoshima. This historic port, the chief city of the great Satsuma clan which has played so conspicuous a part in the national history, is occupied only by Native teachers and visited by Mr. Maundrell from Nagasaki; and it bids fair to be one of the most promising centres of evangelisation. Within three years, nearly one hundred persons have attached themselves to the Church there; and if Christianity takes root among the vigorous Satsuma men, they will, by the grace of God, wield no small influence upon their countrymen.

But the most deeply interesting recent event suggestive of the progress of the Gospel in Japan comes, not from Japan, but from Cambridge. On Dec. 7th, a Japanese gentleman of good family named Wadagaki, was baptized at Trinity Church by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall. He had been inquiring about Christianity some time, and was brought to full faith in Christ during Mr. Moody's recent Mission. He received the baptismal name of Nathanael.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM JUBBULPORE.

(See GLEANER, May and November, 1881.)



ON October 20th, the Dedication Stone of the C.M.S. Church of St. Luke the Evangelist was laid by G. E. Knox, Esq., C.S., Honorary Treasurer of the North India Native Church Council, then holding its annual session in Jabalpur.

The picturesque town of Jubalpur, inclined on the whole to take the erection of a handsome little church in its very centre as a compliment to itself, but somewhat at a loss to understand the proceedings of the day, wondered at this unusual stir among the Christians, always active and aggressive, but to-day unusually conspicuous and jubilant. Strangers, grave and sedate, the old familiar faces, neatly clad women and children, quite a host of Christians, march through the streets and assemble themselves in and around the rising walls of the church, from which presently swell the strains of a well-known hymn—"Kalisia ki gairfani Bunyad Masih Maslub"—familiar to English Church people as "The Church's one Foundation." Three white-robed figures stand aloft on the eastern wall of the church, and a fourth in ordinary English costume, whose particular duty is not yet apparent. The Rev. B. Davis, the Chairman of the Council, in a sonorous voice commences the Special Service, and is followed by the Rev. Madho Ram, who solemnly and impressively prays the appointed prayers. After the hymn, "This stone to Thee in faith we lay," rendered into Hindustani, Mr. Knox, mallet in hand, "in the true faith of Jesus Christ—in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," lays the stone which is to mark the setting apart of a house for the worship and service of God in Jabalpur. The silence is once more broken. "Her foundations are upon the holy hills," is read by the Rev. T. R. Hodgson, and the assembly takes up the answer, "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." More prayers and hymns follow, and the Rev. Mr. Lamert, chaplain of the station, eloquently and earnestly speaks of encouragement and effort, and fitly draws the lesson, for all present, of the living stones which are built up into God's spiritual temple. The Rev. B. Davis dismisses the assembly with the Benediction, the "*Salam-Ullah*": Mussulmans and Hindus to ponder and talk over this unwonted testimony to the power and vitality of Christianity, and the Christians with their guests of the Council to a brotherly feast, which ends this auspicious day in the annals of the Jabalpur Church. Not the least interesting feature of the day was the unanimous vote of the Council giving from the funds at its command the sum of Rs. 100 towards the building of the church.

The site of the church is close to the heart of the city, on a piece of open ground adjoining the Mission High School. Mission churches are no longer built in "shady mission compounds," but stand with open doors, inviting passers-by in busy thoroughfares to enter in and hear the joyful sound. So far, the greater part of the fund for the building was raised in years gone by, by the labours of the Rev. E. Champion, now in Tasmania. A considerable sum is still needed to complete the edifice and furnish it in a fitting manner for the service of God. It is hoped also that further contributions will enable a parsonage for the Native Pastor to be built adjoining the church, and that, eventually, with other Christian households assembled round, the place may become a centre of life and light to those who sit in darkness, a city set on a hill which cannot be hid.

H.

A VALEDICTORY DISMISSAL IN AUSTRALIA.

[We take the following from *The Missionary*, an interesting magazine published at Melbourne, and edited by the Rev. H. B. Macartney. Mr. and Mrs. Cain, of the C.M.S. Koi Mission, South India, are well known to many of our friends; as also is Mr. Macartney himself.]



IT was on Monday afternoon, August 14th. There was a large attendance of relations, friends, and parishioners. The clergy present were the Very Rev. the Dean of Melbourne, Ven. Archdeacon Stretch, Rev. Canon Goodman, Revs. H. A. Langley, B. Rodda, C. Greville, T. H. Armstrong, and the Editor. Rev. John Cain sat immediately in front of the platform, together with Mrs. Cain and her elder sister (Miss Davies), Mrs. Digby and Miss Elizabeth Digby, Miss Seymour and her sister (Miss Mary Seymour). After singing a hymn, prayer was offered by Rev. B. Rodda,

and then the Dean spoke on "The Missionary Character of the Church Large." The salient points in an address, where deep feeling ran side by side with marvellous historic knowledge, were these:—That the Jewish Church was conservative, the Christian Church diffusive; that the Church must spread itself or die; that mission work brings a reflex benefit; and that the lack of it is fatal to a Church's growth. He gave, as instances, the two facts that Jerusalem, which had sent the Gospel to Great Britain in the first century, was receiving the Gospel from Great Britain in the nineteenth; and that many Churches of the Reformation, not caring to spread the light, lost the light they had.

The Rev. Canon Goodman spoke next, on "The Missionary Character of Individual Congregations." He said that few men in the world had had such opportunities of tasting ordinary missionary pleasures as he, for he had been curate at St. Bride's Church, and had lived for years in Salisbury Square. He had heard the first men preach, and had attended enthusiastic meetings, but he had now tasted a joy that threw all the others into the shade, the joy of sending out a missionary like Miss Digby from the midst of his own flock. He said that he had also an intimate connection with Miss Seymour's determination to go to India, for it was from a member of his congregation at Christ Church, Geelong, that she first caught the spark of missionary zeal.

The Rev. John Cain then addressed the meeting, and reviewing the year that he and his devoted wife had spent in Australia, he thanked God and took courage. He maintained that *prayer* was the special province of those who remained at home.

Intercession was next offered by Mr. J. H. Davies, head-master of the Caulfield Grammar School, and Mrs. Cain's brother, who had himself spent a year in India, and only came away from a stern necessity; and when he had concluded, the Rev. H. A. Langley rose, and, addressing himself especially to Miss E. Digby and Miss Mary Seymour, the native Zenana missionaries, he gave a most solemn and weighty charge to the understanding, to their heart, and to their conscience.

The Editor (Rev. H. B. Macartney), who occupied the chair, closed the meeting. He exhorted the candidates to three things—(1) To be sure to *grow in grace*; (2) to *teach holiness*—a full salvation from the dominion of sin—as the crown of Gospel blessings; and (3) to make it known wherever they went that *Jesus was coming again*.

Commemoratory prayer was then offered. The Dean urged that the mission should be remembered in our *family prayer* at least once a week, and then pronounced the Benediction.

They sailed on August 15th in the *Ravenna*, and Captain Pasco, who accompanied them to the Heads, reported all well and in good spirits.

Lord Jesus, they are Thine! Bring them to the haven where they would be.

EPISCOPAL TRAVELLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

[In a private letter, Bishop Stuart, of Waiapu, gives a graphic account of his journey on horseback, with his daughter, across his diocese, from Napier to Tauranga:—

WE set out from Napier on Thursday, May 4th. Nan on her mare "Florie," I on "Zoe" (a new acquisition which promises to be a very serviceable nag), and Edward, my Maori henchman on my old mare "Fan." We were all well mounted on these sister steeds, and our first day's "dāk" of twenty-five miles to Pohui was done with five hours, albeit we had to cross and recross a river fifty-two times!

A ride next day in perfect weather over two grand mountain ranges brought us to Terawera. My advent had been duly heralded, and a score of inhabitants, adult and juvenile, came together for evening service. It blew half a gale that night, and the rain came down in torrents. But after breakfast it cleared a bit, and we made a start for our ride of forty miles to Opepe. For the first twelve miles, through magnificent forest, a hill scenery, it was fair, but when we got out on the great Kaingara Plain it blew and it snowed, and it hailed and it thawed, most uncommon. We were fain to shelter ourselves and horses in a tumble-down stable and shed, which used to be a "kai-shop," but is now abandoned and dismantled. Here we munched our bread and cheese, and recovered our breasting, again to face the fury of the elements. We were decidedly *moist* when we reached Opepe, the old constabulary station, where there is now an inn with a Maori hostess. But the barbarians showed us little kindness, and made us a fire because of the cold and the rain, and laden us with such things as we had need of, even to the producing of me from the store a new pair of *molekins*, in which to endure my episcopal legs, my ain riding breeks being sair drookit with the raw off my mackintosh. After a comfortable tea I had the few men of the force together for a service in the "public," and then we slept the sleep of the weary, if not of the just, till the Sabbath morn. We made an early start so as to ride the ten miles to Taupo before church time. I had all the inhabitants there to morning and evening service—with chants and hymns all correct, led by the hotel-keeper's daughter, with harmonium accompaniment—in a very good public hall, with a grotesque "dro-

scene" behind me on the platform or stage. Alas! the envious clouds gave us not a glimpse of Tongariro, or its snow-clad companion Ruapehu, and so it continued for the three days of our sojourn at Taupo.

On Wednesday morning it cleared a little, and we ventured to set out on our sixty-mile ride through to Rotorua. We started after an early breakfast at eight o'clock; stopped at three Maori kaingas; had service at one of them, and baptized a baby; fed our horses at another, and in spite of some heavy showers, arrived fairly dry at 6.30—not bad going in such weather, and roads.

Here my time has been divided between multitudinous services with the Maoris and baths in the hot springs. All the natives of the district are gathered here just now for Land Court business, so it is a grand opportunity of seeing them instead of having to hunt them up in their scattered kaingas.

Yesterday we had a charming ride to the Tiketere, which was new to us both. Most curious cauldrons of boiling mud splashing over the stone basins, and shooting up columns of bell-broth: mud, petroleum, and sulphur, all mixed! In a bath fed from one of these inviting springs I had a scalding hot bath, out of which I leapt into a deep basin of crystal clear cold water, and *ka uni te pai*, "great was the good," in Maori phrase.

Tauranga, May 17th.—We have emerged out of the wilds into the comparative civilisation of this thriving little town, with its beautiful harbour, over which we swam our horses on arriving at half-tide yesterday from Maketu.

DEATH OF A BRAHMIN CHRISTIAN IN A CALCUTTA HOSPITAL.

(From the Calcutta Localised Edition of the GLEANER.)



SOME five years ago a Brahmin named Bamacharan Bandyapadhyaya had a paralytic stroke, and about two years since he entered the Campbell Hospital, Calcutta. At that time he knew nothing of the Gospel of Christ. It was while lying in the Hospital that he first heard of the Great Physician from the lips of Dr. Baumann and his agents, who regularly visit the Hospital; and there, in due course, he was admitted into the Church by baptism. After his baptism Bamacharan entered into the enjoyment of deep and lasting peace. Although utterly unable to raise or turn himself, and though reduced by disease to a mere skeleton, his hard couch seeming to his emaciated body like a bed of thorns, yet he was never known to murmur, and many bear witness to the steadfast faith and devotedness of our brother. His face was illuminated with the peace of his heart, and his one constantly expressed desire was, that his dear Lord would come and take him to be with Him for ever. He would sometimes speak of the hard rules he had submitted to as a Brahmin, and how ineffectual all his efforts had been to give his guilty conscience peace, and he would contrast such efforts with the deep joy and peace which Jesus had graciously given to him. When he knew that the time of his going to his beloved Saviour was now near at hand, he greatly desired that he might join once with other brethren in partaking of the Supper of the Lord.

On the 12th of September Dr. Baumann administered to him that holy Sacrament. It was a most solemn occasion, and one that will leave an abiding impression on all present. In the middle of that large Hospital, surrounded by hundreds of the sick and dying heathen, we knelt, a little band, around our Master's Table, and with deep joy and thankful gratitude we partook of the emblems of His dying love. But first we sang a hymn. A few short months ago those walls had never echoed with the sound of the songs of Zion, but now such strains are not unfamiliar to the inmates. As we sang, many sick and halt and maimed gathered round us, and I doubt not that angels from Heaven were likewise looking on, and rejoicing with us. One of Dr. Baumann's catechists gave an address on the meaning of the Sacrament, especially dwelling on the fact that we are all one in Christ. In Him the distinctions of caste and social position are all lost sight of; we were uniting together in that holy service, outwardly as Europeans and Natives of India—the Brahmin and the Sudra, the Hindu and the Mussalman,—but spiritually all one in Christ,—members of the one body,—part of the great family of the one Father. The service over, our brother's heart was filled with joy, and he expressed himself as fully satisfied: "Now is the object of my birth fully realised," he said; "now, if my Lord in mercy take me, then my all would be accomplished." We said good-bye (God be with you), and presently the angels came, and took him home to God. Now he is resting on his beloved Saviour's bosom.

Among those present was one who has long laboured in the cause of Christ. He came, he said, to pay his last respects to his departed brother, because, as he said, he had derived much benefit from visiting his sick bed, and in all his thirty years of Christian experience and work, he had never met one so advanced, so ripe in the Christian Life. This friend offered to pay half the expenses of the funeral, and other native brethren paid the rest.

C. M. C.

LISTEN!

True Stories from Fuh-Chow.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

I.



SHORT time ago I was staying at Dover, and friends took me to see the Castle. When we reached the top of the stone steps one of them said, pointing to a building near, "That used to be called 'The Debtors' Prison,' and the prisoners were kept in a box fastened to a pole near this path, and a bell attached to it, so that when visitors passed they could attract attention by ringing this bell. Over the box was written, 'Remember the poor debtors.' Scarcely anybody would pass that box unheeded."

When I heard this it seemed to me that the debtors were very much like our shut up Chinese sisters, and then I thought of the very little England's daughters are doing for China. We see how opium, and it destroys the happiness of many a home, but the shut up females who feel it most, and we might do so much to mitigate their sufferings if we would. Having spent some years among them I thought it would be a good plan for me to be the bell, and tell you some of the things I have heard and seen.

About three years ago I was taken to visit a Chinese lady, a great distress of mind; her husband had married a second wife, and had now entirely left his first one. When we entered the house, which was very large, she invited us to "be seated," "smoke a pipe," and "drink tea." I said, "What a nice house you have!" "Oh! don't speak of it," she said. "For thirty years I have lived happily here with my husband, but recently my husband has taken another wife. Those rooms opposite mine were fitted up for her, now all the presents are sent in there, and when my husband comes home he always goes in there, he never comes to see me now. Oh dear! sometimes I think my heart will break. We were so happy, now it is misery. I must smoke opium, the only thing that drowns my sorrow; I cannot sleep without it." We told her the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," and produced a hymn-book, and tried to teach her to read verse. "Ah," she said, "this is very good; if I only had you to teach me every day I should not need the opium."

Now, dear readers, don't you fancy we embraced the opportunity and said, "We will teach you"? I am sure you will answer "Yes"; but we did not. We had as much and really more to do than we could do three miles nearer the Mission-house, and although I was never able to visit her again. I could only pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out more labourers, and incline the hearts of the people at home to give of their abundance to send them out when found ready to obey the call.

Another house I was specially invited to visit had eight people living together, and five generations were represented. I stayed for three hours, trying to teach them a text written on one of Mrs. Grimké's cards, and they begged me to go again. I was never able to do so. Those people are still waiting. Will you go and teach them?

Let me show you the interior of some of these homes. You must ask you to enter with me a large iron gate, through several others, past three reception halls into a very pretty sea Chinese furnished room. No idols are to be seen. We go further in, and we pass suites of rooms on either side occupied by different married members of the family. Straight on we come to the ancestral hall and kitchen, but turning to the right we pass a small garden, and enter a good-sized English house adjoining and belonging to the head, who ranks as a Mandarin, a government official, or petty governor; and the position exempts the possessor from corporal punishment. This gentleman is very wealthy, and is now a baptized Christian. We gained an entrance for teaching purposes in the following manner: the wife came on me and asked me to teach her English; I refused, on

ground that I did not go to China to teach English. However, in talking the matter over with the other members of the Mission in Fuh-Chow, they thought it a great pity to let any opportunity slip of getting into this family, as the gentleman seemed on the most friendly terms with the missionaries, and at times attended the American Church. The lady called again, and I said if she would come to me three afternoons a week, from three to six, I would teach her the Scriptures for an hour and a half, and English for the rest of the time. She came, and her mother thought it very wrong of her to go out every day; notwithstanding she came in a shut up chair. But her husband wished her to come, so she broke through the custom of not going out, and began to study the hated foreigners' doctrine.

When the school closed for the summer holidays, she asked and obtained permission to live with me, "Because," she said, "I want to see how Christians live." She joined me in prayer night and morning, and one night I went to bed with a bad headache, and could not have family worship. In the middle of the night she heard me awake, and said, "Are you awake? Is your head better?" "No," I answered. "Then I don't believe in your God, for you worship Him, and I asked Him to make you better." This led to an interesting conversation about asking in accordance to God's will.

After a few days she heard her little nephew was sick, and went away to see what she could do. She had been married about twelve years and had not had any children, so she adopted a little baby-boy, and the next day she sent word to say her nephew seemed worse, and her own little boy was also ill. I went in the evening and found the nephew very ill, and suggested a European doctor should be called in; but they thought they would try a native doctor that night, then if the child did not improve, they would call in a foreign doctor. I left the house about 10.30, and the next morning early a servant ran in saying the nephew was dead, the adopted child worse, and would I go immediately; they had sent a sedan-chair for me. I first wrote to the foreign doctor, and promised to be at the house ready to translate for him. We arrived at the house together, but he refused to undertake the case unless I would remain as nurse, as the Chinese have a curious way of accepting foreign medicine—smell it, and throw it away; if tasted and the patient dies, the blame is invariably attached to the medical man. So I translated the doctor's message, and they with one voice said, "Do stay." My school would not reassemble for another three weeks, so I took up my abode in the house and nursed the child. For three days it was anxious work. Then the child began to improve, and I commenced family worship in the house; only a few of the slaves and one or two members of the family came; they would not kneel; it was more out of curiosity to see what I would do that they came. The child gradually began to move about again,

when a relapse took place, and the anxious nursing again took all my time and attention; the doctor was in the house three times a day, and at last the little one was pronounced out of danger, but required great care and watching. I never left the child's side until he was quite recovered, for when I left I hid him with me for ten days' rest and change up the mountain.

One day as I was sitting by the sick child, the grandmother, a bitter opponent of Christianity, came in and asked what I was so satisfying in the Bible; and from one subject to another I told her about God's protecting care over those who trust His sincerity and truth, and sent for a Bible and gave her the story of Daniel in the lion's den, the three friends in the furnace, &c. She sat over the book all day, and refused to go down for the midday meal, so intent was she over these wonderful stories, she being one of the very few ladies who could read. And on Sunday morning after the little service I held with

household, she knelt down in prayer, saying, "Yes, I will pray to God too."

A poor old woman near often came in to listen, and at the weekly Bible-school I established she frequently came to learn; and one morning previous to my leaving Fuh-Chow she sent her idol to me—so dirty, it had been worshipped for years. I threw it upon it now sometimes, I pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out more laborers into His vineyard, and bless the time when all these idol wood and stone shall be trampled to the moles and the bats.

When my school reopened this lady came again for lessons. One day she seemed very sorrowful. We had read over the story of Samuel and his mother. She said that it was a reproach to her not having children, and asked me to help her in praying for a son. Every day we did so, and at the same time in the following year the prayer was answered. God gave her a son, and great were the rejoicings of the whole family. All idols had been previously taken

from the house, and from the first day of his birth he was called "Hung-kan nie-kiang" (the "Christian's doctrine child"). Then the father and three other members of the family received baptism, and when I left the daughter-in-law was a candidate for baptism, and the lady is, I believe, earnest. She will eventually become an out-and-out Christian. Miss G. Cumming and other English visitors were delighted with the results.

The portraits are those of my friend and her husband, Lee Sing-sang, Hok-Lee Sing-sang-mong (Mr. and Mrs. A. M. M.).

Pictures from Egypt—Mosque at Cairo.

WE continue our pictures of Egypt. They are German engravings of the great work of Dr. Ebers, and are in the highest style of illustration. The mosque on the opposite page presents a striking contrast to a heathen temple with its hideous idols, or even to a Roman Catholic church with its images. Mohammedans abhor idolatry. Their religious services consist of the prayers and the reading of the Koran. But they are without Christ.



MR. AND MRS. AHOK, FUH-CHOW.

(From Photographs by Ye Chung of Fuh-Chow, and Afong of Hong Kong.)



MOSQUE AT CAIRO.

THE MONTH.



HE Archbishop-designate of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, has with much cordiality intimated his readiness to accept the office of Vice-Patron of the Society, which is, by the Fundamental Laws, reserved for the Primate of All England, all other Bishops being Vice-Presidents. (The office of Patron is reserved for a member of the Royal Family.) He has also expressed "the privilege he will feel at being present, if nothing unforeseen occurs, at the Anniversary Meeting, which takes place on May 1st." His chaplain writes to the Hon. Clerical Secretary:—"Among the new labours which are devolving on him, he will gladly recognise the need of giving all possible aid and encouragement to the great Society which you represent."

WE have great pleasure in stating that the Rev. Ernest Graham Ingham, M.A., of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Leeds, has been appointed to the Bishopric of Sierra Leone. Mr. Ingham, who is a son of the Speaker of the House of Assembly at Bermuda, was Association Secretary of the C.M.S. in Yorkshire in 1879-80, and worked in that office very energetically. His parish in Leeds was given to him by the Bishop of Ripon, and by his judicious labours he has made his mark in that great town. Our readers are aware that the Rev. W. Walsh was at first nominated to the vacant see; and afterwards it was hoped that the Rev. J. B. Whiting would be appointed; but medical opinion was adverse in both cases. Mr. Ingham is a younger man, and we earnestly trust that it may please God to give him health and strength, bodily, mental, and spiritual, for the responsible duties of the Sierra Leone Bishopric.

THE Rev. Canon Tristram, LL.D., F.R.S., has been appointed to preach the Annual Sermon before the Society, on Monday evening, April 30th.

JUST after we went to press last month, the announcement reached us of the death of the venerable Francis Close, formerly Dean of Carlisle, one of the staunchest and most devoted friends and advocates the Society ever had. He immediately followed Dr. Tait in the Deanery of Carlisle; and now, with only a fortnight's interval, he has followed him into the presence of their common Lord and Master.

THE Society has lost two other respected Vice-Presidents by the deaths of the Earls of Harrowby and the Bishop of Llandaff. Both of them were firm friends of the cause; and the former spoke at the Annual Meeting on two or three occasions in past years.

As announced in our last number, December 6th was observed by many of the Society's friends as a day of prayer specially for men to fill the posts we then referred to. Are they now combining effort with prayer? Are they suggesting to sons and brothers and friends that God is calling them to this service? Are they asking their own selves, "Why should not I go?"

SINCE that day of prayer, the Committee have accepted two Cambridge men for missionary work, viz., the Rev. James H. Horsburgh, M.A., of Trinity College, Curate of Portman Chapel; and the Rev. Vincent Young, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Curate of St. James's, Bath. We trust that these are the precursors of a succession of young clergymen for the foreign field.

A SPECIAL notice has been issued to Treasurers and Secretaries of Associations, asking that the accounts from the various Associations and parishes which will now be rapidly coming in may be accompanied in each case by a memorandum explaining what part of the sums contributed may be regarded as a response to the Appeal for "Half as Much Again." The result of that Appeal, which every one will be eager to know next May, cannot even be roughly estimated without this assistance. Our readers will be interested and thankful to hear that Mr. Bickersteth's own congregation at Christ Church, Hampstead, made a noble response at the annual collections on Advent Sunday. Last year the amount was £62. Mr. Bickersteth asked for "half as much again" this time, which would be £93. The result was an offering of a little over £100.

ON the occasion of the marriage, at Norwich, a few weeks ago, of Rev. J. C. Hoare, son of Canon Hoare and Principal of the C.M. College at Ningpo, with Miss A. J. Patteson, daughter of Canon Patteson, Rector of Thorpe, it was proposed, after the breakfast, to make a special collection for the China Mission; and no less than £450 was subscribed in the room. Is not this a happy thought for a Christian wedding party?

THE service at Westminster Abbey, on the 2nd Sunday in Advent, when Bishop Burdon preached for the C.M.S., was much interfered with by the dense fog that enveloped London that day. The congregation was better than had been thought possible, though of course comparatively small. The service consisted of the Litany, a special Lesson (from John iv.) read by the Dean, and an anthem and two hymns. Bishop Burdon preached from the words, "And He must needs pass through Samaria," arguing with great force that a similar "needs be" now presented itself for Missions to the heathen.

ON Tuesday, Jan. 2nd, a Special Communion Service for the Communion and friends of the Society, on the commencement of a new year, was held at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. The address was given by the Rev. Prebendary Daniel Wilson.

THE Statistical Tables of Protestant Missions in India, just received, show a far larger increase in the last ten years than was expected. Native Christian adherents in India proper have risen from 224,250 to 417,372; or, including Ceylon and Burmah, from 318,363 to 528,363. The increase in India proper is 86 per cent. We shall give further details hereafter.

ON Nov. 12th, Bishop Crowther, while at Sierra Leone, on his way to the Niger, admitted three Africans to deacon's orders, one for the Sierra Leone Native Church (Rev. H. P. Thompson), and two for the Sierra Leone Mission on the Rio Pongas. The service was held in St. George's Cathedral. Governor Havelock and other Europeans were present, and more than 1,800 Native Christians. Bishop Crowther officiated in consequence of the Bishopric of Sierra Leone being still vacant; and the commission enabling him to do so was one of the last papers signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

ON Dec. 13th, the Bishop of Calcutta held an ordination at Allahabad. Two C.M.S. Native catechists, Mark Drummond, of Lucknow, Benjamin Tobit, of Gorakhpur, were admitted to deacon's orders; and two former to be stationed at Aligarh, and the latter at the Christian village of Basharatpur. The Bishop was much pleased with both of them. At the same time the Rev. G. Parsons, one of our missionaries in Krishnagar, was admitted to priest's orders.

THE University of Durham has conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. George Nicol, the well-known Native African clergyman, who is Government Chaplain at the Gambia, and who was formerly Tutor at Fourah Bay College.

A "C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London" has been formed, with the sanction of the Committee, for the purpose of associating together lay friends of the Society in the metropolis, especially young men, and of furnishing them systematically with missionary information. Monthly meetings are held at the Church Missionary House, for conferences and for hearing accounts from missionaries and others of the progress of the various Missions. In this way it is hoped that many may be stimulated to give addresses in Sunday-schools, at Juvenile Meetings, &c., and otherwise to promote the cause, being supplied at these gatherings with material for doing so. Members have the use of a Lending and Reference Library, and are provided with maps, diagrams, lantern slides, &c., and curiosities, for use at meetings. The subscription is 1s. a year. Mr. H. Cairns has accepted the office of President of the Union; Mr. H. Morris is Chairman of the Committee; Mr. Eugene Stock, Treasurer; and Captain Seton Churchill and Mr. E. Mantle, Secretaries. All laymen ready to help the Society are invited to join the Union.

RECEIVED:—A Reader of the GLEANER, "Fruit of Having Spare Moments," £1; Daley, "to be used to tell the heathen of the Saviour's love," 10s. 6d.; A Friend, for Egypt Fund, 8s.; "From the household of two brothers in China," for the China Mission, £1 10s. Also, E. L. S., for the Church of England Zenana Society, 2s. 6d., which has been paid over to that Society.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

L. Qr. 2nd 5.26 a.m. **March.** F. Q. 15.8.31 p.m. | F. M. 22.4.5 p.m.
 N. M. 9th 4.31 a.m. L. Q. 31st 8.31 p.m.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.	
1 T	I am the Almighty God, Gen. 17. 1. [reigneth, Rev. 19. 6.]
2 F	<i>Völkner killed by N. Zealanders</i> , 1865. The Lord God omnipotent
3 S	Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? Job 11. 7. [Job 37. 23.]
4 S	4th in Lent. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out, M. Ge. 42. Mark 6. 14-20. E. Ge. 43 or 45. Rom. 13.
5 M	I know that Thou canst do everything, Job 42. 2.
6 T	Thou hast a mighty arm, Ps. 89. 13.
7 W	<i>New C.M. House op.</i> , 1862. <i>Miss. Children's Home beg.</i> , 1850. Be Thou their arm every morning, Is. 53. 2. [Ps. 71. 16.]
8 T	1st <i>Miss. sailed for Africa</i> , 1804. In the strength of the Lord God,
9 F	Is the Lord's hand waxed short? Num. 11. 23. [Thee, Ps. 17. 7.]
10 S	Thou savest by Thy right hand them that put their trust in [strength, Is. 27. 5.]
11 S	5th in Lent. <i>Bp. Sargent consec.</i> , 1877. Let him take hold of My M. Ex. 3. Mark 10. 1-39. E. Ex. 5, or 6. 1-14. 1 Cor. 4. 1-18.
12 M	They were all amazed at the mighty power of God, Lu. 9. 43.
13 T	So will we sing and praise Thy power, Ps. 21. 13.
14 W	<i>Fox and Noble sailed for India</i> , 1841. Under the shadow of the [Almighty, Ps. 91. 1.]
15 T	<i>Bp. Burdon consec.</i> , 1874. Delight in the Almighty, Job 22. 26.
16 F	<i>Dukhonian attack on Abeokuta</i> , 1864. The Almighty shall be thy
17 S	None can stay His hand, Dan. 4. 35. [defence, Job 22. 25.]
18 S	6th in Lent. He saved them for His name's sake, that He might M. Ex. 9. Matt. 26. E. Ex. 10 or 11. Lu. 19. 23, or 30. 9-21.
19 M	Able to subdue all things unto Himself, Phil. 3. 21.
20 T	<i>Bp. Moule's 1st Confirmation</i> , 1881. Able to keep you from fall- [ing, Jude 24.]
21 W	Able to save to the uttermost, Heb. 7. 25.
22 T	Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee, Mk. 14. 36.
23 F	Good Friday. Who is this? ... Mighty to save, Is. 63. 1. M. Ge. 22. 1-20. Jo. 18. E. Is. 52. 13 & 53. 1 Pe. 2.
24 S	<i>Slave Trade abol.</i> , 1807. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Ge. 18. 14. [liveth by the power of God, 2 Co. 13. 4.]
25 S	Easter Day. <i>Annunc. V. M.</i> Crucified through weakness, yet He M. Ex. 12. 1-19. Rev. 1. 10-19. E. Ex. 12. 29, or 14. John 20. 11-19, or Rev. 5.
26 M	His name shall be called, The mighty God, Is. 9. 6.
27 T	Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, Jo. 17. 2.
28 W	<i>J. Thomas d.</i> , 1870. Will also raise up us by His own power,
29 T	He is strong in power: not one faileth, Is. 40. 26. [1 Co. 6. 14.]
30 F	I am God Almighty: be fruitful, Gen. 35. 11.
31 S	1st <i>bapt. Fuh-Chow</i> , 1861. Ye shall be My sons and daughters, [saith the Lord Almighty, 2 Co. 6. 18.]

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

III.—Our Father's House.

"Thou wouldest needs be gone, because thou sore longedst after thy father's house."—Gen. xxxi. 30.



So we reverently ponder the familiar histories of those who lived and loved and died so long ago, we come, now and again, to a tender touch of nature, which sends a responsive thrill through the heart, linking us all to the one grand Brotherhood. Here is such a little touch. A lonely exile, despite riches and prosperity, Jacob "sore longed after his father's house." These words may fall under many an eye that has wept for the same cause, only without the possibility of Jacob's glad return. Let us think over these touching words, in the hope of being enabled to draw from them comfort and strength. We may consider them under three aspects—Past, Present, and Future.

1. As we reflect on that sore longing for home we naturally follow with warm sympathy the hundreds of devoted men and women who have given up every social delight in order to spread the glad tidings from pole to pole. It is easy to speak, or to write, for the Mission cause, when our lot lies evidently near hearth and home; but what must it be to leave, for uncertainty, all that the human soul holds most dear, and to give the latest word and the parting kiss to those whose hearts are well-nigh breaking! Ah, let us think very often of those lives of truest self-sacrifice. Let us believe that through our effectual fervent prayer many a bright angel may be sent forth on messages of

love, which shall distil like balm on the weary spirits of those who are toiling all the night, far from the "father's house." Are you feeling very sorrowful and homeless? Look up, desponding one. The heavens are blue everywhere. The "little while" leads to the long repose. Perhaps letters have just reached your distant corner from the beloved spot—the *past* comes over you with fresh pathos, and for a while you give way to regret. Did not our Saviour, in His dreary exile, long sorely for His Father's House? Is there not a yearning ring in the prayer: "O Father, glorify Thou Me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." He can enter with you into this cloud of grief; it will pass away, and you will feel strong again.

2. To very many who may read this, the "father's house" is still the happy home. There is a vague certainty that it cannot remain so, but this only gives zest to *present* enjoyment. How we long for that which is fixed, stable, and enduring; how we try to banish from our minds the truth that all here must pass away! We forget how seemingly slight a dispensation can, in a twinkling, oblige us to arise and depart. Are we awake to the responsibilities of membership in an earthly home? Are those within its shelter the better for our presence? Are we true home-missionaries, curbing our tempers, restraining our tongues, and giving light to all that are in the house? The mission-field is the wide world—every nook and corner of it. Wherever there are souls to be saved we may be doing something to cheer and help, something to keep back self and to advance the glory of God. And when our turn comes to go forth, with heavy heart, from the dear family roof-tree, we shall solace ourselves with the reflection that there is a City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. No partings there.

3. This leads us to the *future* of the "sore longing." And from indulgence in this we can derive only purest joy. If we have striven to do our duty in the earthly "father's house," we can look forward confidently to the "many mansions" of which Jesus has assured us. When Dives asks that a heavenly messenger may be sent to his "father's house" with warning entreaties to his five brethren, the request breathes uttermost despair. He had not improved his sojourn among the beloved familiarities of home, and it was now too late to repair evil to kith and kin. Let us take warning and keep up animated hope for the blessings which await all those who humbly labour for the glory of God. The cherished recollection of them will lighten every trial and sweeten every duty. "The Father's House"; how refreshing it sounds, so full of fond memories, but not less full of joyous anticipations. We cannot tell what it will be like, but we know that, once safe within its portals, we shall be "satisfied." And what do we want more? How many way-worn wanderers are "sore longing" for the rest which remaineth. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.

A. M. V.

"HALF AS MUCH AGAIN."



TAKE up the motto! Use your best endeavour,
Though it may cost you thought, and toil, and pain;
Give this year for the cause of your dear Master,
For Jesus' sake, the "Half as Much Again"!

How shall you do it? Some must give more money;
Others, more effort still of hand and brain;
Ask God to tell you how you best may gather,
For Jesus' sake, this "Half as Much Again"!

Freely you have received, and freely given;
Efforts for God are never made in vain;
Blessing, you shall be blessed. Give, then, right gladly,
For Jesus' sake, your "Half as Much Again."

M.

NINE SANTĀL CHRISTIANS.



READERS of the GLEANER can scarcely have forgotten the Santāl Mission. Interesting accounts of it appeared in our numbers for January, 1875, and April, 1877. In 1879 there was a series of graphic letters from Santālia, by the Rev. W. T. Storrs. And pictures, showing some of the leading converts, appeared in January and May, 1880. The Santāls are a numerous people in the hilly districts of Bengal: not Hindus, but one of the races that inhabited India three thousand years ago, before the Hindus came in. The C.M.S. Mission among them has only been carried on about twenty years; but there are now more than 2,000 baptized Santāl Christians, besides catechumens.

The Rev. F. T. Cole, who has been labouring among them for the past eleven years, has kindly furnished some notes descriptive of the accompanying group of portraits. He adds that the engraving gives a very poor idea of Santāl faces:—

The Rev. William Sido is the Native Pastor of Chuchi, a Santāl, and one of the first converts from the boarding-school at Taljharī, established by the Rev. E. L. Puxley. He was ordained deacon three years ago, after having worked for many years as a zealous catechist and preacher among his people.

Baijun is one of the Christian Santāl leaders, and a man universally respected. He was baptized about fifteen years ago, and has had much to endure for the Master's sake. God has blessed him greatly in his house and substance, and Baijun is not ashamed to own it. He is the life of the Christians in his village. He and his family are generally the first to appear at the daily morning and evening services, and he does his utmost to keep the others in his village regular in their attendance on the means of grace. He was mainly the cause of the new church in his village being built. When some of the lukewarm Christians said they were not able to afford time and money necessary to build the village church, he said that if they would not help he would do it at his own expense. This shamed the few whose hearts were not so earnestly in the work, and they all joined in the work and finished it. It is a thatched building with mud walls, and is built entirely by the people and at their own expense. May God make him a still brighter light and example to his Santāl countrymen!

The Rev. Bhim Hansda was also one of Mr. Puxley's scholars. He and two other lads were the first to come out of heathenism and join the Church of Christ crucified from among the Santāls. Since his baptism upwards of three thousand have followed his example. Truly a little one has become a thousand. The three trembling lads became the nucleus of the large number now gathered under the standard of the Cross. He is now the Native Pastor of Taljharī, and is striving earnestly to build up and strengthen the Christians, and to bring many others into the fold of Christ. He is a thorough Christian, and is much loved and respected.

Sarah is the wife of Jay Babu, the central figure in the group. She is quite the right hand of the missionary's wife in all her work among the

women. She is a Bengali by birth, and is much esteemed and beloved. She is a most consistent woman, truly adorning the doctrine of God's Saviour in all things.

Jay Babu is a Native doctor. He has also been engaged as a catechist in the Santāl Mission from its commencement. He is a Bengali, but long intercourse with the Santāls has acquired a thorough knowledge of their language. He preaches daily to the patients who attend the dispensary, and this often has to be done in three or four languages.

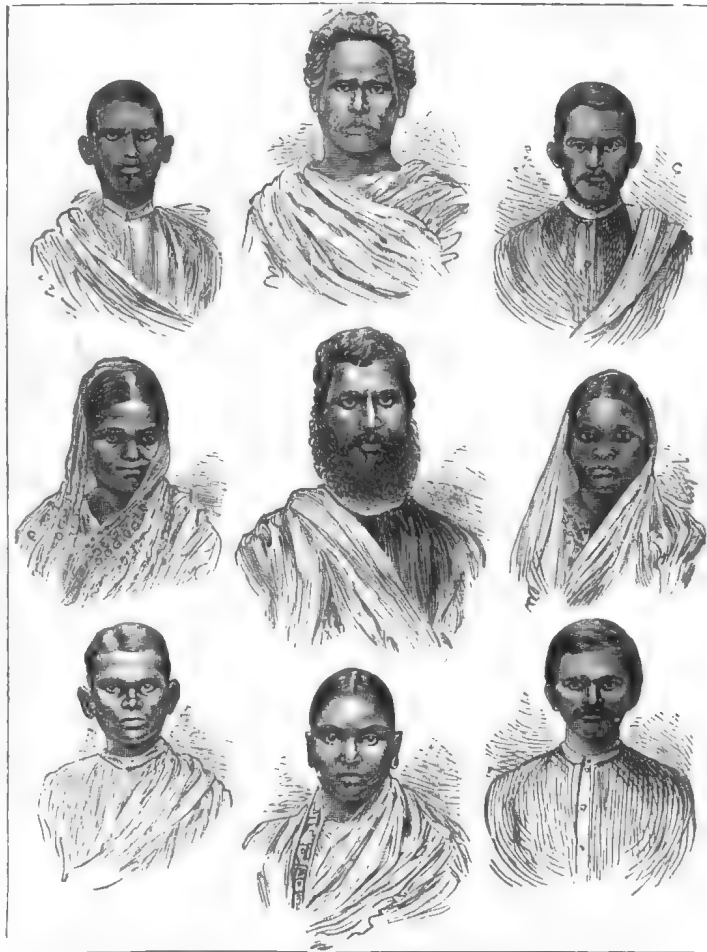
Kolian is the wife of Baijnath. She was trained in Mrs. Storrs' school for a teacher, and was for some time employed as such. She is much beloved, and is a friend in need to her countrywomen, among whom she walks as a bright and shining light.

Baijnath is an earnest Christian. He has been employed principally in translating the Bible into Santāl. He also preaches daily to the heathen, and to the Christians around him. He is one of the most intelligent and consistent of the Native Christians, and has lately been proposed for ordination.

Joba is the niece of the Rev. W. Sido. She was for years in the girls' boarding-school, both at Taljharī and Bahawa, and during the last year has been employed as a teacher, for which she is well suited, being able to teach her class with loving firmness. She is very intelligent, and has a bright face, for which, however, the engraving gives her little credit. Joba is much looked up to by the other girls, to whom she often speaks about their best interest, and with whom she prays; and this she does, we believe, with a single eye to God's glory, having true love of God in her own heart.

The Rev. Sham Besra is one of the earliest Santāl converts. He is now the Native Pastor at Lakhipur. He is not so intelligent as the other pastors, but he is thorough and earnest, not being afraid to speak boldly to those who are going astray. He is often grieved at the coldness of his flock.

We may add that the Rev. Sham Besra, in his report for the year, says of one of his congregations that the people are "very careless," and of another that they are "bright and intelligent," and give him great joy."



REV. W. SIDO.
SARAH.
BAIJNATH.

BAIJUN.
JAY BABU.
JOBA.

REV. BHIM HANSDA.
KOLIAN.
REV. SHAM BESRA.

NINE SANTĀL CHRISTIANS.

THE TALE OF A CONVERT.

By A. L. O. E.

[This deeply interesting narrative has been kindly sent for publication to the GLEANER by Miss C. M. Tucker ("A. L. O. E."), of the Church of England Zenana Society, Batāla, Punjab.]



FROM what strange paths are the Lord's servants sometimes called to minister before the King; and how singular training do they receive for His service! A native evangelist has lately been paying a visit to Batāla, and has related to me part of his own history. These seemed to me so interesting that I put down pencil-notes as soon as he quitted the room, committing no breach of confidence in relating the story of



A MOHAMMEDAN AT PRAYER.

whose name I shall change to Azim. I am certain that if I asked for his permission to do so it would not be refused; but on his own account I think it better not to request that permission.

Azim was brought up in easy circumstances, his family being able to provide him not only with comforts, but with what might be called luxuries. He was educated as a strict Mahomedan, and at the price of seven years' labour learned the whole of the Quran by heart, a feat which may be compared to a boy's learning the whole of the New Testament. The clever lad was placed at a school of which the head-master was a Native Christian. A certain periodical was taken in here by some of the boys. To the disgust of the young Mahomedan he saw in this paper one day something against him whom he then considered the Prophet of God. Azim showed his strong zeal by buying up every copy of the periodical which was brought to the place, and tearing it to pieces! The master, in anger, struck the enthusiast a violent blow with a cane, certainly a measure likely to increase Azim's bigotry and hatred of the Christian religion. The lad left that school and went to another, taking with him a fierce dislike of Christians, which led him to annoy and worry them, and excite others against them.

The master of the second school happened to be likewise a Christian, but one of a milder spirit than the first. He used argument instead of the cane. He gently remonstrated when

Azim was insulting, and pointed out such inconsistencies in the venerated Quran as startled its devoted admirer.

"You read that half the moon fell at Mahomet's feet. You know not the size of the moon; the half would have covered all Arabia. In the Quran it is written that the Jews call Ezra the Son of God, and that Abraham offered up Ishmael. But in truth the Jews do not so speak of Ezra; and Isaac was the son who was offered up by holy Abraham."

Azim was not at once to be convinced; he maintained the correctness of the assertions made in the Quran regarding Ezra and Ishmael. D——, the Christian, referred him to a Jew, there being happily one within reach. To him Azim appealed, and as the result was that the Jew confirmed the statements of the Christian, Azim's faith in the Quran and the false prophet was greatly shaken.

Shaken, not utterly destroyed. The strange idea entered the mind of this singular youth, that he would himself put Mahomet to the test of insult. Azim reproached him aloud as being *bewuguf* (senseless) and a deceiver, to see whether any answer would come. The false prophet remained as silent to his former disciple as was Baal to his priests on Carmel. Azim was a Mahomedan no more. But neither was he a Christian. Alas! there was a dark void in his mind; he had passed from bigotry into atheism! Two of Azim's friends shared his infidel opinions, one of whom was by birth a Hindu.

But Azim's spirit was not at rest; it required an object of faith. Strange to say the Hindu (still unconverted) was a means of drawing him towards Christianity, and encouraging him when he professed it, whilst the inconsistent life of a nominal Christian for more than a year hindered Azim from embracing the truth. Azim was, however, convinced at last, and to the no small surprise of a clergyman who had known him as a bigoted Mahomedan, applied for baptism.

The decisive step was taken, but Azim dreaded to tell his fondly loved mother what he had done. He was going to L— for a Government examination, but had an interview with her before his departure. Azim had not the courage to confess that he was a baptized Christian, he only threw out vague hints. But the fact was speedily known. Before Azim started for L— he had an angry visit from his step-father. Persuasions, bribes, and doubtless threats were used to induce him to recant, but Azim kept firm in the faith. He must have felt like a bird escaping from the fowler when he found himself on the road.

His great trial was but postponed. After the examination Azim returned to his home. The scene which followed had evidently been so exquisitely painful that the convert wondered how he had been enabled to bear it. There in anguish, apart from him, sat his loved mother. He noticed that the bracelets which had fitted her arms now hung loose on the wasted wrists. Azim's mother exclaimed that her son had better have killed her, had better have died himself, than have so disgraced the family. God supported the poor young man through that terrible time of temptation; and he left, or, as we may say, was driven forth from his home.

A trying interval succeeded. Azim was now poor, and had not the nourishing food to which he had been accustomed from childhood; he was unused to hardship, and a delicate constitution made him feel it the more. He does not appear to have met with much tenderness from his co-religionists, but was treated with affectionate hospitality by his unconverted Hindu friend. Finding how painfully her son was placed, the heart of the Mahomedan mother relented. Whatever relatives or bigoted acquaintances might say, she could not, would not, any longer shut her doors against her son. Azim returned to his home, but at first to find but little peace there. His step-father beat him hard with a shoe; if the Christian mentioned the name of the Lord Jesus curses burst from his mother's lips. She could not endure to see her son reading the Bible.

Azim begged to have a room to himself, where he could have a little quiet, and his request was granted. He there read the Gospel undisturbed, and filial love suggested to him an innocent device for introducing it to his bigoted mother. Studying up his subject in solitude, he afterwards told "the old, old story" to his mother, without mentioning the name of the Saviour. At last when Azim had come to the account of the crucifixion, and the words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" he paused, and said to his listener, "What do you think of such a being?" The Mahomedan bibi [lady, or "Mrs."] replied with emotion, "Very kind, very good." Then said the Christian, "This is my Jesus."

At first his mother would hardly believe him; her mind must have been poisoned against One whom even Mahomedans usually honour; but after that time Azim had no more to suffer from the bigoted opposition of his mother.

After Azim had been for about six months at his home, a grievous accident occurred. One day a monkey kept by her husband bit the poor bibi's foot, and drew blood. Either there was poison in the bite, or the state of the lady's health was such as to render the injury fatal. The poor mother drooped and faded away. It was at last evident that she was dying. The sufferer asked her son to take her into his arms, which he did, his hand supporting her head. Seeing that his mother was

sinking, Azim asked the momentous question, "What thin of Jesus?" The dying lips replied, "That He was a Prophet, and the Saviour. I believe that He died for my

"Do you believe Him to be the Son of God?" asked the anxious son. Alas! no! the poor Mahomedan, nursed in the strongest prejudices against that doctrine, could not say that he did. The light which shone on her was but feeble, but she did not hope that it was light from heaven, and that He who acknowledged as Saviour did not reject her at last? I can not help expressing this hope to Azim, who, I think, never the same in his heart. "Oh! to see my mother in heaven," he exclaimed. It must at all events be a comfort to him that she actually died in the arms of her Christian son.

Azim has since given repeated proofs of the sincerity of his convictions. He was robbed by his family of a large sum of money which would have been readily given to him, the heir, if he would have consented to return to the faith of Mahomet. Azim gave up a good situation because it interfered with his regular Sunday work, and so shut him out from Church worship. Being highly educated, Azim obtained other employment, and fair were his earthly prospects; but he has refused them to become a catechist, and so devote himself entirely to the service of the King.

There are two souls, yet in darkness, over whom the merciful heart of Azim specially yearns—his brother's, and his Hindu friend. If his story has interested the reader, let him interest resolve itself into earnest prayer that Azim may rejoice over these two wandering sheep, led by him, Heavenly Shepherd.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT.

CHAPTER III.—MRS. LANCASTER'S DAY DREAM.

"ELL, you see, ma'am, it don't do me any harm, it pleases him, poor old gentleman," said Mrs. Caston, the baker's wife, as she handed the change for a shilling across the counter to her customer. "It's just what he likes of his, and he's a nice quiet old gentleman and gives no trouble; so I'm glad to oblige him now and then. It certainly is a wonderful interest he takes in this missionary box, just as if his v depended upon whether it got full or not."

There were not many good shops in Inglesby, the place being more than a large straggling village; nevertheless it had its old-fashioned market-place, a few shops, among which Mr. Caston, the baker's, was the most important, its twelve hundred inhabitants, and its old church and Mrs. Caston had sittings just under the pulpit, and the form often called upon, should one of the churchwardens be away, to round the collecting plate. Not a few envied them their position in Inglesby, and they were looked up to with a reverence almost amounting to awe by some of the smaller shopkeepers, and thought of with satisfaction by those who were on the look-out for subscribers to the parish charities. Their names often headed subscription lists. "I like to help a needy case," Mrs. Caston would say complacently, as she handed down a shilling or so to be given to this or that charity. "It can't hurt me, and may do good."

There was something satisfactory in this statement to Mrs. Caston's mind. It was such a comfort to be able to spare a shilling now and then without feeling the loss. It would have been so awkward if they had been obliged to go without any of their little luxuries in consequence, Mrs. Caston would scarcely have felt inclined to be so liberal. When old Mr. North had asked her to allow a missionary box to be put on her counter, she had made no objection; it would certainly do no harm, and would please her lodger, so there it stood among the cake-buns, unnoticed, till Mrs. Lancaster, seeing it, remarked upon it.

Mrs. Lancaster was not alone; her son, already a good deal taller than his mother, was with her, and stood listening to Mrs. Caston's re-

with an amused expression of face, and a slight curl hovering about his lips. "From all I hear he must be a queer old fellow," he remarked, as he took up the missionary box to examine it. "Not much in it, eh, Mrs. Caston?"

"Only that which the old gentleman puts in himself, sir," said Mrs. Caston. "It isn't likely that it'll do much good, but it pleases him and it costs me nothing."

"That's the best of it, isn't it, Mrs. Caston?" said Leith Lancaster. The slight contempt in his tone was unperceived by Mrs. Caston, and at that moment the sound of Mr. North's walking-stick caught their ears, and Mrs. Caston had only just time to whisper, "Here he is," when her lodger came in. He did not notice Mrs. Lancaster and her son, bent and trembling as he was, but going straight towards the counter and dropping a coin into the missionary box, he asked eagerly—

"Has anything been given to the Lord this afternoon, Mrs. Caston?"

"Well, no, sir, I'm afraid not to-day," said his landlady, with a look across the counter at Mrs. Lancaster as much as to say, "I told you so."

"Good Lord," he murmured, his face falling with disappointment, "teach them to give while they can, while it costs them something. Shall I offer unto the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing?"

The last words were audible only to Leith Lancaster, who stood looking after Mr. North, as he turned away, with a strange expression on his face; and while his mother was engaged in speaking to Mrs. Caston he dropped a coin into the box.

"That old fellow's ideas of giving are singularly different from those of Mrs. Caston, eh, mother!" he remarked, as on leaving the shop he tucked his mother's arm into his.

This mother and son were worth looking at as they passed down the High Street. Leith Lancaster was as good-looking as his mother, indeed there was a strong likeness between them, and never was there a prouder or fonder mother than she. Her son was nearly perfection in her eyes, and that he would one day make a great name for himself she was convinced. He was at present reading for the Bar, and had every prospect of getting on well in his profession. Mrs. Lancaster had been pleased when Leith had announced his intention of following his father's profession, for "now," she thought to herself, "I shall be able to keep him in England; I couldn't live without Leith, it would just break my heart to part with him." And then she had pictured the cosy little home she would make for her boy in London, so pretty it should be, with everything in it to attract him, and to rest both mind and body, after a long day in chambers or in court. How happy they would be! They were so now in their pretty country home, but the idea of being by Leith's side when he was in the midst of the whirl and bustle of London life, when, as she hoped, he would begin to mount the ladder of fame, and to be able to cheer him on and encourage him forward, was very fascinating to his mother; and now that Leith was so soon to be called to the Bar, her dream seemed to be very near fulfilment.

"But supposing Leith marries?" her mother, who was still living, though now entirely confined to her sofa, had once said to her, when Nona had been telling her her happy dreams for the future.

"Ah, supposing!" she had answered with a smile, though with a certain little pain in her heart, which was not quite new to her. "But we are too happy for him to think about that yet, mother, and when he does, I'm sure Leith's taste will agree with mine, and I shall gain a daughter rather than lose a son."

And there the matter had ended. But that night Nona Lancaster had lain awake for long, thinking of the possibility.

Leith had been his mother's comfort ever since that day long ago when she stood by her husband's grave. At first the fact of having to take care of her little son had been an unspeakable relief to her, but as he grew older they insensibly changed places. It was Nona who was now taken care of, and with such tenderness as she had never expected to experience again on this earth.

As for Leith, his mother was at present his idea of what a woman should be; her sympathy and love had never failed him. When a schoolboy no one had taken such a vivid interest in all his concerns as his mother; how excited she had grown over the various cricket matches he had taken part in; how interested to hear all about his friends and their doings; and when at College the thought of his mother had often helped him to resist

the many temptations which surrounded him. Leith knew, too, that he owed much to her prayers. Religion was never forced down his throat, but his mother's holy and bright life did more than many words for him, and he verily believed that it was in answer to his mother's prayers that he was not allowed to rest till he had knelt a conscious sinner at the Cross of Christ. And now nothing seemed too much for Leith to do for his mother, and he was not a little proud of her.

"You are as pretty as ever," he had said that very morning, as he stood looking down upon her just before starting for their walk.

"What nonsense, my boy!" she had answered laughingly, but with a pleased flush spreading over her face; for what mother would not be pleased at her son's spontaneous admiration of her.

"Nonsense!" Indeed it is no such thing. You are prettier to me than any woman I know, so there's a compliment for you, little mother. And then they had started arm-in-arm for their walk. Ah, how happy they were, this mother and son!

After his conversation with Mrs. Caston, Mr. North had made his way slowly upstairs, stopping to take breath every step or two; but as he approached his own door he quickened his pace, and arrived there he fumbled somewhat nervously with the handle. It was with some difficulty that at last he was able to turn it, and then, standing on the threshold and shading his eyes with his hand, looked eagerly round the room as if in search of something. He need not have shaded his eyes, poor old man, for the sun did not often shine too brightly into his room.

"Not here!" he murmured, his hand dropping wearily by his side. "I had almost hoped she would have been here to-day; but no, I won't complain, and it isn't to be wondered at that the pretty child should care to come and see an old man. But," he added, more brightly, "she said she would come, bless her, and she won't break her promise."

Taking another look round, as if still half hoping to find what he was in search of, he closed the door behind him, put his stick and hat on the table, and settled himself in his arm-chair to read. He could never, however, read for long together; his book was soon laid aside, and he looked round the room with a sigh. "It's lonely, Lord," he whispered, closing his eyes. "I would like to have some one to come and see me now, then, if it is Thy Will. Just a little lonely, Lord."

Mr. North did not notice that the door was opened, and that the young servant had entered, carrying the tea-things.

Jessie had caught his last words, and after resting the tray on the table stood with open mouth and eyes watching him. She had often heard him talk to himself, but there was a certain look upon his face this afternoon which she had never noticed there before, and the words caused a tenderness for him to rise in her heart. A feeling of awe took possession of her.

Was God really so near as that old gentleman seemed to think? Could He hear the faint trembling murmur that issued from his lips? That God heard all, saw all, Jessie's Sunday-school teacher, Mrs. Lancaster, had often told her, and she never doubted but that her word was to be depended upon; but somehow she had never realised it as she did this afternoon on hearing Mr. North's prayer. The great God, then, must have heard her answering her mistress so rudely this morning. He must have heard her last Sunday at the school, whispering to John Abbot during prayer time, and she began to feel uncomfortable.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Jessie?" said Mr. North, suddenly opening his eyes. "I thought it must be near tea-time. Did you ask your mistress about the grey parrot, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jessie, "and mistress'll see about it; but mistress is very particular fond of the parrot, sir, and mistress don't know if he'll be willing to spare it."

"Tell Mrs. Caston that I'll take great care of it," said Mr. North. "Has any one been here this afternoon?"

"To see you, sir? No, not to-day, as I know of."

"If ever any one comes to see me, and I should be out, ask her to wait and don't forget, Jessie, to pull up the blinds, and to give her a book to look at."

"Is it a lady you're expecting, sir?" asked Jessie, her curiosity aroused for Mr. North had not as yet had any visitor to see him.

"Yes, a lady—a young lady—I can't remember her name; but she has light wavy hair and dark eyes, and looks just as if the sun must always smile upon her. Ah!" he murmured, "so like mine—so like!"



EGYPTIAN PICTURES: A HOUSE IN CAIRO.



MAORI WAR DANCE.*

Pictures from Egypt.—A House in Cairo.

LAST month we gave a picture of a mosque at Cairo. From sacred we now turn to domestic architecture. "Into whatsoever house ye enter," said the Lord to His seventy disciples whom He sent forth before His face, "first say, Peace be to this house." That is exactly what the Church Missionary Society now desires to say to Egypt.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

III.

HE readers of last month's MISSIONARY GLEANER will not now feel as strangers to the handsome and intelligent young chieftain, Ruatara, but will have sympathised with his many disappointments in the endeavour to bring the blessings of Christianity to his countrymen. They will be prepared to rejoice with him, that after seven years, more or less, of delays and hindrances, he was at last, in 1818, permitted to return to his own people, in favourable circumstances, well furnished by Mr. Marsden with the tools and seeds and plants so necessary for introducing the blessings of civilisation. At first, he was listened to with the greatest wonder and delight, but when he unfolded to them such incredible facts as that the bread and biscuit they keenly

appreciated were made from grains of wheat, and that white men had "corraddees" (dogs) large enough to carry a man—the only satisfactory definition of a horse which he could invent!—they thought he was going beyond all bounds, and stopping their ears, asked if it was likely they would allow themselves to be so imposed upon. Some few, candid enough to be willing to put his declarations to the test, tried to ride their pigs, by way of practical proof, and when they found this was impossible, decided that the whole thing was a fiction, and rejected all his information as pure invention. Had Tippahee been alive, he would have fully supported his nephew's assertions, but Ruatara was now alone.

However, the earnest hearted young chieftain was not to be easily daunted. He induced six of the doubters to accept some corn, and sow it according to his directions and example. It sprang up well, grew luxuriantly, and he was eagerly reckoning upon the overthrow of at least one of their prejudices, when just as it was coming into ear, they rooted it up, to search for the grain which they expected to find, like the tubers of potatoes, forming underground, and finding, of course, nothing of the sort, pulled up all the plants and burnt them in angry disappointment! Only his uncle, Hongi, had the patience to wait for the ripening of the crop, and he was rewarded by a plentiful crop.

In spite, however, of these discouragements there was every

* This dance, with guns, was of course sketched many years after the dance with spears mentioned on the next page.

prospect of a cordial welcome being offered to his missionary friends, if they could now carry out their original intention of coming to settle there, and he sent to them accordingly. This appeal found Mr. Marsden in some difficulty. Prejudice against the Maoris had been strengthened by the untoward circumstances which had taken place, and the wisdom of returning amongst them was so strongly questioned, that though unaltered in his own views, he found it would be best to send two forward as pioneers, before advancing with the whole party. Mr. Hall and Mr. Kendall arrived in 1814, to Ruatara's great joy. One can imagine the rapture with which he would exhibit his most flourishing farm to his European allies, potatoes, carrots, and onions, all growing in profusion, and a good supply of wheat ready for the steel-mill, besides a most prosperous family of pigs! No time was lost in converting some of the grain into flour, to the unspeakable amazement of the onlookers, and when Ruatara proceeded to make cakes out of it, and bake them in a frying-pan, and then gave each a piece to eat, they danced and shouted with extravagant joy, and rewarded him by hinting that they did not now altogether discredit his extraordinary statements about the "pigs large enough to ride on," *alias* horses!

Six weeks' residence wholly satisfied these Christian spies sent forward to view the land, as to the safety and desirableness of regularly commencing the Mission settlement; and spite of some disadvantages from the feud consequent on the massacre of the crew of the *Boyd*, and the death of Tippahee, not yet healed over, and the hindrances arising from the low character of Europeans connected with the trading vessels that touched there, it was felt there need be no hesitation in fixing upon the Bay of Islands as a starting point.

It was in the end of November, 1814, that Mr. Marsden embarked with his little party, in the small brig *Active* (which at his own risk he had purchased for Mission purposes) from Port Jackson; and on December 15th, when the summer sun was bathing the scene in evening splendour, they first came in sight of the land they were about to take possession of in their Redeemer's name. It was upon the 18th they actually disembarked, with Koro-koro, a chief who had accompanied them. His presence alone would have ensured them a favourable reception, but the welcome he received from his aunt was perplexing enough to have excited grave anxiety. Mr. Marsden thus describes it:—

"She had," he says, "a green bough twisted round her head, and another in her hand. As she advanced she prayed very loud, and wept exceedingly. Koro-koro remained motionless till she came up to him, when they laid their heads together, the woman leaning on a staff, and he on his gun. Thus they stood, repeating short sentences aloud, which we understood were prayers, and here they wept aloud for a long time, the tears rolling down their cheeks in torrents. It was impossible to see them without being deeply moved. A daughter of the aunt also sat at her feet weeping; and the women who accompanied her joined in the lamentation, cutting themselves in their faces, arms, and breasts with sharp shells or flints till the blood streamed down." It is difficult to believe it, but this was all intended as a manifestation of the most intense joy! The missionaries afterwards found it was the universal way of expressing unspeakable rapture.

The brig lay becalmed a few days off the Cavalle Islands, and while there Mr. Marsden found that a large party of the very tribe who had killed the crew of the *Boyd*, the *Whangaroan*, were encamped on the opposite coast. As it was of the utmost importance now to establish friendly relations with them, the fearless missionary at once determined to visit them in person. Ruatara, knowing their unscrupulous ferocity, tried to dissuade him from going, but finding he could not do so, generously resolved to go with him, and make the first advances. They saw a body of armed men stationed on an opposite hill when

they landed; Ruatara went forward to explain, and was answered by a woman flourishing a red mat round her head, and bidding them come. Obeying the summons, they soon found themselves in the midst of these formidable cannibals. The chiefs sat upon the ground surrounded by their warriors, each having a spear, fifteen or twenty feet in length, stuck in the ground at their side. All were dressed in their native mats, some of them very handsome, and had their hair neatly tied in a knot at the top of the head, ornamented with long white feathers. Some wore the teeth of their slaughtered enemies round their necks as decorations, while some were adorned with dollars taken from the ill-fated British ship. All at once the warriors seized their spears and brandished them, as if in fury, one against the other; yells, shrieks and roars arose on every side, while the frightful gesticulations, and the variety of horrible contortions both of faces and limbs, were enough to strike terror into the most courageous beholder. It was sufficiently astonishing to be told this was the *war dance of welcome*.

A friendly conversation ensued, but as the day-light hours had slipped past without discussion of the subject nearest Mr. Marsden's heart, he took the bold resolution of passing the night among these savages. "The night," he wrote, "was clear, the stars shone bright, the sea before us was smooth; around were the warriors' spears stuck upright in the ground, and groups of natives lying in all directions like a flock of sheep upon the grass, for there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our situation with feelings I cannot describe; surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured our countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence. I did not sleep much, my mind was occupied by the new and strange ideas the scene naturally awakened."

That evening and night were fraught with results of the deepest consequence to New Zealand's future. The fearless intrepidity of Mr. Marsden's conduct, and the cogency of his arguments, so wrought upon the chiefs, that they not only agreed to leave the new settlement unmolested, but to come to terms of peace with the Chief of the Bay of Islands. E. D.

THE NORWICH MISSIONARY EXHIBITION.



T. ANDREW'S HALL is, owing to its architecture and history, one of the sights of the ancient and interesting city of Norwich. Once, before the Reformation, the noble church of a monastic order, it is now the property of the city Corporation and serves the various purposes of a public hall. But perhaps never has it been better utilised than it was in January last, when it was for five days transformed into what might be called a Missionary Museum. The Norwich Church of England Young Men's Society, encouraged by a similar attempt at Cambridge last year, resolved to aid the funds of the Church Missionary Society by holding in St. Andrew's Hall a Loan Exhibition of objects of interest connected with missionary work, and also an Oriental Bazaar for the sale of articles specially imported from foreign lands. The design was a good one, and by God's blessing it prospered as it deserved. More than three thousand curious and interesting objects were lent, by friends residing in different parts of England, as well as by the C.M.S. itself, the Church of England Zenana Society, and the Missionary Leaves Association.

The exhibits were displayed in seven courts, named after the several parts of the world represented; and whichever way the eye turned it saw objects which were really an eloquent missionary appeal, telling of the degradation and misery of the heathen, and of the toils, privations, sufferings and successes of modern apostles of the true faith of the Gospel.

Here in the African Court is a slave-pole, of great weight and forked at one end; the neck of the unhappy slave was placed within the prongs and secured by means of an iron bolt passing through them. In this way he was led across the country by his brutal captors, and escape rendered impossible. Look, too, at that huge iron collar with four lengthy

projections having the appearance of feet. That was taken from the neck of a slave by the Governor of Jamaica, and sent to the first Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton about the year 1830. Lady Buxton lends it to the Exhibition. That tall ugly figure is an idol given up in 1877 to the Bishop of the Niger, Samuel Crowther (once a slave), by King Ockiya, of Brass, and is a striking illustration of Isaiah xlv. 13, 16, 17, as it shows, at the bottom, the tree from which it was carved. This, which looks like a small walking-stick, is in fact a slave whip, cut out of the hide of a hippopotamus, and a stinging weapon indeed it is.

A few steps, and we are in the court devoted to Palestine, Egypt, Syria, &c. Here is a crown of thorns from Jerusalem, and if the crown placed mockingly on the head of our dear Redeemer were like this one it must have cruelly wounded Him. Here is a shepherd's dress from Nazareth, comprising belt, great-coat, robe, cap, kafia and cord, sandals, scrip, dirk, flute, pipe and pouch, and sling. This rough piece of workmanship is a yoke made by a Nazareth carpenter, and although visitors should not touch, one's hand almost affectionately touches it, and one's mind reverently recalls what is written by the Evangelists concerning Joseph and Jesus. This is the head-dress of a woman of Bethlehem, lavishly trimmed with current coins, according to the local custom of wearing money (sometimes as much as £30) on the head. It is suggested, as we stand inspecting this curious specimen of Judean millinery, that the woman mentioned in the parable in the 15th chapter of St. Luke would probably lose her drachma from her bonnet.

We are now in the Indian Court. Here are torture clogs or shoes, such as are worn by devotees on their pilgrimages, with the spikes upward against the naked foot. They remind us of an affecting anecdote. On one occasion a missionary was preaching in India under a banyan tree. While he was preaching, a pilgrim shod with torturing sandals came up, and sat down to rest, within hearing. The missionary at that moment was repeating the text: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." In an instant "marvellous light" shone into the deluded pilgrim's mind; he received the truth, and throwing away his clogs, cried with joy, "This is what I want." He ceased from doing penance, and returned home a new creature. Here is a cylindrical praying machine—so small and light a child can work it. The prayers are inside, and the ignorant worshipper believes they are offered acceptably as many times as he causes the cylinder to revolve. Are there no nominal Christians in danger of being guilty of a like absurdity and superstition? Are there none in our own land who have a notion that they have prayed, and prayed acceptably, when they have mechanically repeated a certain number of prayers, in which, alas! the heart has not joined? This old sword of the reign of Shah Allum was used in 1857—1858, in the beheading of seventeen of the Indian mutineers. That coat, decorated with bright golden lace, was worn by Ayoo Khan in the fight near Kandahar, when he was defeated by Sir Frederick Roberts.

We will now cross the hall, and enter the Chinese Court. Here the great objects of attraction are undoubtedly the memorials of the imprisonment in Canton, in the year 1840, of the Rev. V. J. Stanton, formerly Colonial Chaplain at Hong Kong, and now Rector of Halesworth. There are his prison coat and pillow, and what is more impressive, the chains for the ankles and neck, and the manacles for the wrists. Here are two idols which were never the occasion of idolatry, inasmuch as the manufacture was not duly completed. The spirit of the god requires to be poured in through the hole in the back; when this ceremony has been performed, nothing will be wanting—meanwhile the images are powerless for good or evil.

Our visit must soon come to an end, but we must peep into two more courts for a moment or two. In the Australasian Court is a small pocket Communion Service, which belonged to the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the Apostle of New Zealand. "It is not too much to say that to Samuel Marsden Great Britain owes, under God, both the colony and the Church of New Zealand." In this court a place is found for a spear, a mat, and a few other things from the island of Madagascar, now so happily Christianised, and for whose people it behoves us at this time to pray that their rights and privileges may be continued to them, despite the designs of our French neighbours.

In the next court (American and Pacific), among other curious things is the equipment of the North-West American medicine-man, including

his *soul-holder*, a piece of hollow bone, engraved on the outside, in which he professes to place the soul of his patient while he conjures over him. These five articles from the South Sea Islands—a stone adze, brush, whip, war-club, and bowl—are notable for their having been at one time the property of the famous martyr of Erromanga, John Williams.

We have not time to see the Zenana Court, or to inspect the stalls of the Bazaar, and accordingly take our leave of the Exhibition with praise for the past successes and prayer for the future prosperity of the Church Missionary Society.

F. S. SWINDELL,

Curate of Holy Trinity Church, Norwich.

[We may add that during the week about twenty lectures were given, on the orchestra, by missionaries and other friends, upon the various C.M.S. Missions; which were largely attended, and much added to the interest and practical usefulness of the Exhibition. Also, that the Exhibition and Sale produced £800, which, after paying all expenses, will leave about £300 clear profit for the Society's funds.

We should like now to repeat Mr. Arden's question, put in the GLEANER after the Cambridge Exhibition of last year, "What town will take the Exhibition next year?" and to hope that it will again meet with a speedy and hearty response. Perhaps we ought to add, Don't all speak at once!—ED.]

THE GLEANER EXAMINATION.



We regret to have to report that the number of competitors in the Gleaner Examination has again been less this year; and it is now clear that our friends are not prepared to take up the plan in such a way as to warrant its continuance.

We propose, therefore, to seek the same objects by a scheme of a somewhat different kind, which we hope to announce shortly.

There were twenty-five candidates in all, besides four others who paid the entrance fee but did not sit. Twenty competed in Standard A, and five only in Standard B.

Questions for Standards A and B.

1. Give a sketch of the origin and early history of the Church Missionary Society. Mention some of its founders and first friends.
2. Give a brief account (a) of the founding of the East Africa Mission by Dr. Krapf, (b) of its present position as described by Mr. Price.
3. Describe the work of the Society at any one of the following stations:—Calcutta, Lucknow, Amritsar, Jerusalem, Gaza, Ispahan.
4. Where are Agarpara, Baddegama, Fulladoyo, Julfa, Otaki, Pannivilei, Port Lokkoh, Salt, Sharanpur, Skeena River, Tank, Tong A?
5. Mention examples of spiritual life and consistent conduct among the Native Christians in West Africa, South India, South China, North-West America; and relate more fully one example of the converting grace of God.
6. Mention any special reasons at the present time for the Society's appeal for "Half as Much Again."

Additional Questions for Standard A only.

7. Persia, Palestine, Egypt: Give a brief account of the Society's work in these countries, noting especially its peculiar difficulties.
8. What do you know of the Society's Medical Missions? Where are they carried on? and how?
9. Who are the Bheels, Copts, Dinkas, Gallas, Pulayans, Shintoists, Sikhs, Tamil Coolies, Telugus, Timnehs, Wakamba, Waziris?
10. What striking facts, and independent testimonies, have been recorded lately in the GLEANER, which may be well used in conversations with persons who doubt the success of Missions?

List of Successful Candidates.

STANDARD A.		STANDARD B.	
<i>First Class.</i>		<i>Class I.—</i> Mémé Fleming, Leeds.	
1. Lillie Lucas, Ripley, Leeds.		<i>Class II.—</i> C. M. Cumings, Bath.	
2. Charlotte E. Lloyd, Shrewsbury.		Carrie Stubbs, Pontonville, N.	
3. Mary J. Bartley, Birmingham.		<i>Honourable mention:—</i> Wilfrid Thos. French, Brighton.	
4. Julia E. Brackenbury, Branchley, Kent.			
5. E. A. Davies, Shrewsbury.			
6. Edith A. Disbrowe, Benington, Linc.			
7. Emily S. Blenkin, Boston.			
8. Frances E. M'Arthur, Burlington, Norfolk.			
9. Charlotte M. Davidson, Bath.			
10. E. M. Leslie, Branchley, Kent.			
<i>Second Class.</i>			
1. Harriet O. Botterill, Boston.			
2. Alice Oldroyd, Shrewsbury.			

It will be seen that we have entered all the candidates in Standard A as having passed, which is certainly their due. In Standard B, four out of five passed. The fifth, having only answered three questions out of the six, could not be fairly mentioned.

The winner of the 1st prize competes for the first time. All the others



THE SIOUX CHIEF "SITTING BULL."



SIOUX CHIEF.



SIOUX SQUAW AND CHILD.

in Class I. of Standard A have been in previous lists; but their relative positions are considerably changed. No. 3 was the winner of the 1st prize two years ago. Nos. 5 and 6 were last year in Class II., and No. 10 has leaped from honourable mention last year without stopping in Class II. by the way. No. 1 in Class II. was No. 2 in Class I. of Standard B last year.

Many of the papers are of real excellence. Some of the sketches of the Society's early history are admirable; and so are several of the answers to Question 7. One or two candidates occupied *too much* time on Palestine and Persia; and as more marks than the fair maximum cannot be allowed, they lost by doing so. Notwithstanding a caution appended to the Question Paper, two or three lost time by describing two or more of the stations named in Question 3, instead of one only; and no extra marks have been given in these cases. Nor are any marks given for some excellent accounts, in answer to Question 5, of converts belonging to other countries than those named; for instance, Ganga Bai and Guru Churun Bose, neither of whom belong to South India.

There are unusually few actual mistakes in the papers, and scarcely any of the odd blunders which we have recorded in previous years. One candidate, however, is determined that we shall not lose the chance of a pleasant laugh somewhere, and tells us that it was Professor Jowett who went to Egypt for the Society in 1815! We have succeeded, however, in giving our friends two puzzles. Out of the whole number, only five know that *Otaki* is in New Zealand (see *GLEANER*, Dec., p. 142). The majority place it in Japan, and two in West Africa. One actually wrote "In the south of New Zealand," and then scratched the words out, and substituted "In Japan"! The other puzzle was the *Waziris*. Only three rightly described them as the Afghan hill-tribe near Tank. The majority place them in East Africa; one, in New Zealand; and one calls them "a sect of the Bheels."

We have been particularly pleased with the answers to Question 10, which of course required a really greater effort of memory than any other question. Between thirty and forty distinct facts and testimonies are adduced. Among them are the following:—Mr. Darwin's testimony, Bishop Wilberforce's Jubilee Speech, the charge of the Bishop of Madras, the large numbers confirmed in Tinnevely, the sending of two agents by the Tinnevely Church to the Koi Mission, the Punjab Native Church Council supporting a mission of its own, Bishop Crowther ordaining a white man, the Marquis of Lorne at Battleford, the Sultan of Zanzibar's reception of Mr. Price, the contrast in East Africa between Krapf's time and now, Sir Bartle Frère's speech at Exeter Hall, the interest taken in Dr. Krapf by Prince Albert and the King of Prussia, the appointment of a C.M.S. missionary on the Indian Education Commission, Sir R. Temple's figures, the testimonies of Bishop Steere, Archdeacon Matthew, Mr. Odell, Col. Stewart, &c., &c. There could not be a more striking illustration of the abundance of the material supplied by a single volume of the *GLEANER* for speeches at missionary meetings!

A MISSION TO THE SIOUX INDIANS.



THE Sioux nation, we need not say, is one of the most important of the Red Indian tribes. No name is more familiar in connection with prairie life, whether described in traveller's story or in fiction. The old Sioux territories, however, lay south of the border line between British America and the United States, so that the C.M.S. has not had this historic name in its reports hitherto. But a band of Sioux came over into Manitoba some years ago; and at the earnest request of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, the Committee have in the last four or five years made an annual grant of £100 towards the support of a Mission among them. The Very Rev. J. Grisdale, Dean of Rupert's Land, has given us an interesting account of the work, which appeared in the *C.M. Intelligencer* last month. The settlement is on a piece of land given to the tribe by the Canadian Government, 125 miles west of Winnipeg, and near the new Canadian Pacific Railway, which is rapidly advancing across the continent. The chief of the band is called White Eagle. A young clergyman, the Rev. W. A. Burman, is labouring earnestly.

The faces on this page show the Sioux type of countenance; and the large portrait opposite is that of the famous chief Sitting Bull, who was at the head of another band that took refuge within the Canadian frontier some years back. The correspondent of a Toronto newspaper went to see him in 1877, and wrote as follows:—

A fierce snow-storm had set in, and the howling wind outside was bitterly cold, but the chief's lodge is well skinned, and with a hissing fire of poplar-sticks very comfortable. Two squaws—one a handsome maiden of twenty—sat huddled up in a corner, laughing and chatting with one of the young men. Poplar makes a smoky fire, and as the wind tore down the centre hole in big gusts, it was at times difficult for one to see his neighbour's face. The Marmot, a young Sioux of great renown, lay like a sleeping dog inside the door.

Sitting Bull, gazing into the fire and speaking as though in a reverie, then slowly began. "The Great Spirit has made the red man and the white man brothers, and they ought to take each other by the hand. The Great Spirit loves all His children. He esteems the white man and the red man alike. The wicked white man and the wicked red man are the only ones He does not love. It was the Great Spirit, not the white man, who gave us these lands. I do not think that the Great Spirit sent the white man across the waters to rob us."

I then asked Sitting Bull what he thought of his prospects for the future. He said, "I cannot say. I trust the Great Mother (the Queen). What am I? I am a poor Indian. I have no friend but the Queen and the Great Spirit."

To people like these the good Bishop of Rupert's Land is trying to make known the real Gospel of the Indian's "Great Spirit"; and the C.M.S. is thankful to be able to take a small share in the work.

THE MONTH.



THE C.M.S. Committee has lost one of its most valued members by the death, on January 28th, of Mr. Arthur Lang, of Harrow. When a Government civil servant in India, first in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Allahabad (where he was judge for thirteen years), he was a hearty friend of the missionary cause; and from 1858 to within a week or two of his death he was a constant attendant at the C.M. House, serving on almost every sub-committee, and sometimes spending the greater part of the week in Salisbury Square. He was a whole-hearted, loving, and thoroughly happy Christian man, and devoted to the interests of the C.M.S. and the Bible Society. One of his sons is a Clerical Secretary of the C.M.S., and another, the Vicar of St. Benedict's, Cambridge, and Assistant Tutor at Corpus, is one of the Secretaries of the Cambridge C.M. Association.

Two venerable clerical friends of the Society have also been called away, viz., the Rev. Prebendary Charles Marshall, Rector of St. Bride's, whose face and voice were familiar to all who have attended the C.M.S. Annual Sermon at that church; and the Rev. Josiah Pratt, formerly Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, and son of the Josiah Pratt who was one of the founders of the Society and Secretary for twenty-two years. Mr. Marshall was Tutor in the Church Missionary College under its first Principal, Mr. Pearson, half a century ago. Mr. Pratt's church, St. Stephen's, under his son and successor, the Rev. J. H. Pratt, stands first of all the City churches in its contributions to the C.M.S.

WE regret also to have to report the death, on January 20th, of the venerable Rev. C. L. Reichardt, Tutor at Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone, and latterly Acting Principal. He was a student of the Basle Seminary, and afterwards of the C.M. College, and having been ordained in 1849-50 by Bishop Blomfield, he went out to Fourah Bay; and there, with intervals in England, he laboured for thirty years. He was a faithful and laborious missionary, and rendered essential service by his linguistic researches, especially by preparing a grammar and other works in the Foulah language.

ONE of the oldest C.M.S. Native clergy in India, the Rev. Daud Singh, has gone to his rest. He was the first Sikh ever received into the Church of Christ. He was baptized about 35 years ago by the Rev. W. H. Perkins, then S.P.G. missionary at Cawnpore. When the C.M.S. Punjab Mission was begun in 1851, he joined it as a lay agent. In 1854, he was ordained by Bishop Wilson. He was for many years pastor of the Native congregation at Amritsar, and latterly of the Christian village of Clarkabad, where he died on January 6th.

THE new Bishop of Sierra Leone will (D.V.) have been consecrated before this number appears, the day fixed being St. Matthias' Day, February 24th. We bespeak on his behalf the special intercessions of all our readers.

THE late Mrs. Stanton, of Halesworth, was a warm friend of the C.M.S., and an untiring worker in its cause. Her annual missionary sale was begun when the Rev. V. J. Stanton first went to that town in 1863, when it produced £7. In October last it produced £144, and the total amount thus raised for the Society by her personal efforts during the twenty years was £2,108 10s. 11d. Her husband has himself given much larger sums than that; but valuable as these gifts have been, there is always a peculiar blessing attaching to an aggregate of small contributions collected by the influence of an earnest and loving heart. Friends like these, "whose hearts God has touched," are the strength of the Church Missionary Society.

EARL CAIRNS presided at the annual meeting of the Bournemouth C.M.S. Association on January 15th. He said that some people attended a meeting like that, and gave in their guinea or half-guinea subscription, just as if they were paying a Christmas bill, doing something that had to be done once a year, and need not trouble them at any other time. With this he contrasted three objects which subscribers ought to have in view in attending. (1) To show that they considered Christ's last command, to make Him known to the heathen as a personal Saviour, just as binding

on us as any other commandment. (2) To hear what was being done the money subscribed. (3) To testify their heart-felt sympathy with missionaries in the field. His lordship concluded by appealing for "as much again." The report of the Association, read by Canon Eliot, showed a total sum for the year of just over £500, an increase on the preceding year, and twice as much as it was three years ago.

THE Earl of Northbrook took the chair at the annual C.M.S. meeting at Micheldever on Sunday evening, January 21st. His lordship spoke of the good work done by the Society in India generally, and in the Province in particular. He said, "We are old friends and admirers of this Society. We have great confidence in it, and believe its work to be for the advancement of the world and for the real spread of Christianity through the world."

ON December 24th, at Christ Church, Faji, Lagos, Bishop Croft admitted to deacon's orders two African lay agents of the C.M.S., Samuel Doherty, of Abeokuta, and Mr. Edward Buko, of Ota. At the same time the Rev. E. S. Willoughby (also an African), Curate of Breadfruit, received priest's orders. The Rev. James Johnson presented the candidates, and the Bishop preached on Acts xiii. 1-3.

WE are glad to say that the new Nyanza party, the Revs. J. Hannington, R. P. Ashe, and C. E. Gordon, and Mr. C. Wise, with Mr. Stokes as conductor of the caravan, reached the south end of the Victoria Nyanza in October. Mr. Hannington's health had somewhat improved, though he was still very weak. They went by a new route through Mirani country, and reached the Lake at a point some distance west of Kagame's Nullah. Mr. Stokes has since returned to Zanzibar, accompanied by Mr. Copplestone, of Uyui, the latter being now relieved by the Revs. W. J. Edmonds and J. Blackburn.

THE Rev. F. A. Klein arrived at Cairo on December 16th. He was very kindly received by Miss Whately and her helpers, and has also been welcomed by Dean Butcher, the English chaplain, by the American Presbyterian missionaries, and by natives of Syria and Egypt who had formerly met in Palestine. He held his first Arabic service on January 14th and 21st in the hall of Miss Whately's school; and there was a large attendance. "I am sure," he writes, "that the fact that there is here an open door for preaching the Gospel will be considered cheering news by our friends at home."

THE Decennial General Conference of Protestant Missionaries in India was held at Calcutta from December 28th to January 3rd. The first of this kind was held at Allahabad at the end of 1872, and was attended by 19 missionaries, representing 19 societies. Its proceedings excited much attention, and the volume in which they were recorded has been a standard book of reference ever since. The Calcutta Conference, which was held at Calcutta, was attended by nearly 500 missionaries, and the debate, reports of which have now reached this country, seem to have been of great importance. The subjects discussed were, Preaching to the Heathen, Sunday-schools, Native Agency, Promotion of Spiritual Life, Higher Elementary Education, Work amongst English-speaking Hindus, amongst Mohammedans, Woman's Work in India, Self-support and Propagation of Native Churches, Work amongst Aboriginal Tribes, Press as a Mission Agency, and Medical Missions. The C.M.S. missionaries contributed papers were the Revs. W. Hooper, A. Clifford, M. G. Smith, T. P. Hughes, J. Caley, J. Cain, W. T. Sathianadhan, and E. Downes, but several others took an active share in the debates, including the Revs. Dr. Weitbrecht, W. R. Blackett, H. C. Squire, Stern, T. R. Wade, A. Stark, W. A. Roberts, Piari Mohan Rudra, The Hon. Sir H. Ramsay, K.C.S.I., C.B., acted as chairman. The Report, when it appears, will be a volume of great value.

THE accounts of the Eastbourne Juvenile C.M.S. Association show a total for the year of £193, a considerable increase on the preceding year. In the printed report, the good plan has been adopted of putting an asterisk against every missionary-box which has collected "half as much again." We are glad to see several of these marks, and one in particular against the sum raised in the Boys' Sunday-school.

RECEIVED.—A Constant Reader, £10, "left behind by a beloved son deceased, which his mother wishes applied to the Egypt Mission Fund." Persia, "Half as much again," 15s. Also, for General Fund, E. H., 2s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 7th .. 1.35 p.m.
F. Qr. 16th .. 8.50 a.m.

April.

F. M. 22nd .. 11.27 a.m.
L. Qr. 30th 7.5 a.m.

THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

- 1 S 1st. aft. Easter. Thou God seest me, Gen. 16. 13.
M. Nu. 16. 1-38. 1 Cor. 15. 1-29. E. Nu. 16. 36, or 17. 1-12. John 20. 24-30.
2 M He knoweth the secrets of the heart, Ps. 44. 21.
3 T H. Budd d., 1875. Knoweth the way of the righteous, Ps. 1. 6.
4 W Stanley's meeting with Mtesa, 1875. The king's heart is in the
5 T I know thy works, Rev. 2. 2. [hand of the Lord, Pro. 21. 1.
6 F He that formed the eye, shall He not see? Ps. 94. 9.
7 S His eyes behold, His eyelids try, the children of men, Ps. 11. 4.
[shall be there perpetually, 1 K. 9. 3.
8 S 2nd aft. Easter. Miss. Children's Home opened, 1863. Mine eyes
M. Nu. 20. 1-14. Lu. 9. 1-28. E. Nu. 20. 14 to 21. 10, or 21. 10. 1 Cor. 11.
[80 to 12. 14.
9 M Bapt. 1st Uganda convert, 1882. I know My sheep, Jc. 10. 14.
10 T His eye seeth every precious thing, Job 28. 10.
11 W He knoweth our frame, Ps. 103. 14. [always upon it, Deu. 11. 12.
12 T C.M.S. established, 1799. The eyes of the Lord thy God are
13 F Freed Slaves bapt. E. Africa, 1879. I have seen thy tears, 2 K. 20. 5.
14 S 1st Af. bapt. S. Leone, 1816. O Lord, Thou hast seen my wrong,
Lam. 3. 59. [knowest it altogether, Ps. 139. 4.
15 S 3rd aft. Easter. Not a word in my tongue, but Thou, O Lord,
M. Nu. 22. Lu. 12. 35. E. Nu. 23 or 24. Gal. 5. 13.
16 M Search me, O God, and know my heart, Ps. 139. 23.
17 T His eyes as a flame of fire, Rev. 1. 14.
18 W Proclam. Sultan Zanzibar agst. slavery, 1876. I have heard thy
[cry by reason of their taskmasters, Ex. 3. 7.
19 T For I know their sorrows, Ex. 3. 7. [Is. 57. 18.
20 F 1st bapt. Ningpo, 1851. I have seen his ways, and will heal him,
21 S Waganda Envoys arr., 1880. Thou only knowest the hearts of
all the children of men, 1 K. 8. 39. [15. 3.
22 S 4th aft. Easter. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, Pro.
M. Deu. 4. 1-23. Lu. 17. 1-20. E. Deu. 4. 21-41, or 5. Eph. 5. 22 to 6. 10.
23 M The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth,
24 T The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, 1 Pe. 3. 12. [2 Ch. 16. 9.
25 W St. Mark. He knoweth the way that I take, Job 28. 10.
26 T 1st bapt. Kagoshima, 1879. The Lord knoweth them that are
27 F Knoweth them that trust in Him, Nah. 1. 7. [His, 2 Tim. 2. 19.
28 S Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee,
Jo. 21. 17. [Ps. 38. 9.
29 S 5th aft. Easter. Rogation Sun. Lord, all my desire is before Thee,
M. Deu. 6. Lu. 20. 27 to 21. 5. E. Deu. 9 or 10. Col. 1. 21 to 2. 8.
30 M C.M.S. Ann. Serm. Your Father knoweth what things ye have
[need of before ye ask Him, Matt. 6. 8.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

IV.—Our Habitation.

* Hath determined . . . the bounds of their habitation."—Acts xvii. 26.



As we journey on safely, step by step, despite manifold chances and changes, it is well to mount some mental eminence from time to time, and cast a lingering look along the sacred way of God's providential guidance. Is not each stage marked by a different habitation? Very likely the first lesson that impressed us with the transitory nature of all things earthly was conveyed by the sudden breaking up of our earliest homestead. Death, sickness, losses, and crosses, all seem to cut away the foundations of our faith in human foresight. It is well when the heads of a stricken family can look up and cheer their anxious dependents. No strange thing has happened. "He" marketh all our paths. Wherever He bids us pitch anew our moving tent, He will again meet with us as in past days. He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. To many the first rude wrench from scenes familiar comes when school-days must begin. The loving mother well knows her brave boy will only return to her as a visitor, and things can never be the same again. But to him novelty is charming, and it is only when lying quietly in his school-bed, or praying the prayer his mother taught him, that the dawning truth fills his young heart with loneliness hitherto unknown. Happy the child who has learnt, beneath the wing of fostering parents, to cling to his father's God, his mother's strong Consolation. But youth flies, and a career must be

selected. Anew the young man or maiden goes forth to an untried dwelling-place. In such a crisis, let us ask the wanderers' Guide to make His way plain before our face. As time after time we have to pass on further, let us look into His countenance; let us listen for His voice. He can lead us into those scenes and societies which shall mould our character by subduing our self-will. He is too pitiful to leave us in perplexity. What the unthinking might call "a fortuitous conjunction" of circumstances will so re-assure us, that we shall go boldly forward in humble dependence on His evident indications.

It seems as if the missionary could especially enter into these thoughts. Beneath what a variety of sheltering roofs has he laid his weary head, before reaching the scene of his temporary service. He, of all men, must feel a stranger and a sojourner. And this sense of instability may well quicken his energies. Far from the haunts and homes of the fatherland, he must doubly need the sweet sureness of the Home above. This leads us to the bright comforting thought, that when oppressed with earth's continual changes, we possess, even here, a lasting Habitation, an abiding Home, a most quiet Resting-place. We shall find it if we cry with one of old, "Be Thou my strong Habitation, whereunto I may continually resort."

Will not this suffice for all our longing? Accessible in every time and place, our God vouchsafes to be to us, in very deed, a Home. Surely in the remembrance of such a Traveller's Rest there is calmness and assured confidence. Instead of repining over all the way whereby we have been led, let us resolve to know no fixed Habitation save only the Lord, the Creator. Within His compassionate heart there is room for the sorrows and joys of a myriad of worlds. Let us turn to Him just where we are. And if in simplicity we thus turn, we may appropriate this blessed promise, "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy Habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Because we make Him our sunshine, He will also be our shadow; and as we sit within in peace, let us not only enjoy, but also impart. For to teach a human soul the secret of true rest is better than to conquer worlds. The wise Solomon was called a Man of Rest. Let us try, God helping us, to educate such men. But we shall try in vain, unless we abide ourselves within the safe shelter of the Father's love. His Spirit will guide us thither, for the sake of that dear Saviour who said, Abide in Me.

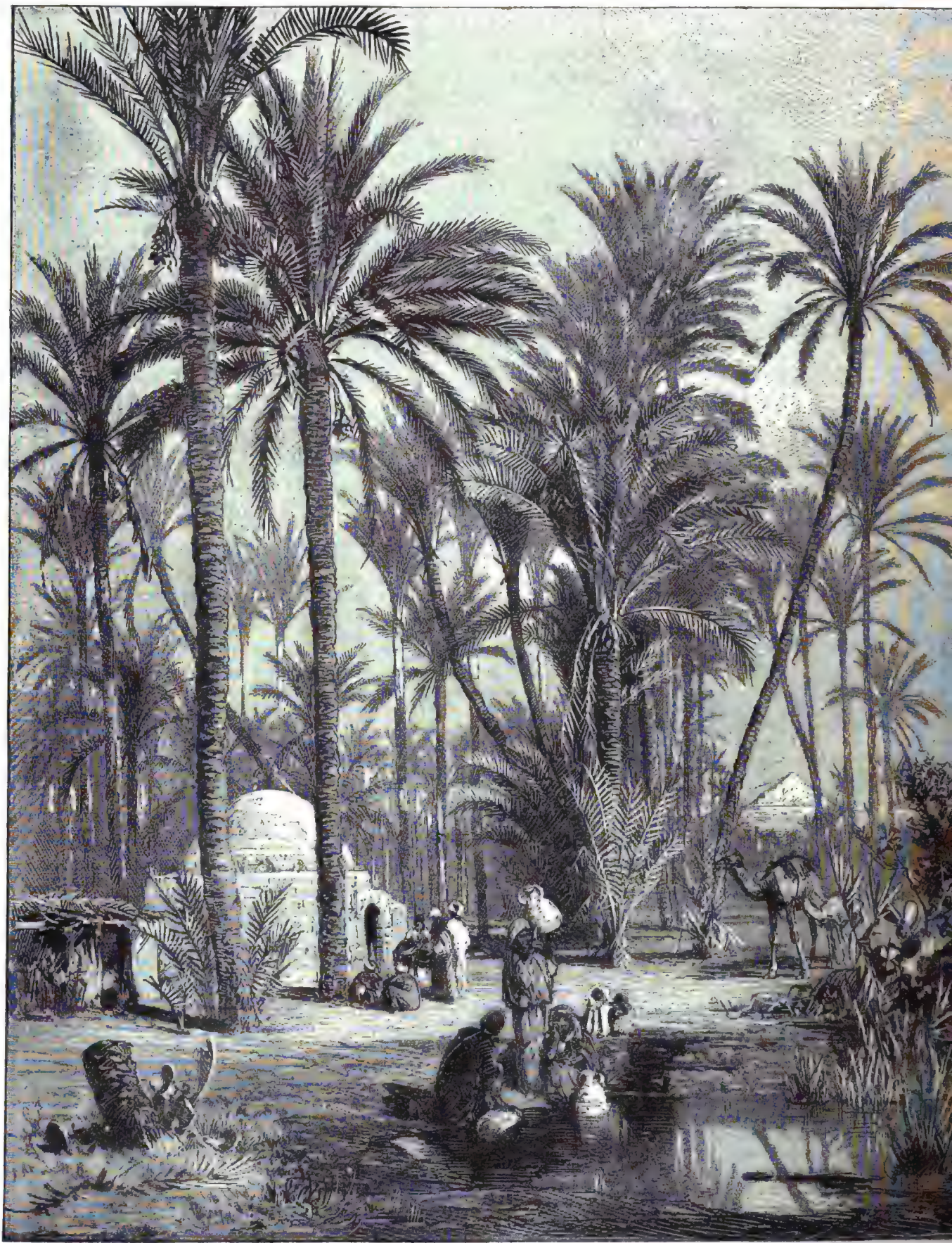
Shall we speak of the last earthly habitation of our frail bodies—the narrow home appointed for all living? The fleshly tabernacle will rest well there, until it is called to rise and put on immortality. In that day we shall sing with the confidence of the redeemed, "Lord, I have loved the Habitation of Thy House, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." A. M. V.

THE NEW EGYPT MISSION.



It is with much thankfulness that we report the receipt of encouraging letters from the Rev. F. A. Klein, who reached Cairo with his family on December 16th. The readers of the GLEANER will be glad to have some extracts from them.

Let us explain that of the population of Egypt about nineteen-twentieths, or 95 per cent., are Mohammedans. About one-twentieth are Copts. These Copts are the descendants of those Egyptians who became Christians in the early days of the Church, and they are believed to be the purest representatives of the ancient Egyptian nation, with little of the Arab admixture which is largely found among the Moslems. The Coptic



EGYPTIAN PALM GROVE.

Church has come down from the days of Origen and Athanasius, but it has not kept its purity. Like all the Eastern Churches, it is sadly corrupted in doctrine and degraded in practice, and it does nothing whatever to make known the Gospel to the Mohammedans. Missionary work ought not to be necessary where a Christian Church exists; but in this case it is necessary, if the light of the Gospel is to be spread at all. Sixty years ago the Church Missionary Society tried to wake up the Copts to fresh life (see *GLEANER*, September, 1882); now we hope Mr. Klein will be able to devote himself to the Mohammedans. He writes as follows:—

December 19th, 1882.—Here we are at last in Cairo—our new home and field of labour—the city of luxurious eastern palaces and miserable Egyptian hovels. It has made remarkable progress in Western civilisation since I saw it last, perhaps ten years ago. It is indeed the Paris of the East. But how much there is of hollowness and vice below this brilliant exterior!

On our arrival we were very glad to be welcomed at the station by Miss Whately and the doctor of her dispensary. We have only had time hastily to look into part of Miss Whately's schools; but even this was quite sufficient to convince us that she is doing a good work here, and that her efforts are blessed by the Lord, and appreciated by the people. Most of my time is now constantly taken up by going about and looking at houses, and discussing this great question of the day; and here I again painfully feel that I am in the East and require a tenfold measure of patience; after half an hour here may mean after three or four hours; the morning extends to the evening; *el yom* (to-day) often means to-morrow; and *bokra* (to-morrow) in Arab parlance may mean any time in the future.

January 22nd, 1883.—We are now, thanks be to God, in our own home, camping somewhat like Bedouins till we get from Alexandria or procure from here the necessary furniture; but still we feel at home.

Very soon after my arrival here I received various letters from Native friends at Alexandria and other places, expressing their pleasure on the circumstance of our Society being about to begin a Mission in Egypt, and congratulating me on having come to this country in order to labour in this new field. Some of my former friends of Palestine, Arabs and proselytes, also an English soldier, who had been educated at the Jerusalem school, I occasionally met in the street; they all seem to do well and to remember their benefactors with gratitude. Some Syrian friends also called on me, and I trust I may be able to look after our Protestants of Palestine, who have come or may yet come to Egypt, in order to find their livelihood here, and make them feel that here also they have friends who take an interest in their welfare, and are ready to advise and assist them.

On Sunday, the 14th, I held my first Arabic service in the large hall of Miss Whately's school-house, where I addressed the little audience on Rom. i. 16, on the Gospel of Christ, as being not a mere code of doctrines, but a power, the power of God, alone able to renew and sanctify the hearts and lives of individuals, and to regenerate nations. Last Sunday (21st) I had a large congregation of adults and children, most attentively listening to my address on the Parable of the Grain of Mustard Seed. The hall was full, and behind the curtain, which divides it into two parts, there were a number of Native ladies and girls.

Miss Whately and the medical missionary, a Syrian gentleman who accompanied her, are quite delighted with the opportunities they have found in some larger places up the Nile, of distributing copies of the Scriptures and tracts, and of preaching the Word of God to Copts and Moslems, and greatly encouraged me occasionally to go and see these people, who are most anxious to have schools opened for their children, and be themselves instructed in the Word of God. For the present, however, I think it will be better for me to become more acquainted with Cairo and its population, and the opportunities offered here for preaching the Gospel, and to improve the opportunities for doing so in my immediate neighbourhood.

When the appeal for funds for our Egyptian Mission meets with due response, which I have no doubt will be the case now there is such a general interest taken in Egypt by our Christian friends in England, I dare say the Committee will be ready to extend the cords of the tent, and open schools in some of the larger neighbouring villages, as centres of evangelisation among the fellah population.

THE REV. VIRAVAGU VEDHANAYAGAM.



MONG the now numerous Native clergy of South India (the Clergy List gives 127, viz., 88 C.M.S. and 89 S.P.G.), no one is more respected than the Rev. Viravagu Vedhanayagam, pastor of Vageikulam, Tinnevely, and Chairman of the North Tinnevely Native Church Council. Many of the present pastors are the children of Native Christian parents, but Mr. Vedhanayagam was born a heathen. He belonged to the high Vellala caste, which has, through the enlightening power of Divine grace, given many members to the Church of Christ. His conversion was indirectly a fruit of the work of a mission school. His brother (also now a clergyman) went as a heathen boy to a C.M.S. school, and there embraced the faith of Christ, but at first concealed the fact. After the parents were dead, this young man told his wife, two brothers, and sister; and through his influence they all became Christians. The little family circle has since increased to more than fifty souls, all members of the Church. The other brother is a merchant at Palamcottah. The sister, after most faithful service to the Mission, died in 1873.



THE REV. VIRAVAGU VEDHANAYAGAM,
Pastor of Vageikulam, and Chairman of
the North Tinnevely Native Church Council.

Vedhanayagam was afterwards at Bishop Corrie's Grammar School at Madras, and was subsequently employed as a schoolmaster and catechist in the North Tinnevely Mission under Ragland, D. Fenn, Meadows, and W. Gray. On Dec. 21st, 1859, he and twelve other Tamil candidates (one of them being W. T. Sattianadhan) were admitted to holy orders together by Bishop Dealtry of Madras, who wrote at the time, "Never since the time of the Apostles has a Christian Bishop been privileged to take part in so solemn and interesting a service." Native ordinations were not so common then as they have become since. On the roll of C.M.S. Native clergy from the beginning Mr. Vedhanayagam stands No. 60; and the number is up to 810 now. The ceremony took place in the Rev. J. T. Tucker's large mission church at Paneivilei, and the sermon was preached by the veteran Rev. John Thomas from the words, "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." And faithful have those Tamil clergymen proved—not the least of them

Viravagu Vedhanayagam. For twenty-three years he has laboured zealously and with manifest blessing in the same field of North Tinnevely; and now there is no English missionary there at all, but Mr. Vedhanayagam, as Chairman of the Church Council, superintends seven other Native clergymen and 94 lay agents, who minister to more than 5,000 Tamil Christians scattered among 195 villages.

The Rev. R. R. Meadows, who has known Mr. Vedhanayagam for thirty years, writes of him:—

Though born a heathen, he has been for many years a tried servant of Christ. His consistency of conduct and zeal for the Gospel are beyond all praise. His powers of organisation and ruling are considerable. His manner towards both heathens and Christians is loving and judicious. Born of high caste parents, he endeavours to be an impartial overseer over agents of other and lower parentage. He speaks and writes English with a creditable degree of fluency and correctness.

A Servant's Offering.

SIR,—I enclose four shillings worth of stamps for the Church Missionary Society; I am sorry I cannot send more, but I am only a servant. I hope to send some more when I take my next quarter's money; I hope you will accept this small sum. I am almost ashamed to say this is the first time I have tried to help to send the Gospel to those who have never heard of a Loving Saviour; as I have, I want to try and do all that I can for them. My wages is only seven pound a year.

L. D.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GABBATT.

CHAPTER IV.—WAITING IN THE TWILIGHT.



SUMMER with all its dazzling glories had departed, the autumn tints had also faded, and the leaves fallen, only a few still clung persistently to the brown branches. The days closed in early now, and the afternoons, which only a few weeks ago had been flooded with golden sunshine, turned cold and damp before the light had vanished.

Mrs. Venning had been into her district, and was now returning chilled both in body and soul. Her people disappointed her, and so did the world in general; even her husband did not sympathise with her in the difficulties of the work as much as she had once hoped he would.

"My dear," he would exclaim, whenever she ventured to broach the subject to him at dinner, "remember I've been among the sick and dying all day, and want something to cheer, rather than to depress me further. Pray leave your good women to take care of themselves for an hour or two."

Mrs. Venning rarely mentioned her district to her husband now, as she did not like the wet blanket he threw over her plans whenever she ventured to do so. It had pained her not a little at first, "but," she reasoned to herself, "being a doctor, of course it is not likely he should care to talk about what are such common sights to him; there is some excuse for him, I suppose, but none that I can see for Ella and Beatrice, that they should care so little about their poorer neighbours. It is not as if they had not been brought up to it, for ever since they were little children I have tried to inculcate in them the duty of parish work. Why, they have taught in the Sunday-school ever since they were twelve years old, and though Beatrice was at first unwilling, and drew back from the work, I insisted upon her undertaking it. I'm sure I have done my best to make both the girls care for it."

It never struck Mrs. Venning that it would have been wiser for her to have put before her girls that to work in God's vineyard should be looked upon as a privilege rather than as an irksome duty, for what work can be pleasing in God's sight that is not done cheerfully and willingly for very love of Him? Will He indeed accept work given grudgingly?

Mrs. Venning's house was in High Street, and possessed no garden either in front or behind, but the house itself was large, comfortable, and interesting in its old-fashioned interior. The long rather dark drawing-room, with its carved ceiling and many nooks and corners, looked cosy enough on this first day of November as Mrs. Venning entered it.

On each side of the fire-place, ensconced in easy-chairs, were her two eldest daughters, both of them deep in their books. They were pretty, healthy-looking girls, though the expression of their faces could as yet scarcely be called either interesting or particularly intelligent. What they might become, if roused to the consciousness of life's reality, remained to be seen, but at present they were looked upon by the busy set in Inglesby as empty-headed girls, shallow both in heart and brain, and not of much use to the world in general.

This was man's way of looking upon Mrs. Venning's two eldest daughters, forgetting that the most shallow and useless of the human race are included in the "all" for whom Christ died, and whose souls and bodies cannot therefore be worthless in His sight.

Ella looked up as her mother entered, and yawning, asked if it were not very cold out of doors? While Beatrice only leant forward more eagerly towards the fire, by the light of which she was reading.

"Cold! I should just think so," answered Mrs. Venning, taking off her fur cloak; "a regular first of November. Reading by firelight again, Beatrice? When shall I be able to impress upon you girls the folly of trying your eyes in that way? The bell is close at hand, Bee; surely it is not too much trouble to ring for the candles."

"She doesn't even hear you, mother," said Ella, laughing; "she is far too engrossed in her book. Happy girl, to be able to escape from this dull little Inglesby in that fashion."

"Stupid book!" exclaimed Beatrice, suddenly shutting it up, and throwing it impatiently away; "it ends just as every other—nothing new about it whatever."

"Ring the bell for the candles and for tea," said her mother. "You really should try to be more thoughtful girls; it ought not to fall upon me to see after every little thing."

Beatrice rang the bell a little impatiently. After imagining herself to be in the place of the heroine of her book all the afternoon, she found it difficult to settle down to commonplace life again, and to take a so-called amicable. Ella, on the contrary, was of an extraordinarily placid temperament, was seldom even ruffled, and found no difficulty in smiling, though all the rest of the household might be frowning. Of the two, Mrs. Venning found Ella the most difficult to deal with; she never would acknowledge herself to be in the wrong, and by her smile and placid manner made every one else appear to be so.

It was with a weary sigh that Mrs. Venning left the room; her pretty daughters of hers lay very heavily on her heart. Two so young lives, which might have been consecrated to her Master's service, to be wasted as they were! Was it her fault? she wondered, as she took off her bonnet, and if so, why had she failed? "It seems so strange," she thought to herself, "that my children, of all others, should do so, and should keep clear of every meeting and good work. I know they won't go to the missionary meeting on the 16th. Who's to wonder?" as she heard a hurried knock at the front door. "Ah! that's Sasie Ogilvie's step; I wish I could persuade her to go to the meeting for then I know the girls would," and Mrs. Venning began to pin on her cap, while her face became more hopeful.

"I'm a pleasant surprise, I hope," said Sasie, merrily, and rather out of breath, as after running upstairs hastily she entered the drawing-room. "The truth is that I had not intended coming in at all to-day, but I wanted to escape from some one."

What a pretty picture she made, standing framed in the doorway, the firelight shining upon her! No one could have failed to admire her. "Very one for Thy work," old Mr. North had said that summer afternoon, as his eyes had fallen upon her; and had he seen her now, with her young face, which the cold air outside had tinged with a pretty colour, looking so strong and bright, I think he would have echoed his own words.

Ella and Beatrice, who had been at home all the afternoon, buried in their books, and were only too glad of the small excitement of a visitor, looked up at Sasie Ogilvie, who was a favourite with most of the Inglesby girls, and forward to welcome her and undo her cloak. But Sasie, instead of thanking them to help her, hurried to the window, the blinds of which were not yet drawn down, and looked out into the cold twilight.

"Who is it you were escaping from?" asked Ella, following her.

"Old Mr. North," said Sasie, laughing. "Somehow I'm a running up against him when I particularly want to avoid him."

"Mr. North, who is lodging at Mrs. Caston's!" exclaimed Beatrice. "What is there to object to in him? He's a little queer, it seems to me, but apparently quite harmless. Why should you mind him?"

"Simply because the only time I have ever spoken to him he asked questions which made me feel uncomfortable for days. But I shall try to go and see him some day, I suppose, as I promised."

"And you mean to put off the evil day as long as possible?"

"Yes—but," added Sasie, her eyes getting accustomed to the twilight, "isn't that him, standing just opposite?"

Yes, there he was, bent and bowed, but looking towards the window where he thought he had seen his "bit of sunshine" enter, with his usual shading his eyes. Ah! he'd been hunting for his "bit of sunshine," this poor old man, ever since he had met Sasie in the church on that summer afternoon, when the sun had streamed in all its power of light upon her, causing him to shade his eyes as he looked after her.

Though other things had faded from his mind since that afternoon, Sasie, in all her sweet bright girlhood, was still fresh in his memory. Her face had haunted him day and night, and every footstep on the stairs had made him hope for the sight that his poor weak eyes longed for. But as days and weeks passed by, and the chair he had placed opposite his was still empty, and the pretty pictures and little knick-knacks which he had fancied would amuse her remained where he had put them, a fear came into his heart lest the "bit of sunshine" had been nothing more than a delusion on his part. And yet how often he imagined he caught sight of her bright hair and lithe figure in his walks!

Once he thought he had seen her only a few feet in front of him

was on his way to church, and he had quickened his pace, but as he walked faster so it seemed to him did Sasie, and she was soon lost to his sight among the crowd. At other times he fancied he saw her in the woods, or in the streets before him, but always just when he hoped he had found her she vanished from him. This evening he thought he saw her again, indeed he was convinced that Sasie had entered a door on the opposite side of the road. Was that where she lived? he would wait awhile and watch, so sitting down on a doorstep among the shadows, where he could not easily be seen, he waited. Would she come?

Sasie meanwhile had been standing watching him from the window, and as she watched her conscience smote her. Was she acting very unkindly towards this poor old man, she wondered, and had she been wrong in not fulfilling her promise sooner? And yet she felt so disinclined to go and see him; and what good could she do even if she went?

She wished, however, she had gone in the summer, when she had had nothing much to do, for Sasie was busy in a certain way now.

Finding herself growing somewhat miserable and morbid, she had lately, unknown even to her own people, joined two or three societies, which helped to occupy her and to plan out her day. A reading and a practising society were among them; she had till now kept rigidly to their rules, and, however much she was wanted elsewhere, she was determined nothing should induce her to break them. These societies were therefore a decided trial to her home people. Unconscious of the fact that Sasie had bound herself to any course of action, her sudden craze for reading and practising was an enigma to them.

"Sasie is no good to any one," Mildred had remarked more than once, when, on the plea of having too much to do, her sister had shirked some home duty. But Nona Lancaster, who understood Sasie better, and loved her not a little, by no means despaired of her becoming both a good and useful woman.

It was dark before Sasie, after having had a warm cup of tea, and a merry chat with her friends, started home again. And it was not till she had reached her own gate that she remembered Mr. North. Scarcely, however, had she stepped into the brightly lighted hall before the drawing-room door was opened, and Leith Lancaster made his appearance.

"Ah, Sasie, is it you at last?" he said, on catching sight of her; "well, now I may just as well wait for the answer to the note I have brought you from my mother." And so Mr. North was banished, anyhow for the evening, from Sasie's mind.

But not from Leith Lancaster's. Making his way home through the dimly lighted High Street half an hour afterwards, his foot struck against something that made him start back with an expression of dismay on his lips. Stooping down he caught sight of a streak of silvery hair.

"It is my poor old friend," he murmured, with a tremor in his voice.

THE PRIEST OF THE HUNTING GOD.



ALANANI was the priest or sorcerer of the hunting god Ayappan, whose chief shrine is in Savari-Mala (a place visited by Rev. J. Caley some years ago*), a hill among the Travancore Ghats. It was the duty of Talanani to deck himself in a certain fantastic garb, and brandishing a sword, to dance and shake himself about in a frantic way, rattling his bangles, and, intoxicated with drink and excitement, reveal in unearthly shrieks the mind of his god on any given question. He belonged to the Hill Arraan village of Erumapara, or Eruma-para (the rock of the she-buffalo), some 35 or 40 miles east from Cottayam, and first brought within the sound of the Gospel by the apostle of the Arraans, Henry Baker, junior, in 1852.† The time when Talanani lived can be nearly calculated. "Old men who are now grandfathers say that their fathers knew him when he was an old man," as I have been told. He was a man of a remarkable character, and very devoted to his god; when the people of his village used to start on pilgrimage to Savari-Mala, he would say, "I am not going," and yet when they arrived at the shrine he was there to welcome them, a remarkable feat of bravery, since he performed alone a march through the forest which none others dared to do except in large companies, and even then wild beasts, tigers, &c., and disease claim numbers before they reach their journey's end. So men had a great regard for him, and while things were in this state the neighbouring Chogans (palm-

tree climbers) killed him during one of his frequent drunken bouts and hid his body in the forest; but the tigers, Ayappan's dogs, scratched up his body, without tearing it, and leaving it on the edge of the grave the wild elephants, out of respect for the forest god, carried it to a road where friends found it, and so the murder was out.

A plague of small-pox broke out among the Chogans, which one of the Arraan sorcerers (or devil-dancers) revealed would not abate until they made an image of their victim and worshipped it, and that the plague was sent by the anger of Sa-tawn (Chattan, or Sattan, the god of the Travancore Hill boundary). The image was duly made of bronze, about four inches high, and placed in a tiny temple in a grove. The heir of Talanani became the priest of the new shrine, and frequent vows were made by the Arraans when they went on hunting expeditions that if successful they would give the deity Talanani refreshments, arrack, parched rice, venison, &c.

The story so far is what a heathen Arraan would tell in all good faith, but more remains to be said. All the descendants of the once worshipped heathen sorcerer are now Christians, the spiritual children of the late Mr. Baker; and when I was in charge of Melkavu in 1881, the last heir, who was not a Christian, decided to join "such as are being saved," and when he put himself under instruction for baptism he handed to the catechist for me the bronze image of our hero, the large sword, more than four feet long, and the silver-tipped wand, a pair of bangles, and two necklaces, one of large and one of small berries, sacred to the Hindu god Siva, which had been used in the worship of Talanani. The village of Erumapara is now in charge of Rev. W. Kuruwila, who was ordained deacon by Bishop Speerly on September 24th, 1882, but he had been for many years previously the catechist at Melkavu, living with his family amongst the Hill Arraans, a day's journey from the low countries, and exposed to much danger of fevers as well as comparatively isolated. Very few natives from the plains care to live at Melkavu. May God bless and keep the new pastor, and reward him with many converts from among the heathen Arraans.

W. J. RICHARDS.

MEN'S WORKING PARTIES.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I have great pleasure in sending you, according to promise, an account of the things made by the men of my village Bible-class for our C.M.S. sale. My ex-soldier made an excellent rug of snips of cloth, some of which were kindly sent by one of the readers of the GLEANER in response to my letter in the January number. "Sweet home" was worked in red cloth in the centre. The gardeners made two beautiful bird-cages, two knitted scarfs, and three walking-sticks. The tailor made a small suit of clothes, the baker sent six loaves of bread, and last, but not least, the blacksmith made four fire-shovels and two pairs of tongs, all of which were sold immediately, and more were so much wanted that he has kindly promised to make them. All these contributions had a table to themselves, and excited especial interest both before the sale and at the time. Everything was bought.

I do hope many other young men will go and do likewise, and feel what a privilege it is to work with their own hands that they may have to give to those who need that greatest of all blessings, the knowledge of the Saviour who gave Himself for us.

The men were very much interested in the Norwich C.M.S. Exhibition, and I think the sight of the idols of wood and stone have made us all realise more than ever the need and importance of missionary work. Would it not be a good plan to have little exhibitions of the same kind in our village schoolrooms?

S. C. E.

A Working Man's Effort.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in your January issue mention made of Men's Working Classes, it occurred to me it might be a hint to some if you thought well to state my last year's plan of helping.

Being only a working-man, and unable to give but a small sum, and being fond of birds, it occurred to me (after hearing a local clergyman urge the claims of this grand Society) that I might combine pleasure to myself and assistance to the Society, so I made a large cage, and obtained a pair of common canaries, with which I last summer bred, and sold their young, enabling me to add about 19s. 6d. to my box, besides having two yet unsold.

X. Y. Z.

Devonshire Mosses for the C.M.S.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We have been considering how we could add our share to the "half as much again," and have thought that the lovely lanes and moss-covered banks of Devon might assist us. We have pressed and mounted various specimens of mosses, and should now be glad to dispose of them either singly or in a collection for the benefit of the C.M.S. Should any of your readers be disposed to give us orders for this good cause, we shall be most glad to receive them.

L. E. JUKES.

Address—Miss L. E. Jukes, 11, St. Paul Street, Tiverton, Devon.

* See the GLEANER for May, 1878, which has a sketch of Mr. Caley sleeping in a tree.

† See GLEANER, June, 1879.

A CHINESE WEDDING.



OUR illustration shows one of the principal ceremonies of a Chinese marriage.

Two wine cups are united by a red silk thread, and the contents drunk by the bride and bridegroom before the assembled guests. The religious ceremony consists chiefly of the worship of ancestors.

But there are Christian weddings in China now. Bishop Moule, on the 29th of January last year, united in marriage two newly baptized Christians at Swang-gyao ("Twin-bridge"), a village in the province of Cheh-Kiang. The bridegroom was a schoolmaster named Hai-Kyang ("Sea-River"), and the bride a girl of fifteen named "Sweet Purity" (Chinese name not given). They were baptized a week previously, together with the bridegroom's mother and brother and niece. Another brother and his wife (the father and mother of the little niece), who were earlier converts, were confirmed at the same time. "Sweet Purity" had been warned by her heathen neighbours not to talk to the foreigners, as they would certainly give her medicine that would bewitch and convert her. Her reply was, "It is too late. I have taken all they have to give already!" Of the wedding Bishop Moule writes:—

We reached "Twin-bridge" at 12.15. The cottage—a very poor one yet—looked hospitable and cheerful, with wedding guests already at their mid-day meal. A side shed had been made tidy, with chairs and a table for us. Plates of fruit and cold meat, and cups of tea, were at once set out for us. Close to my chair was a huge jar containing certainly "more than two or three firkins," from which nice wine was ladled out, to be mulled for the guests.

After half an hour's talk with heathen guests, who listened civilly to the Gospel, I was ushered into the chief room, where, in my surplice and hood, I married and blessed "Sea-River" and "Sweet Purity," using a very much shortened service, after reading the Marriage of Cana, and saying a few words by way of sermon. The young people behaved as nicely as their conduct last Monday led me to hope, the answers in the service, and the hearty thanks afterwards, being as simply unaffected as possible. After wishing them joy, leaving each a little present, and sitting awhile longer, we walked on to our boat.





THE NEW BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.

AS announced in our last number, the Rev. Ernest Graham Ingham, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Sierra Leone at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on St. Matthias' Day, Feb. 24th, by the Archbishop of York, who was assisted by the Bishops of London, Rochester, St. David's, and Antigua, and the late Bishop of Sierra Leone, Dr. Cheetham. A most impressive sermon was preached by Canon Hoare, from Rev. xii. 11: "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." He applied the text to the victory of the cross at Sierra Leone, "won after one of the hardest battles ever fought in Christendom," and contrasted the condition of West Africa when the first two missionaries went out in 1804, with its present state—some fifty Negro clergy on the coast—at Sierra Leone itself Christianity the national religion—a self-supporting African Church with 5,000 communicants—the sixth Bishop now consecrated; and showed that the victory had been won by the very three powers named in the text, the Power of the Cross, the Power of the Word, and the Power of a deep self-devotion. The sermon is printed in the *C.M. Intelligencer* this month.

A Farewell Word.

"The Spirit of the Lord clothed Gideon." *Judg. vi. 34.*
 "Then the Spirit clothed Amasai." *1 Chron. xii. 18.*
 "The Spirit of God clothed Zechariah." *2 Chron. xxiv. 20.*

("Clothed": so Hebrew in above texts; see margin.)

CLOTHED with the Holy Ghost,
 Go, brother, on thy way
 To Afric's night-bound coast,
 A herald of God's day.

Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
 A robe and crown of flame,
 As once on Pentecost
 The first great baptism came.

Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
 Stand, soldier of the Lord;
 His cross thy only boast,
 His Gospel truth thy sword.

Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
 Thy panoply of proof:
 The devil and his host
 Shudder, and flee aloof.

Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
 If suffering be thy lot,
 When worn and wearied most,
 Thus mantled, murmur not.

Clothed with the Holy Ghost,
 Till Christ shall call or come,
 And from the watchman's post
 Shall take thee to His home.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Feb. 24th, 1883.

LISTEN !

True Stories from Fuh-Chow.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

II.



OW I will show you the inside of another house. I went during the summer holidays, for I wanted, as you do, to see the interior of a Chinese Christian home. The man was paid a little money, only just enough to keep his wife and himself in food. And here I should like to state, that in Fuh-Chow it has been the object of the missionaries to give very small salaries, because by nature the Chinese are a money-loving race, and if larger salaries were given there might be a risk of some trying to enter the Church work for earthly gain ; as it is, the men could, most of them, earn considerably more than they now get by following their own occupation. There is another reason : we all want the Church to be self-supporting, and when they pay for their own teaching they learn the value of money, so we try to prepare them beforehand to do God's work without looking forward to the future. God has promised to supply their need, and He never breaks His promises. I have heard many different opinions from those who give money to missionary societies ; but if they would just give it to God, and leave Him and trust Him to use it, not wanting to know exactly how every penny is spent, it would be so much better, and relieve the already tired-out workers considerably. It is painful to hear, "Well, I work hard for my money, and I don't find people so ready to give to me ; if, therefore, I do give, I want to know where the money goes, and what it is used for." One feels inclined to say, "What have any of us that we have not received ? The Lord is able to give you much more than this. He loveth a cheerful giver, and what the cheerful giver layeth out shall be paid him again."

Well, now I will invite you to accompany me into a boat placed at our disposal ; the straw matting over the top hardly protects us from the sun, but we soon reach our landing-place, and we go round the foot of the mountain ("we," that is, myself and servant) until we reach a village where we are welcomed with shouts of "A foreigner ! Look at the foreign woman ; come and see—quick, she walks fast—let us see where she goes." They crowd on, and gather as we go, until we reach the chapel, which is a private house, with one large room on the right fitted up for Divine worship. There are two other small rooms with mud floors ; the first the living room, and then a door leading into a windowless tiny room used as a bedroom.

The living room was soon crowded to excess ; all talked at once, and each wished to have her, or his, question answered. Most of the women were poor and had families, therefore it was not improper for them to come in ; and their tiny feet were not thought of when curiosity to see and hear a foreigner stood in the way. Soon Mrs. Ling (the catechist's wife) said to me, "Please come into the chapel ; the people are crowding you so, and you can talk to them there." So we wended our way *en masse* into the chapel, and then, feeling very tired and hungry, I asked the catechist to speak to the people. Of course I had to sit and listen ; and while the teacher tried to give them the words of life they were feasting their eyes on me, and making very queer statements about myself and garments. When he had ended I answered as many questions as I could. Then I told them they must be very hungry ; would they not go home and take some refreshment (we had given them tea), and come again afterwards ? Many of them kindly took the hint, and I was able to move out. I then asked for my room. There was a ladder placed in the living room leading up to a trap-door in the ceiling. I climbed up, and when in the room I found myself unable to stand upright, it was so low ; and not having

any window, and being very hot, I slipped off some of the tiles to admit light and air.

I was not allowed to remain quiet long ; the men had returned from work, and hearing that a foreigner had arrived, came at once to see me. They were most respectful and quiet, and asked me why I had come. I told them I wanted to see their wives, and help the teacher's wife to begin a school for their children. I tried to tell them how important it is that children should learn ; but as I had only a limited stock of words at command, I don't fancy they understood much. But the teacher's wife came to my rescue, and I thanked Mrs. Ling for not only translating my words intelligibly, but adding more of her own, for it was her heart's desire to begin a school there. Some children were standing near, and she said, "I have tried to teach these." So I pointed to the picture of Moses and the Brazen Serpent hanging on the wall, and said, "What is that ?" "A serpent." "Can it bite ?" "No." "Why not ?" "Because it is brass." "What is that man doing with it ?" "God told him to do that, and then if the people looked they got well." These answers were given by a wee fellow of not more than eight years old, who had up to the last few months been worshipping idols. And he added, "I can read a hymn." "Can you ? Let me hear you." He brought the book and read, or rather repeated, the whole of "He leadeth me, oh blessed thought"; our Chinese translation of that hymn is good. Then he repeated "Jesus loves me, this I know." The men were highly delighted, and promised to send their children to learn. The little boy had a tiny girl in his arms, so I asked, "Is that your sister ?" "No," he answered, and looked very shy. His brother, standing near, said, "That's his wife." This was the first baby-wife I had seen. It seemed so dreadful that I asked the mother why she took a child so young from its own mother. "Well, you know, if I had waited I should have had to pay a high price, and I can't afford it ; so as I had a little girl about her age we exchanged children, and hers being a big fat baby I gave one dollar (about 8s. 9d.) and a bundle or two of cakes." I felt dumb. It is a lawful custom in their land, and until Christianity makes way it will not be changed. I don't think civilisation will ever do it, so many of them think their own civilisation superior to ours.

Some rice having been prepared, I seated myself on a wooden stool, at a wooden table, and with a pair of chop-sticks in one hand, ate my rice and fish. One man ran home and brought a basin of very good potatoes, all hot ; and Mrs. Ling said, "Fancy his being kind to you. Five years ago he threatened to kill my husband, and declared that the Christian doctrine should never be introduced here ; now he comes to church, brings others, and is our best friend, but I thought he still hated foreigners."

It was soon time for evening worship. Mr. Ling called the men in, and Mrs. Ling went out to fetch the women, or tried to. She succeeded in getting three to come in ; with all their curiosity to see me, they could not be persuaded to come in for prayers. Mr. Ling gave out a hymn, and by the time we had finished the room was uncomfortably full. The little oil lamps gave out a disagreeable smell, and the men were smoking all the time. Mr. Ling then read and expounded a chapter from the Epistle to the Romans, and then we knelt—a very few present knelt, kneeling means going to become a Christian. After Mr. Ling's prayer several joined in the Lord's Prayer, and the sweetest and loudest voice belonged to my little boy-husband, whose acquaintance I had made that morning. Before we had time to rise from our knees an old man began, "O God, do forgive me, I thought more of my potatoes on Sunday than I did of Thy commandment. I was afraid it would rain and they would spoil, and my family have no food ; I didn't trust Thee. I am very sorry, do forgive me." Poor old man, two years after this

event he and his whole family were admitted into the visible Church by baptism.

As it was getting late I ascended my loft. The bed was simply four boards laid across two forms, and yet I was very happy. A nest of rats was close to my head, but I forgot them entirely while listening to the men talking far into the night of Jesus, and God's wonderful love, while inquirers were asking most intelligent questions. I stayed in that place for four days; the ignorance of the poor women was deplorable, and I could not help thinking if the next generation are to be better than these, these women must be taught. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." "Ye are the light of the world." "Go ye therefore into all the world." Yes, dear friends, go, and take that life-giving Gospel with you. And give of your substance, ye who abide by the spoil. The Master needs it: will ye lay it up in bags that are full of holes, and try to keep to yourselves that which will take to itself wings and flee away, when He wants it? No, give, and give now, and God accept your sacrifice. M. F.

THE "CAMP" AT MARGATE.

THE income of the Church Missionary Society is raised in many ways. Benefactions, subscriptions, missionary boxes, house-to-house collections, and collections at sermons and meetings are the most usual methods. In many places, however, the zeal and ingenuity of our friends have devised other plans for awakening interest and raising money; and to one such device we now draw attention.

A handsome contribution is yearly raised by the Church Missionary Juvenile Association at Margate. In 1865, the first year of the special effort, a *Missionary Tree* was thought of. It produced £39. The following year a second *Tree* produced £100, a great increase in the quantity of fruit its branches bore. Then, as Margate is a sea-side town, the idea of a *Ship* was conceived, which bore excellent results for three years in succession. Then came a *Grove*, a *Hive*, and another *Ship*, followed by an *Ark*, a *Chalet*, a *Bread Fruit Tree*, a *Bower*, a *Vineyard*, a *Pagoda*, and a *Groce* again. The most popular of all these was the *Hive*, which, with its "Missionary Bee Collections," yielded as much as £221. The *Pagoda* brought in £150. This year a *MISSIONARY CAMP* was resolved on, which has yielded nearly £150 also, making a total of more than two thousand guineas raised for the Society by this Juvenile Association in the eighteen years.

In each case, the room in which the sale was held, or a part of it, was fitted up in the likeness of the *Grove*, or *Hive*, or *Ship*, or other device. How the Camp was managed the following extract from the programme will show:—

The hall will be transformed into a tented field; and the Camp will be stored with every variety of work, and with useful and approved articles as in the former seventeen years.

A guard will be furnished by the 7th East Kent Rifles, kindly permitted by Lieut. E. Foord-Kelcey.

On the platform will be found spoils of war, the results of foregoing expeditions by a battalion of cadets.

A canteen will be opened for refreshments and luncheon, for which all kinds of provisions are solicited, to furnish a good mess for all visitors.

Camp tea served at four, and at seven o'clock.

The attractions will be so great that the encampment is likely to be speedily carried up by a storm of golden fire, and the tents swept away by an avalanche of silver; at any rate, the camp having been fairly looted by hundreds of assailants, a truce will be sounded at five o'clock.

The Camp will be re-opened for evening visitors at 6.30.

The Camp will be seen in its best when gorgeously illuminated; but camp fires being put out, tents will be finally struck at nine p.m.

This eighteen years' work has been carried on under the auspices of the Rev. H. Woods Tindall, so well known as the Lecturer of Trinity Church, Margate, who is now removed to Manchester. He has been assisted by Miss Rich, the untiring Secretary of the Association. The pupils in the numerous private schools at Margate have taken the greatest interest in the yearly gatherings, and it is they who have raised a large part of the money. We trust that, now Mr. Tindall has left Margate, our young friends there will feel specially bound to keep up the Association in all its strength and attractiveness, and continue to support the cause of their Divine Leader and Master with all zeal and earnestness.

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

Carolus Almada, the "Old Stick-man" of Talangama.



ON the 10th of December, 1881, an old man, very well known to many gentlemen in Colombo, Carolus Almada by name, though better known as the "Old Stick-man," passed away from earth to heaven, so that the place which knew him well now knows him not.

I had known the old man ever since I went to Ceylon, i.e., for fifteen years, as a consistent Christian, and in his later years as "shining light" in his village. The old man lived near the road-side, and if he knew that I was to pass along the road, would wait for me, and after telling me something about himself, or the work in his village, and asking me about the work in those places to which I had been, would let me depart, and always with his blessing, most earnestly and solemnly invoking in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I miss the old man's bright countenance, and for weeks and months after his death never passed along that road without expecting to see his happy face.

When the C.M.S. missionaries began the work of Christ in the Talangama villages, Carolus Almada despised and ridiculed them, and paid no regard either to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, or to the religion which He had founded. He was a married man, and had two little boys, whose mother died when they were very young. When his children were old enough he sent them to the C.M.S. School at Talangama, where they became convinced of the truth of the Christian religion. They were, however, so afraid of their father that, for a time these two boys did not make their convictions known to him; but as fast as increased they felt constrained to try and bring about the conversion of their father, and resorted to a stratagem to accomplish their purpose.

They said one Sunday, "Father, if you will also go with us to the church we shall be so very glad. We are very sorry because you do not go." The father replied, "My boys, I cannot go to church. You can go. The Buddhist religion is good for me." The sons immediately said, "If we also will not go to church," and at once took off their Sunday clothes and put them in the house. The father was grieved, and thought, "Though I do not believe the Christian religion, yet to please my sons I must go with them to the church; and so he said, "Put on your clothes again, also will go with you," and thus the three of them went to church.

Although he went to church only to please his sons, and with no idea of ever becoming a Christian, it pleased God to plant the Gospel of the Son Jesus Christ in the heart of Carolus Almada; and from that day, every Sunday, and every day when religious services were held, he attended the church with his sons, and also began daily to read the Word of God. After a time father and sons were all baptized, and lived together in peace and happiness, until both of his children were taken away from him by death, and the old man was left alone to bear testimony by a long and consistent life to the reality of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the death of his sons, he for a long time tried to maintain himself by making walking-sticks, which he collected from the jungles and sold to Europeans in Colombo. Some of the old man's productions were most ingenious and fantastic. He would search out any sticks of peculiar growth, and fashion them with heads of snakes, or cranes, or whatever his fancy the natural growth most resembled. He took quite a pride in his work, and was delighted when he succeeded in producing a better specimen than ordinary. As age and infirmities increased, he was less able to work, and he was unfit to go alone into the jungle to hunt for sticks; but the good Lord mercifully raised up kind friends who helped him, and he also received a small monthly allowance from a fund administered by the Ceylon Government. In this way his last days were rendered comfortable, and he was freed from all anxiety about temporal things; but to the very last he tried, in a feeble way, to carry on his old trade, which had become a pleasure to him, and he did not like to be idle.

It was a real sorrow to him when, owing to age and infirmity, he was no longer able to walk to the church. Several times I picked him up and took him with me in my waggon, on those Sundays when I went to the church to administer the Lord's Supper; and he was so very grateful, and so glad to be present at the Table of the Lord.

As his strength failed, his faith and hope brightened, and he spoke of his death cheerfully and hopefully to all who visited him. Talking of them, he would also bless and pray for them, saying, "I have no fear of death. I have entrusted my spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ." And his countenance testified to the brightness of his faith and hope. His old, wrinkled face glowed with delight as he testified of the grace and goodness of the Lord in sending to him the glorious light of the Gospel of the dear Son. Often have I sat or stood and watched the old man's face as he thus spake of "Jesus and His love"; and very often have I bowed my head as he prayed God for His blessing on me and mine, and the work of the Lord in which I was engaged.

It was his wish that he should die on a Saturday, and then be carried to the churchyard as the people were going to church—for it would be "like going to church," he said—and be buried by the side of his sons, and the



MAORI WOMAN.



MAORI CHIEF.

wish he expressed to his friends. When he was dying he prayed for the whole Church of Christ and the Christians of his own Church, and as he had often wished, so he fell asleep on the Saturday, and was carried by the people to church on the Sunday and buried in the presence of a large congregation.

It is difficult to state his exact age, but it is believed that he was about 97 years old. He had known all the C.M.S. missionaries who had lived at Cotta, and often did he bless God for sending them to make known His truth to the people of the Cotta district. He had known the district before they came, and he was fond of comparing the missionaries to lamps which had enlightened the surrounding darkness by their preaching and teaching in the churches and schools which they had established.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "Let your light so shine before men." R. T. DOWBIGGIN.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

IV.



HE details of the first actual settlement of a missionary band in the Great Britain of the Southern Seas, as New Zealand has sometimes been called, are all so interesting that it is an effort to hurry over them, as the limits of time and space require.

We must not linger now over Ruatara's romantic story. His ardent reception of his European friends; the thrilling interest of the first missionary service on the Christmas Sunday of December 25th, 1814, when he interpreted to his people the "glad tidings of great joy" as they fell from Mr. Marsden's lips; the planning out of the future Church and settlement; the affectionate welcome received by the missionary on his further excursions inland; and then the sudden blow which fell upon all the bright hopes awakened, by the noble young chieftain's fatal illness and death within a fortnight after. Remedies might, indeed, have availed to save his life, but he was "tapu," forbidden by the idol priests to touch either suitable food or medicine, and spite of Mr. Marsden's reiterated efforts to break this barrier, the influence of the priests prevailed. He listened eagerly again and again to the story of the Cross, and clung to his teacher's prayers with him, but seemed unable to break through the fetters of superstition and idolatry further than this

before he sank. To complete the mournful tragedy his favourite wife declared herself unable to live without him, committed suicide the following day.

The death of Ruatara might truly be called, in Longfellow's words, "The setting of a great hope like the setting of the sun." He was the first of the little band of missionary pioneers, but He was with them. Whose presence is all in all to His people, and, their presence on Him, they were not permitted to fear. Mr. Marsden remained with them till the end of February to see them properly settled, and then had to return to his own post at Jackson. The party consisted of Mr. Kendal, Mr. Hall, and Mr. King, with their wives and children, Mrs. King's mother, and seven mechanics and labourers. Their work was twofold—vide themselves by the labour of their hands with the natives, and to bring Christian influences to bear upon the natives. The position involved much trial of feeling, from the condition of those whose welfare they were seeking. Their persons and habits were filthy and disgusting, and the English language they had picked up from the sailors was so terrible, that the mere intercourse with the natives implied no small amount of self-denial. The difficulty of carrying on anything like steady instruction was prodigious. The boys were clever and intelligent, and would seem deeply interested for a little while, but they would jump up to dance or play, and the teacher would perhaps to follow his pupils into the bush, and coax them back still there, if only for a quarter of an hour, while they learned an English word or a letter of our alphabet.

The settlers' wives had the same trial with the girls. They took the more promising into their homes, and at first seemed delighted with acquiring the arts of household work. Sooner than speedily tiring of it, they would run off just when most wanted. Mrs. Williams' description of her experiences at Paihia, occurring some years later, gives too graphic a picture of the state of things to be omitted.

"A missionary's wife," she says, "must for the sake of cleanliness wash and dress her children and make the beds. She must be housemaid, chambermaid, and nurse, and superintend everything connected with the cooking. The best of the girls will perhaps, just as you are wanting her

herself off to swim, and then will lie down to sleep for two or three hours. If they are not in the humour to do what you tell them, they will not understand you, or will answer, 'What care I for that?' The moment a boat arrives, away run all the native servants, men, boys, and girls, to the beach. If anything is to be seen the mistress must do the work while the servants go to look; and she must not blame them, for if they are gentlemen's children, 'rangatirus,' they will run away in a pet, and if they are slaves, 'kukis,' they will laugh at her and tell her she has 'too much of the mouth.' Having been forewarned of this, I wait and work away till they choose to come back, which they generally do at meal-time."

More serious difficulties, however, lay before them. As the novelty and charm of a first European settlement began to wear away, the Maori began to betray more of their real character. The stores of flour, biscuit, rice, clothes, blankets, axes, and other tools which had been necessarily provided and brought with them for the settlers, or to be used in barter for fresh provisions, &c., were eagerly coveted by the natives, and as with them to see had hitherto been to seize whatever they had a mind for, they would come and imperatively demand to be given anything they fancied. When refused, however courteously, the more daring amongst them would leap the fences, break into the stores, and help themselves! Even worse than this, a spirit of wanton mischief broke out at times in the whole neighbourhood. On purpose, the people broke down the fences, and let the cattle of the English loose into the bush, and sent herds of pigs to devastate the wheat-fields; then perhaps laid hands upon their poultry, and killed and carried it off before their very eyes. They had an especial appetite for the possession of *nails* of all sorts, and though they knew they were to be had for the asking from the smith, they wantonly cut up a good wheel-barrow one day in order to possess themselves of the nails which held it together, and another time pulled a shed to pieces or the same purpose.

Nor was it only the "spoiling of their goods" that our missionary friends were called to bear in patience and without retaliation. The untutored savages around them added insults and threats of the most alarming character to these injuries. It was no uncommon thing for them to be told that before morning their house should be burnt over their heads, as an evening farewell from an angry mob; or sometimes it was that "the stones were then heating for the oven in which they were to be cooked before being devoured." But their Master's promise, "Thou

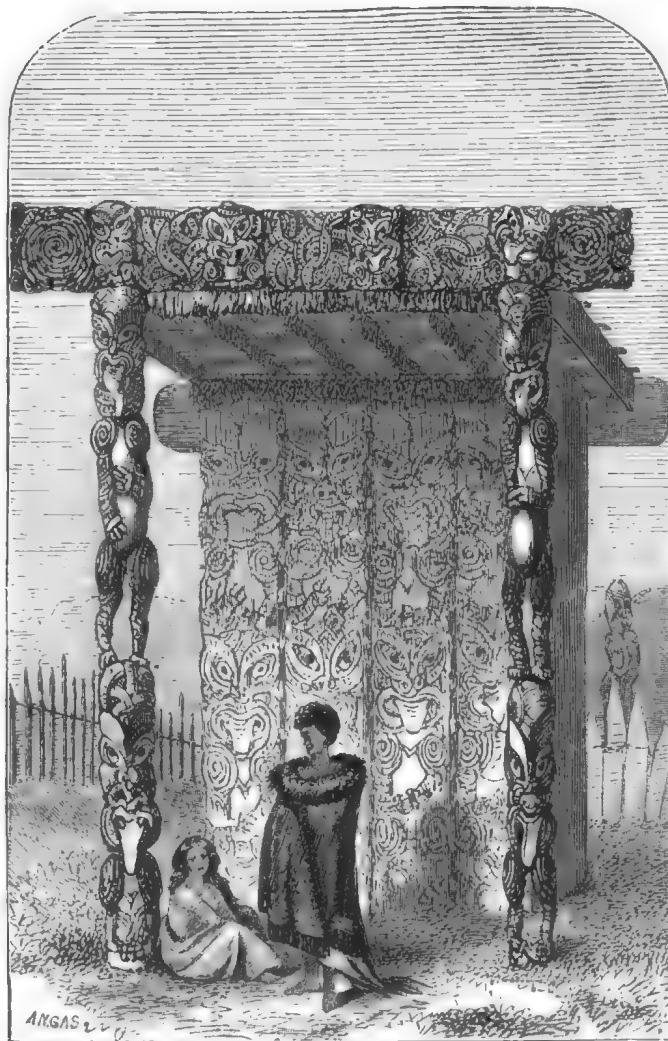
shalt not be afraid of any terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day," was eminently fulfilled to them. Their letters written at the time breathe, without exception, a grand conviction of their perfect personal safety in the hollow of His hand. Not one betrays even a hint of fear for themselves or those dearer to them than their own lives. Truly the grace given to Shadrach, Meshech, and Abed-nego has not been wanting to others beside of His faithful servants. The very spirit of that noble answer of the Jewish heroes, "O, Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king—but if not,

be it known to thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up"—seemed to breathe in this missionary band, and with them likewise, according to their faith, it was unto them. Not a hair of their head was injured.

After a time, lack of food came upon them as a new trial. Their own stores, more or less stolen or destroyed, failed them; the natives had plenty in the form of pigs or potatoes, but becoming indifferent to other objects of barter, they would part with it only for guns or powder. These our friends long refused to give, and when, sorely driven, they broke through their own rule, in some instances they regretted it much afterwards.

Truly the enemies around them were legion, but they never lost sight of the one simple object which had brought them there. They laboured hard to bring the perishing souls around them to a knowledge of the only true God, and the way of eternal life. They did not confine their efforts to Rangihona, their own settlement, but as their acquaintance with the language increased, they went out on Sabbath days into the neighbouring villages to teach and to preach; and sometimes made more distant excursions, either visiting the coast in a native canoe, or

penetrating on foot into the interior. Gradually, and almost unperceived by the missionaries themselves, improvement set in. The chiefs began frequently to visit them in a friendly manner, and even allowed them to speak to them about their souls. The school had been established, and though often suspended for want of food (for the children would only come when they were fed), the real progress of the scholars was perceptible. The labourers hired for work became more regular and industrious, and inclined for religious instruction. Thus the morning broke over the hills, though it was far indeed from being a morning without clouds, as we shall see next month. E. D.



MAORI CARVED MONUMENT.

THE MONTH.



OUR readers will be glad to hear that the *Henry Wright* memorial steamer is now afloat. She was launched from Messrs. Green's yard at Blackwall on March 10th. Many of the Committee and friends assembled on the occasion; and in a bitter north-east wind and driving snow a little open-air service was held. The Bishop of Bedford's touching hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest," and the popular missionary hymn, "Hark, the swelling breezes," were sung, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Walter Abbott, Vicar of Paddington. Sir John Kennaway, M.P., whose interest in the C.M.S. East Africa and Nyanza Missions is well known, addressed the meeting in a few admirably chosen words, dwelling on the Society's long and close connection with Africa, and on Mr. Wright's deep and peculiar interest in that continent, the name of which might almost be said to be written on his heart. Miss Agnes Wright, the eldest daughter of our dear and lamented friend, then named the vessel, and as she flung the bottle at its bows, the supports were knocked away, and the *Henry Wright* glided gracefully into the river amid shouts of cheering. We hope to give a picture of the ship shortly, when we shall describe her more fully. She has been built by Messrs. Green from the plans and under the superintendence of the marine engineers, Messrs. John Thompson & Son.

WE have noticed the consecration of the new Bishop of Sierra Leone on another page. Bishop Ingham bid farewell to the C.M.S. Committee at a special meeting on Feb. 28th, when he was addressed by Sir W. Hill, Bishop Parry, and Mr. Wigram, and, after an impressive reply, was solemnly commended in prayer to God by one of the most venerable of the clerical members, the Rev. J. Hawksley. The Bishop and Mrs. Ingham sailed for Africa on March 2nd.

THE arrangements for the Society's Anniversary are not complete at the time of writing; but among those who have promised to take part in the Morning Meeting on Tuesday, May 1st, are Earl Cairns, the Bishop of Saskatchewan, and the Rev. E. Lombe; and the Bishop of Ballarat will preside in the evening. All four are well known as powerful speakers. The Address at the Breakfast will be given by Canon Bell. We have previously mentioned that the Archbishop of Canterbury will be present at the morning meeting, and that Canon Tristram will preach the Annual Sermon.

THE annual Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions, the Tuesday before Ascension Day, will fall this year on May 1st, the day of the C.M.S. Anniversary. As any of the seven succeeding days may be observed, the Committee have fixed the following Tuesday, May 8th, for their own services in London. We earnestly trust that one or other of the eight days will be kept by all our friends. Both thanksgiving and prayer were never more called for. Papers can be had from the Church Missionary House.

THE Bishop of Mid-China has appointed his brother, the Rev. Arthur E. Moule, now our missionary at Shanghai, to the office of Archdeacon. We are glad that the nineteenth C.M.S. missionary to receive that title should be our excellent brother who is now the Ven. Archdeacon Moule.

TWO missionary ladies have lately died in New Zealand, viz., Mrs. Clarke, widow of Mr. G. Clarke, and mother of Archdeacon E. B. Clarke; and Mrs. Spencer, wife of the Rev. S. M. Spencer. We hope to give a fuller account, but have not space this month.

MRS. HODGES, wife of the Rev. E. N. Hodges, Principal of the C.M.S. Noble College at Masulipatam, has been dangerously ill; but we rejoice to hear that she has been mercifully raised up almost from the point of death. She and her husband must, however, come home immediately.

THE Rev. Bernhard Maimon arrived at Bagdad on Jan. 24th, and has begun work in that historic city with much zeal and hope. We shall give some account of this new Mission hereafter. The Rev. T. R. Hodgson, of Jubbulpore, who was to have joined it ere this, is returning to England first under medical orders.

LETTERS have been received from Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. MacLagan, up to August 10th. The five baptized converts were going satisfactorily, and others were asking for baptism. King Mtesa continues friendly. Mr. Hannington and his party were still at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, on November 13th, waiting for their boat, but to cross over soon.

THE Rev. Raj Kristo Bose, Pastor of Trinity Church, Calcutta, died, on Oct. 30th last, of Jadu Bindu Ghose, the old man being a few years since by Mr. Vaughan, whose strange and touching history was told in the GLEANER of April, 1879, under the title of "A Year's Search for Peace." (See also the number for July, 1880.) Mr. K. Bose says, as Mr. Vaughan often said, that he was "a happy, contented, and God-loving man."

THE Native Church of Lagos has established a society called "The Lagos Church Missions," similar to the one at Sierra Leone. Hitherto the missionary contributions of the congregations have come home to the Parent Society. Now they will be expended on the Native Church evangelistic efforts. The first public meetings, adult and juvenile, were held in the schoolroom of St. Paul's, Breadfruit, on December 1st. Bishop Crowther presided, and the Rev. James Johnson read the report, which announced that £138 had been already raised. We heartily commend God-speed to the new society.

THE Annual Conference of clergy, teachers, and lay delegates of the Native Church in the Province of Fuh-Kien, China, was held at Chow from Dec. 9 to 17. There were special services and meetings, and discussions on important topics; and two days were occupied by the examination of catechists. Sermons were preached by Revs. J. R. Wolfe, Ting Sink-ki, Sia Seu-ong, and W. Banister. Addresses were given by the Rev. Wong Kiu-taik on "Thy Kingdom Come," the Rev. Ngai Kaik-ki on Sanctification, Catechist Ting Seng on the Power of Faith, and Catechist Ling Seng-mi on the Synod of Christ. There were discussions on "Foot Binding," opened by Rev. Ting Sing-ki; on "Persecution and Matters of Law," by the Rev. Ngai Kaik-ki; on "Schools," by Catechist Wong Seng-tau; on "Missionary Work," by the Rev. Wong Kiu-taik (himself a doctor); on "Wages of Work," and on "Subscribing Money." The whole proceeding was described as most interesting and encouraging.

THE C.M.S. Native Christian Boys' Boarding-school and Young Men's Hostel at Calcutta is doing a good work. There are thirty boarders, most of them sons of respectable Bengali Christians, who pay for their maintenance and education. Most of these are pupils of the C.M.S. High School, but a few are undergraduates of the Calcutta University. The Christian head-master, Babu Parbati Charan Banerjee, who works under Dr. Baumann's supervision. There are three "monitors," "bright, earnest (Native) undergraduates, who have united themselves in a close triumvirate for the promotion of the spiritual good of their juniors in charge." These monitors hold a prayer-meeting with the boys on Saturday evening, teach them in the Sunday-school, and have composed a Hymn Book for them, translating into Bengali such hymns as "more years shall roll," "Pilgrims of the night," "Just as I am," "I still lead on," &c. The last-named hymn is a special favourite.

THE Director of the Missionaries' Children's Home is appealing for special gifts to endow "Leaving Scholarships" for the boys in the Home, that is, sums of money to provide a higher education for the most promising of them after leaving the Home at the age of 16. It is just at that age that help is specially required for them; and such scholarships, of which it is hoped to establish four, each tenable for four years, would enable boys of mark to look forward to going to the Universities. For particulars will be gladly supplied by the Director, the Rev. A. Shepherd, Highbury Grove, N.

THE Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Sweatman, has remitted to the Society £71 11s. 10d. voted to it from the Mission Fund of his Diocese. He writes that he circulates 650 copies monthly of the *C.M. Gleaner*, and 700 of the *Juvenile Instructor*.

RECEIVED.—Martha A. Wade, Skipton, Contents of Missionary Box, A. C., Fulham Road, for China, 6s.; "Esto Fideles," a seal (no value).

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 6th .. 9.58 p.m.
F. Qr. 13th .. 10.54 p.m.

May.

F. M. 22nd .. 8.12 a.m.
L. Qr. 29th .. 8.23 p.m.

- THE GLORY AND MAJESTY OF GOD.
- 1 T SS. Philip & James. Day Interim. *C.M.S. Ann. Meetings*. Who [is so great a God as our God? Ps. 77. 13.
- 2 W Clothed with honour and majesty, Ps. 104. 1.
- 3 T Ascension Day. Crowned with glory and honour, Heb. 2. 9.
M. Dan. 7. 2-18. Lu. 24. 44. E. 2 K. 2. 1-16. Heb. 4.
- 4 F Livingstone d., 1873. The glory which Thou gavest Me I have
- 5 S Who is this King of glory? Ps. 24. 10. [given them, Jo. 17. 22. [Ps. 24. 10.]
- 6 S Sun. aft. Ascension. The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory,
M. Deu. 30. Lu. 23. 26-30. E. Deu. 34, or Josh. 1. 1 Thess. 3.
- 7 M In Thy majesty ride prosperously, Ps. 45. 4. [thee, Is. 60. 1.
- 8 T Frere Tn. Estate bought, '75. The glory of the Lord is risen upon
- 9 W Elmslie op. dispensary, Kashmir, 1875. They shall come and see
- 10 T All flesh shall see it together, Is. 40. 5. [My glory, Is. 66. 18.
- 11 F Rebmann discov. Mt. Kilimanjaro, 1848. Thou art more glorious
[than the mountains of prey, Ps. 76. 4.
- 12 S Abdul Masih bapt., 1811. How great are Thy works, Ps. 92. 5.
[4. 14.]
- 13 S Whit Sun. Ember Week. The Spirit of glory and of God, 1 Pet.
M. Deu. 14. 1-18. Rom. 8. 1-18. E. Is. 11, or Ez. 30. 25. Gal. 5. 16, or Ac.
- 14 M His glory covered the heavens, Hab. 3. 3. [Is. 24 to 19. 21.]
- 15 T 1st Santal bapt., 1864. The earth was full of His praise, Hab. 3. 3.
- 16 W The voice of the Lord is full of majesty, Ps. 29. 4.
- 17 T His work is honourable and glorious, Ps. 111. 3.
- 18 F Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth, Ps. 80. 1.
- 19 S Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined, Ps. 50. 2.
[Ps. 29. 2.]
- 20 S Trinity Sun. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name,
M. Is. 8. 1-11. Rev. 1. 1-9. E. Ge. 18. or 1 & 2. 1-4. Eph. 4. 1-17, or Matt. 3.
- 21 M According to Thy name, so is Thy praise, Ps. 48. 10.
- 22 T 1st Maori ord., 1853. I will speak of the glorious honour of Thy
- 23 W Sing for the majesty of the Lord, Is. 24. 14. [majesty, Ps. 145. 5.]
- 24 T J. Quaker d., 1882. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty,
[Is. 33. 17.]
- 25 F How great is His beauty! Zec. 9. 17.
- 26 S T. Scott preached 1st Ann. Ser., 1801. Let the beauty of the Lord
[our God be upon us, Ps. 90. 17.]
- 27 S 1st aft. Trin. Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary, Ps. 96. 6.
M. Jos. 3. 7 to 4. 15. John 10. 22. E. Jos. 5. 13 to 6. 21, or 24. Heb. 2. 1 to 3. 7.
- 28 M Show me Thy glory, Ex. 33. 18. [Ps. 96. 3.]
- 29 T Bp. Anderson consec., 1849. Declare His glory among the heathen,
- 30 W Make known the glorious majesty of His kingdom, Ps. 145. 12.
- 31 T O God, who is like unto Thee? Ps. 71. 19.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

V.—Our Dear Ones.

"Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."—Matt. xii. 50.



FROM the beginning a beneficent Creator hath set the solitary in families. And truly the word "Family" at once suggests order, love, and harmony; the genial economy of the Home above. If early cut adrift from household bands of pleasantness, still kindly hands have opened one and another door of welcome, and family affection has almost made us forget the yearning for what might have been. It is when drinking in the depth of tenderness contained in the time-honoured Saxon words father and mother, brother and sister, that the heart's compassion wells forth for those Christ-loving ones, who willingly bid a long adieu to the sanctities of their childhood's home. Oh to grasp their hand, as, with faltering step, they linger tearfully, and whisper to them words whose pathos will soothe them with sweetness inexpressible: "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

And to whom will Jesus supply a love surpassing that of the dearest earthly relationships? To those who do His Father's will. It has been wisely said that obedience, promptly and fully given, is the most beautiful thing that walks the earth. And is not one who, having counted the cost, calmly relinquishes all we understand by Home, obeying to the letter our Saviour's

command? He has, by God's grace, given vent to a holy zeal in the grand cause of Truth; he has a message from God to deliver, and how is he straitened until it be accomplished! All goes bravely during the period of self-examination and final decision. But the parting moment has come all too swiftly, and our courage fails. How can we tear ourselves away? Who will be able to see with our absent eyes, and give us the thousand tiny details which we must sigh for in vain? Let us calm ourselves and listen. Let us open our bereaved hearts to Him, and He will prove more to us than we can ask, or even think.

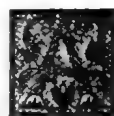
Does this meet the glance of one who has left a precious father thousands of miles away? In obeying the mighty irresistible call, Son, daughter, go work to-day in My vineyard, you are but carrying into practice the holy lessons of His consistent life. Or is it a cherished mother, whose dear image wrings your heart and makes you sigh for the sea-bird's pinions? You shall be soothed in your solitude as one whom his mother comforteth. Do you sigh now and again for the manly counsel of the brother with whom you worked and played, or for the soft caress of the leaning, loving sister? Ah, limit not the capacities of the Saviour's heart. Think of the one Family, the one Elder Brother, the one Great Father of us all. Lay your poor head on the gentle Saviour's bosom and think of His life on earth. So lonely! In weariness and painfulness, in watchings and fastings, He still went about doing good, and He knows just what it costs you to follow His steps. You are working with God, and must eventually prevail. Go forward, setting His glory before you as the sole aim of all your strivings.

But it is, perhaps, the dear ones left behind who experience the keenest and most enduring sense of desolation. The sacrifice of darling son or daughter has been cheerfully made, but the daily round, the common task, have none of the absorbing interest of travel, and the very sunshine and flowers have lost their brightness, now the circle has been broken. Here is oil for such troubled waters: "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." *Hereafter!* That is the key to our life of Faith. On earth a great affection must ever be a great affliction, but it will not be so where all centres in Him Whose best name is Love. Oh, to be willing and obedient! His ways are past our finding out. Some He sends forth into the "loud stunning tide of human care and crime"; others He desires to sit still in the House. If we listen for His bidding, and obey it with a heart brimful of love, we shall find response wherever man is found—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, of whose existence we should never have known, but for the mysterious marching orders of the Great Captain, Who speaks, and none can gainsay, and Whose dear approval can alone satisfy our longing souls. A. M. V.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

V.



FEW minutes spent upon the history of Hongi, Ruatara's uncle, will perhaps put us in possession of the peculiarities of New Zealand character, and the special difficulties with which our missionaries had to contend, as much as any subject of this period we could select for study. Mr. Marsden met with this man during his first visit to the Bay of Islands in 1814, and described him as a warrior of a very mild disposition, with but



WAI ANIWANIWA (WATER RAINBOW) FALL ON THE KERIKERI, NEW ZEALAND.

(In this cave 300 Maoris were killed and eaten in one of Hongi's fights. See opposite page.)

little of the savage about him; he was chieftain of seventeen different places, but chiefly resided at one called Keri-Keri; ingenious himself, he was very anxious to learn European arts. The bust of himself, showing his own tattoo, which he made at Mr. Marsden's request, a bit of an old iron hoop being his only tool, is still to be seen in the Church Missionary House, a remarkable specimen of native ingenuity.

A residence of some months with Mr. Marsden at Port Jackson, strengthened his hold upon the Maori ruler, and decided the former to accede to his earnest request, and found a second missionary station, under his especial protection, at Keri-Keri. It was formed on a beautiful spot, on the banks of the river of the same name, not far from a waterfall, to which the natives had given the poetic title of "Rainbow-water." The soil was more fertile than that at Rangi-hona, and having more experience to begin with, facilitated the progress of the work. Two years after, we read of ten natives regularly employed upon the farm, productive corn fields, and crops not only of vegetables, but peaches, apricots, and oranges from the gardens. Hongi, indeed, was engaged in continual petty warfare with other tribes, and his people partook of his proud and ferocious character, but on the whole, he showed himself at this time the firm friend and protector of the missionaries, always, when appealed to, interfering in their behalf.

In 1820, Mr. Kendal returning to England, Hongi and another young chief, named Waikato, accompanied him, and their residence at Cambridge for several months, near Professor Lee, enabled him to render the important service of

preparing the New Zealand grammar which bears his name. They were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Bickersteth in Salisbury Square, and his children can still remember the lively intercourse with which he re-called making their first acquaintance, strangers from a land in those days almost as marvellous in its associations as Gulliver's imaginary islands are to us. He was then rejoicing for the first time in the happiness of being a father, and writes, "Our babe laughs heartily at their tattooed faces." Hongi describes his own objects in coming to England thus, "We have come to London to see the king, the multitude of his people, what they are all doing, and the goodness of the land. We wish to remain one month, and then return, to take back with us 100 men, miners, to search for iron, blacksmiths, carpenters, and missionaries, to teach them the arts and religion in their own tongue. We are anxious to have twenty British soldiers, and three officers to keep them in order. We will protect them, and give them plenty of land."

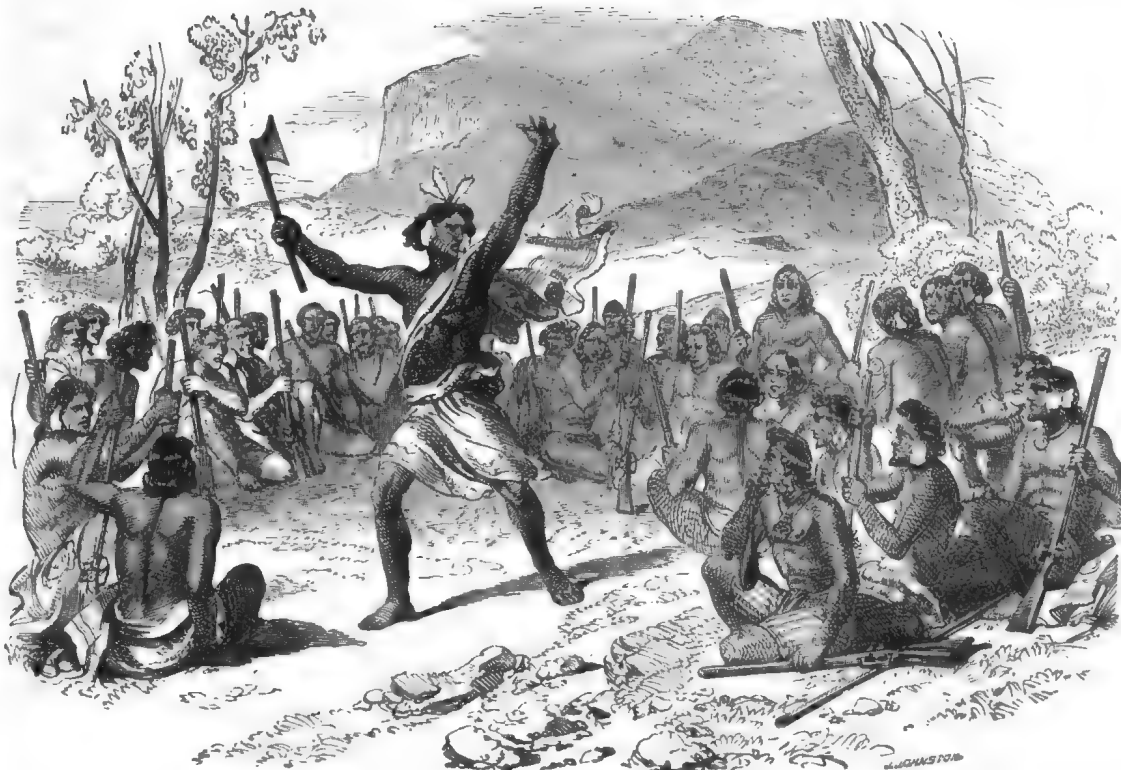
Great interest was awakened in England by the visit of the chiefs. George IV. honoured them with an interview, showed them his armour, and presented each with a complete suit of armour, double-barrelled gun, &c. Waikato coveted all he saw, but Hongi had eyes only for military affairs, and only pleasure in the gift of weapons. The king had many things purchased which he thought the Maori would value, amongst others some fine looking-glasses, which he had arranged so as to show them off to advantage. But when taken to see them, the chief quietly remarked to the royal donor, "What are all these glasses for? to multiply shadows, when I have plenty of real men? I do not

want such things." His bearing and deportment were extremely dignified when treated as a prince, but when he thought himself an object of curiosity only, he never failed to show his disgust. Once when he saw some ladies smiling, as he thought, at his tattooed face, he threw himself upon three chairs, and covering his face with his hands, remained thus till they left. In the winter he became dangerously ill with a chest attack, for which a blister was prescribed; he long refused to have it put on, but yielded at last, and when it gave him speedy relief, declared he would not quit the country without a pot full of that valuable medicine.

Alas, the visit which promised such good things for the Maori, was indirectly the cause of the frightful wars which desolated their country under Hongi for years afterwards. Though he did not betray it while in England, the soul of the savage chieftain was then fired with one ardent ambition, to become sole ruler in the islands, as King George was in England; with this object he exchanged on the way back everything else he had received for larger supplies of guns, powder, and shot. Visiting Mr. Marsden again while passing through Sydney, he met there the chief Hinaki and another. Determined to turn the deadly gifts he had received to account, he urged some trifling cause of complaint against Hinaki's tribe, as a reason for war with him. Thrusting out his tongue, and distorting his countenance, he bade him make haste home and put his pah (native enclosure) in a state of defence, for as soon as he could assemble his people he should fight him. In vain did Hinaki try to make peace; they sat at the same table, slept under the same roof, and no one would have dreamt they were foes. But nothing could alter Hongi's savage purpose, and Hinaki finding there was no alternative, hastened home and prepared to resist the invader. The tribes were related to each other, but the pleasure to Hongi of trying his new military stores prevailed over every other feeling. The battle, however, was for some time doubtful. Hinaki, a man of noble form and determined courage, long maintained the combat, until at last he fell, having received four balls; his ferocious conqueror rushed forward, and with his English clasp knife scooped out the eye of his expiring enemy and swallowed it; he then stabbed him in the neck, and drank his blood as it gushed from the wound. About a thousand men were slain in this battle, and three hundred cooked and eaten on the field. Hongi returned with twenty prisoners on his canoe, intended to be kept as slaves, but his daughter, finding that her own husband had been killed, seized the sword which King George had presented to her father,

jumped on board, and smote off the heads of sixteen out of the twenty with her own hand. She then first shot and afterwards strangled herself. Such horrors would have been past all credence had they not been related by eye-witnesses. This battle was only the commencement of a series of such cruel and devastating wars, that the very extinction of the Maori race seemed to be threatened. Hongi became the Napoleon of New Zealand.

The aspect of things at Keri-Keri was entirely changed. The missionaries wrote, "The natives are almost past bearing, coming into our homes when they please, demanding food, and stealing whatever they can lay hands upon. We feared for the whole of our property, but the Lord has heard our prayers." While Hongi was at a distance with his warriors, they had more peace, but when he returned, the anguish of the scenes they were compelled to witness passes all description—heads borne along as trophies, women and even children falling on the unhappy



A MAORI COUNCIL OF WAR.

prisoners, murdering them with yells of triumph, and then the loathsome feast, which crowned the other horrors.

At length this monster murderer received a check in his desperate career. In the beginning of 1827, he plundered and burned the Wesleyan Missionary station at Whangaroa. He was successful, as usual, but after the battle received a shot from which he never recovered. To the last he urged his people to carry on the war, and exterminate his enemies. "Thus will you avenge my death, and thus only do I wish to be revenged," were his last words. It is almost too terrible to think of this man going to his last account, and at the same time to realise him once in the Church Missionary House in Salisbury Square, breathing the holy and loving atmosphere of Edward Bickersteth's family, and truly, as it then seemed, not far from the Kingdom of God.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT.

CHAPTER V.—A BROKEN PROMISE.



“WONDER now whether there is anything in it after all, or whether it is as I have thought all along, only a delusion on his part.”

So spoke Leith Lancaster on the evening after the events mentioned in the last chapter, as he let the *Times* drop from his hands, and drawing his chair nearer the fire stirred it into a blaze. Mrs. Lancaster, sitting at the opposite side of the fireplace working, supposing her son to have been all the while deep in his paper, looked up and smiled. She was always ready to enter into an argument, and was only too pleased to discuss the day's news with him, and supposing his words to have reference to what he had been reading, she asked, “What is it you are interested in? I have not read the paper to-day.”

“Nor have I,” said Leith, laughing. “All the time my eyes have been running through the columns, my mind has been full of something else, and upon my word, little mother, I haven't a notion as to what I have been reading.”

“I am often guilty of that, and sometimes find I have read pages without taking in a word. But what or whom have your thoughts been busy about?”

“Why, I can't get Mr. North out of my mind, poor old fellow!”

“I wanted to know how he is: have you been to see him then this afternoon?”

“Yes, but he is very weak, and hardly able to care for my visit I'm afraid. I only wish I could solve his problem, and find this mysterious ‘bit of sunshine’ for him.”

“Bit of sunshine! What do you mean?”

“What does he mean? that is the question. I have suspected all this time that his imagination was at work, but I am beginning to think that after all there may be something in it, and that his ‘bit of sunshine’ is made of human flesh and blood; if only I could find it for him, I believe the old fellow would soon be himself again, but as it is, he makes himself worse by worrying and fretting over it, and the doctor thinks seriously of him.”

“It sounds very mysterious,” said Mrs. Lancaster, who happened just at that moment to be counting the stitches for the heel of the sock she was making her boy, and had only half heard what Leith had been saying.

“He seems to have something lying heavily on his conscience,” added Leith. “I sometimes wish you knew him: the very sight of you would, I believe, do his poor old eyes good; besides, you have a quiet way of finding out people's troubles and helping them.”

“If he would care to see me, I would certainly go.”

Since that morning when Leith had seen Mr. North for the first time in Mrs. Caston's shop, he had become intimately acquainted with him. The friendship had begun by Leith sending him presents of fish, without, however, the slightest intention of ever knowing him any better.

But Jessie, remembering his lonely words, repeated them to her mistress; accordingly, when Leith Lancaster appeared next time, Mrs. Caston asked him if he would step up and see Mr. North. Leith hesitated. It was a lovely summer's evening, and he felt pretty sure that if he went straight back he would just be in time to see Sasie Ogilvie home, for he happened to know she was going to afternoon tea with his mother that day! If, on the other hand, he went upstairs to see Mr. North, he would miss her.

There was no doubt as to which course of action would be most pleasant, but Leith before now had learnt to follow in the footsteps of Him who “pleased not Himself.” So after a moment's hesitation he followed Mrs. Caston upstairs; and that was by no means the last visit that Leith Lancaster paid to the lonely old man.

Sometimes he only had time to run in and give him a look, or if he had an hour or two to spare he would have a game of chess with him, or read to him. Even his mother had no idea of the time he spent in Mr. North's room; but Leith had his reward. Lessons he learnt from that old man's trembling lips which he never forgot; he found he was brought nearer to God, and new thoughts and ideas of life and its duties opened up before

him. He was no loser by giving up these hours to enliven and cheer old friend; and who indeed is ever the loser for obeying God's Commands and following in the footsteps of his Lord?

There were, however, days when even Leith's footstep on the stairs brought no smile to the old man's lips, or light to his eyes; days when he seemed as if he could not overcome the depression which hung over him. It was at such times as these that he would shade his eyes with his hand and look vaguely about in search of his “bit of sunshine,” and memory of a sin he apparently had committed in the past seemed connected in some mysterious way with it.

It was late in the afternoon of one of these days, that Leith had come across his old friend lying still and white in the quiet village street. He had seen him in the morning, and had left with a sad heart, little imagining where he would next meet him. At first Leith feared he was dead, and it was indeed some time before he showed signs of life, but gradually he became conscious, and his first words were about his “bit of sunshine.” “I was watching for her,” he kept on saying, “for she promised to come to me, but in vain—in vain.”

Leith Lancaster puzzled over these words, and walking down the village street the day following found himself stopping at the spot where he had come across Mr. North the evening before.

“Just opposite the Vennings' house,” he thought to himself. “Could it be possible that old Mr. North could have so surrounded Ella Beatrice with his own fancy as to describe either of them as his ‘bit of sunshine’?” “Light hair and dark eyes, and looking just as if she was always shining upon her,” he had said again and again. “No, those words could not apply to the Vennings,” thought Leith, but as he turned homewards his face became gradually graver. “I am determined to find out,” was his inward resolve, as he hung up his hat in the hall, entered the drawing-room, where he found his mother.

“There is only one in Inglesby who at all comes up to his description,” said Leith, breaking the silence into which they had fallen since his mother last spoke.

“What was his description?” asked Mrs. Lancaster.

“A little ‘bit of sunshine’; mother, there is only one girl I know who can be so described.”

Mrs. Lancaster looked up suddenly at Leith. He was leaning forward, his hands clasped round one of his knees, his eyes bent on the fire; he was seeing the “bit of sunshine” there, for his eyes and lips were smiling.

A pain shot through his mother's heart as her eyes fell on her son again, but she simply asked, “And who is that girl?”

Leith remained silent; he either did not hear, or did not wish to answer, but suddenly at the sound of a light footstep he sprang to his feet, and looked towards the door; there stood Sasie Ogilvie.

At the sight of her Nona's heart seemed to stand still. Was Sasie answering to her question? She had never thought or dreamt of such a thing, but something in Leith's face and manner as he went towards her convinced his mother that he had been thinking of none other than Sasie when he had uttered those words a few minutes ago.

“Come in, Sasie,” she said kindly, but it must be confessed with certain effort. “I did not expect you to-day.”

“No; but I could not resist coming in as I was passing, and it is only just five o'clock,” said Sasie, who was always sure of a welcome from her friend. She little imagined that for the first time in her life Nona would not come. “How nice and cosy you look,” she added, taking a cup of tea from Leith's hands. “But I am afraid I have interrupted you glancing at the *Times*. Were you reading to your mother, Leith?”

“No, we were only talking, or rather I believe we had lapsed into silence; eh, mother?”

Mrs. Lancaster did not look up from her work, for she was afraid to tell the tale her face might tell. She had never felt it difficult to meet Sasie before, and though she knew she was looking at her with the proud loving expression on her face which had always pleased her till now, could not answer the smile just yet.

“I thought you were going over to the Stantons' this afternoon,” said Sasie, looking up at Leith.

“Yes, I was, but something kept me. By-the-bye, Sasie, where were you yesterday afternoon before you came home?”

“I had been to see the Vennings. Why?”

"How strange," said Leith, the expression of his face altering. "You must actually have passed him; do you know what I found on my way back through High Street? it was quite dark, you remember, when I left your house."

"I know; indeed it was so before I reached home myself."

"I am glad you did not see him," said Leith, rather absently. The idea he had mooted a few minutes before to his mother seemed to be growing more distinct in his mind.

"How mysterious you are!" said Sasie, laughing. "What does he mean, Nona?"

"Do you know old Mr. North, Mrs. Caston's lodger, Sasie?"

Leith waited somewhat eagerly for the answer to his question.

Sasie looked up quickly with a frightened look in her eyes, and a guilty flush spreading over her face.

"I hope nothing is wrong with him?" she asked quickly, remembering where she had last seen him.

"I remember now. You met him surely last summer in the churchyard, did you not, Sasie?" remarked Mrs. Lancaster.

"Yes, it was last summer; but is he ill, Leith?"

"The doctor gives only slight hopes of his recovery. I found him lying insensible in High Street last night on my way home."

"Oh!" was all Sasie could find to say.

"He was just opposite the Vennings' door, and from his first words when he recovered consciousness I judged that he was waiting for some one."

Sasie sat with her hands clasped on her knees, and her eyes bent on the ground; conscience was busy, and she dare not trust herself to speak.

"But I trust he will recover, dear," said Nona, seeing the girl's distress, and not knowing exactly the cause. "I suppose you have seen him several times since the summer, and have become fond of him."

"I promised to go, but I never went," said Sasie, in a low voice. "And now—oh, Leith," she added, looking up quickly in his face, "is it too late; will he care to see me now?"

"Then you are his 'bit of sunshine,'" said Leith, gravely; and in his look Sasie saw plainly the added thought, "and you have broken your promise."

THE CIRCULATION OF THE "GLEANER."

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Readers of the GLEANER will not doubt that the regular study of missionary literature tends even more than attending annual meetings to quicken their interest in missionary work abroad. We believe that many will not doubt the further statement, but thank God for it, that the study of the records of missionary enterprise, self-denial, and success, tends to strengthen their faith, increase their hope, and enlarge their hearts.

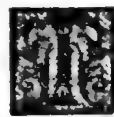
The problem before us is how to increase the circulation which is attended with such benefits both to the missionary work abroad and to the readers at home. I have tried in this district a plan which others may be able to try with equal success in their own neighbourhoods. I obtained leave from the incumbents to visit their Sunday-schools and show copies of the GLEANER and canvas for orders. I got one person in each Sunday-school to be responsible for receiving a packet monthly, distributing the GLEANERS and receiving the pence in exchange. The curate or superintendent of the school is usually willing to undertake this. This one person is responsible to me for the money, and I order the packet to be sent to each such distributor from W. H. Smith & Sons' railway book-stall. I settle with W. H. Smith & Sons for the whole set each month. In this way over 250 copies are distributed monthly in this district, where a few months ago probably not twenty-five were seen, and many of the present readers were not aware of the existence of this admirable paper. This plan may be carried out in any town in England, and possibly the work may be a new mission of usefulness for some persons who wish to do good, but feel a want of some definite plan of usefulness. Many people will be quite pleased to give a penny monthly for the GLEANER when it is thus brought to them, who would not take the trouble to order it for themselves. Tract distributors might also add the GLEANER to their stock, as no better tract could be found. J. T. K.

ANOTHER SERVANT'S OFFERING.—The following letter was lately received by a clergyman from a domestic servant:—"Dear Sir,—Will you kindly accept thirty shillings towards the fund for sending out missionaries. I was going to buy a cloak, but prefer giving it to this."

GOSPEL TROPHIES.

Old Asirvatham, of Surandai.

SURANDEI, November 29th, 1882.



REGRET to inform you of the death of one Asirvatham, obettiar [i.e., shop-keeper caste], a good Christian. I hope that it will be very interesting to the Christian friends to hear some account of this faithful servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was a hardened Hindu devotee, and even mocked the members of Christ. While living in this bigoted state, he had a special call from God one day. While lying on his bed he had a fearful struggle with some frightful appearance, when the words, "Jesus! save me," proceeded from his mouth; the struggle ended, and he got some relief in himself. Ever since, his attention was turned from Hinduism, and he tried to know something about Christ; and in order to obtain the knowledge about Him, he searched the Word of God. Though he was ridiculed and ill-treated by his relatives, he was not shaken.

When the late Rev. D. Fenn, our beloved itinerating missionary, was on a visit to Surandai, this chettiar expressed a desire to be baptized, and after finding him properly fitted for it, Mr. Fenn baptized him, in the year 1861. The Bible was his companion, therefore he adhered to read it regularly and daily. He was blest with a spirit of supplication, therefore he used to pray always, and was very delighted in it. He never absented himself from public services and prayer-meetings. He was not ashamed to speak of Christ to his relatives, his wife, and children, who are still heathens. He preached the Gospel, not only to them, but for the souls of others also he had a great concern. He was a great help to me in visiting small neighbouring congregations, and taking prayers with them on Sundays when neither I nor either of my agents can go to them. He had the practice of remembering in his prayers the children for whom he stood sponsor. He composed many songs in praise of God on the subject of his conversion. Whenever he found any two of the congregation to be ill-disposed with each other, he acted as a reconciler, and would be at rest if he found them well-disposed. He would warn the offender and pacify the offended, and dismiss them with prayer. The names of his Heavenly Father, His Son Jesus our Saviour, and the Spirit our Sanctifier, were very precious to him.

Being very old, he fell sick in his seventieth year, and was confined to his bed for three months. He was ready for the call; his heart was close to the Triune God by prayers and meditations. He preached to his heathen relatives and friends, even when confined to his sick-bed. The members of the Bible and Prayer Union all over the world would be very glad to hear of his happy death. On the day previous to his death, after I had finished my prayer with him, he preached cheerfully to those who sat around him, on the words, "The Lord is my God." His wife, knowing he had been suffering from his illness, and had had no sleep during the whole previous night, requested him to be quiet; to which he replied, "My time is short, I will die either to-day or to-morrow. While I have the power to speak I must not remain a minute without speaking of our Saviour, who is stretching out His hands to receive me into His mighty arms."

SUVISESHAMUTTU SWAMIDASEN,

Pastor of Surandai, Tinnevely.

A "WASTE NOT" SOCIETY.

IF the Editor of the GLEANER can give me space I should like to tell the younger readers about a good and easy way of raising money for the Church Missionary Society.

For seven years we have had in this town (Ipswich) a nice large annual meeting for children and young people. The only hall that will hold the numbers who come is an expensive one to hire, while the collection is never large, as children have so little money. Some friends thought the meeting should be given up, others said, "By no means, it is too important!" At length we thought if the children really cared to have a meeting they would perhaps exert themselves to pay for it. But how? Reading in the Green Book, that in one place £40 was obtained by a "Waste Not" Society, we determined to try. A few children came together by invitation, and enrolled themselves as members. They were provided with some printed paper setting forth their object, with a request that grown-up people would help them; thus armed, they set to work. They called on their friends and requested them kindly to take care of old letters, envelopes, circulars, in fact, of all kinds of waste paper, and reserve it for them, allowing them to call for the collection every month.

If printed paper was given, they asked to have it kept separate from the written, as if mixed together the paper merchant only gives half as much money as he does if it is separated. Some of the young collectors asked for a sack into which to empty their spoils at home; others, who had not room for anything so bulky, preferred to bring their paper to a common depository.

The first year of our "Waste Not" has just closed with a very satisfactory result of £5 5s. realised by the sale of waste paper collected by the untiring energy and zeal of a few children. We have started our new year full of hope that many more will join the "Waste Not" Society, and that we shall at least double the sum obtained last year.

AGNES J. CLOWES.

THE NEW MISSION AT BAGDAD.



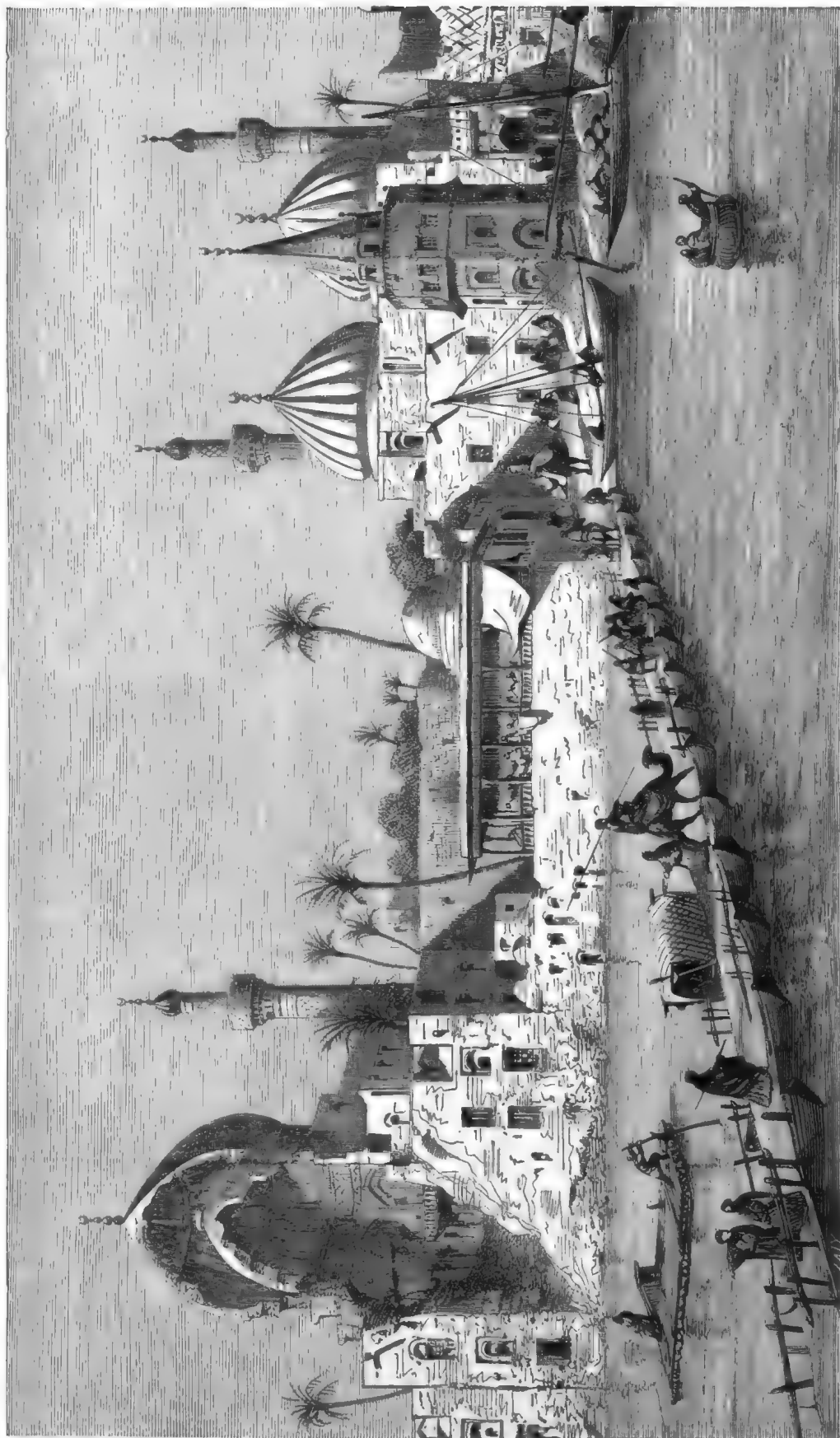
MOST of our friends are aware that in response to the earnest appeals of the

Dr. Bruce, of the Persian Mission, when at home last year, the Committee decided to extend the operations of the Society by the occupation of the City of Bagdad. So account of the place and people may therefore not be uninteresting.

The very name of the historic city seems to conjure up visions of Oriental splendour and to lead us back to the period of Eastern pomp and magnificence—the brilliant reign of Haroun Alraschid or Aaron the Just, whose name will be familiar to readers of the "Arabian Nights." Bagdad was built eleven centuries ago, or in the 145th year of the Hejira, the flight of Mohammed to Medina. Situated in a most convenient position as the imperial city of the Arab Kaliphs, lying as it did on the banks of the Tigris, and far from the waters of "the great river, the river Euphrates," it became a large commercial city, and the centre of Mohammedan religion, learning, and law.

After the death of Kaliph Haroun Alraschid Bagdad continued, except for a short time, to be the capital of the Kaliphs of the Abbaside dynasty (so called from its founder, Abbas, an uncle of Mohammed) and it ceased to be the imperial city only on the fall of that dynasty. For about five centuries the Kaliphs of this dynasty reigned with varying fortunes, but with their downfall, in the middle of the thirteenth century, departed the glory of their imperial city. It was found it sometimes occupied by the Tartars, then by the Persians. In 1258 A.D. it was captured and sacked by the Moguls. But it was speedily rebuilt, and, after passing through many changes, was at last captured

BAGDAD: BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE RIVER TIGRIS.





BAGDAD: MARKET PLACE AND MOSQUE OF AHMET-KHIAIA.

by the Turks under Sultan Murad IV. in 1638, and has since remained a part of the Turkish Empire, being ruled by governors appointed from Constantinople.

Approached by water, its first appearance is singularly picturesque, and gives one the impression of an "enchanted city, rising from the midst of groves of mulberries, oranges and palms," and its "graceful minarets and domes, gleaming with blue and green through the foliage." But every feeling of romance is removed as one enters the city. "It is the very type of the insanitary Oriental town." Heaps of putrefying rubbish meet the eye at every turn; lean and gaunt dogs prowl about, seeking what they may devour; while the hungry vulture swoops over the unwholesome streets.

The most reliable statistics put the population of the city at 60,000. The labouring portion is chiefly Arab, the governing classes are Turks, while the remainder is composed of Jews, Armenians, Persians, and Kurds, and a very motley crowd they look as they swarm day after day in the narrow bazaars.

Besides being the centre of the highway for Shiah pilgrims to Mecca, that *ne plus ultra* of the Mohammedan's religious desires, Bagdad itself is surrounded by places of pilgrimage, whither resort thousands of Shiah Mohammedans during the year. As in future numbers of the GLEANER we may have to refer to this powerful division of Mohammedans, it may not be out of place to give some account of them here.

The death of Mohammed caused a split among his followers. Hundreds of thousands believe that he nominated his son-in-law, Ali, to succeed him. It is true Ali did eventually succeed him, but three others came between him and the prophet, and they are looked upon as usurpers by a large section of Moslems. Ali was assassinated after having reigned for only five years as Kaliph. Ali had two sons. Hasan, the elder, abdicated, and perished by poison at Medina. The younger, Husain, fought valiantly for the Kaliphate, but after a gallant stand, was defeated with a few faithful followers and killed. From the moment he was struck down, Mohammedans became divided

into two hostile camps, the Sunnis and the Shiah. The former pride themselves on their superior orthodoxy, for they accept with implicit allegiance not only the teaching of the Koran, but the whole of the traditions as set forth and expounded by the four great Doctors of Islam. Their name Sunni is derived from *Sunnah* (tradition), and denotes their religious adherence to the teachings of the traditions. The Shiah (the term *Shiah*, implying sect or party, was evidently given to them by their opponents; they call themselves *Adliyah*, "the rightful society") accept the Koran and such of the traditions as can be traced back to the prophet, but reject all the rest. The Sunnis recognise the three who came, as before stated, between Mohammed and his son-in-law Ali, as the legitimate successors. The Shiah, on the other hand, reject these as interlopers, and accept Ali as the first of the true Imams or Kaliphs. For centuries past the Shiah type of Islam has been the national faith of Persia.

There are several mosques both in and around Bagdad, which are the objects of much veneration to the Shiah. One of them is at Nedjef, on the shore of the sea of that name, 120 miles south of Bagdad. It was erected in memory of Ali. The story runs that finding himself dying he directed that his body should be placed on a camel, and buried wherever the animal stopped. It stopped at Nedjef, and there Ali was buried. Near to Nedjef are shown the traditional tombs of Ezra and Ezekiel, both venerated by Jews and Moslems alike. Another mosque is at Kerbela, some 60 miles south-west of Bagdad, and is built on the spot where Husain, the younger son of Ali, fell fighting. The soil of Kerbela is accredited with wonderful properties, such as stilling a storm at sea if thrown against the wind, and is purchased by the hundreds of thousands who visit the shrine of Husain every year. There are several other shrines of more or less importance, to one of which, incongruous as it may seem, pilgrims are conveyed from the capital by a tram-car for a sum equal to about 2½d.; but the chief are those of Ali and Husain. It is estimated that upwards of two hundred thousand Shiah Mohammedan pilgrims visit these shrines every year, most of them passing through, or close to, Bagdad on their way to and fro.

It will be seen that the City of the Kaliphs affords exceptional advantages for the making known of the Gospel, and the Rev. Bernhard Maimon, a converted Austrian Jew, who reached Bagdad in January, has gone to work with much zeal and vigour. There is considerable opposition from the Turkish authorities, but full particulars of the difficulties that have arisen have not been received at the time we write. We hope, meanwhile, that all our friends will remember Bagdad and Mr. Maimon in their prayers.

PROGRESS IN EAST AFRICA.



FOR a long time we have had nothing in the *GLEANER* about our East Africa Mission. We are thankful to say that Frere Town and Kisulutini (Rabai) are both going on well. The Rev. H. K. Binns is the missionary at Frere Town, with Mr. H. W. Lane as lay superintendent, and the Rev. W. E. Taylor in charge of the school and the medical department. The Rev. A. D. Shaw is at Kisulutini, and Mr. J. A. Wray has gone out with a view to extension inland.

Mr. Binns reports that at Frere Town there are 264 souls, mostly liberated slaves, of whom 157 are baptized; 21 adults and 24 children having been received into the visible Church during the year. There are 33 communicants, who appear to be all "Bombay Africans"—a class of the community to whom the settlement owes much, as almost all the skilled work has been done by them, and the various offices of trust filled by them. A large class of candidates for confirmation, liberated slaves, await the visit of a Bishop. "Many show by their walk and conversation that they are daily endeavouring, by God's grace, to lead holy lives; but this," he naturally adds, "cannot be said of all." The people have contributed in the year 57 dollars to the Native Pastorate Fund. Mr.

Taylor reports well of the day-schools, with their 88 children. On Sunday-school and prayer-meetings he writes—

Mr. Lane has infused new vigour into the Sunday-school, he has practised superintending, and it is now in a truly flourishing condition. The school has always been a favourite with the children, but it is more than ever. Some of our scholars have lately given us a proof of their love for the Sunday-school, in continuing their attendance after their marriage and settlement in life.

A prayer-meeting, open to all boys in the settlement, is held every night in the week at my house, and managed by a committee of the young men. This meeting is perfectly free, and the attendance registered at seventy-seven meetings, shows an average of almost twelve a-half. A hymn, a portion of Scripture in English or Swahili, the president chooses, two prayers, the second open to the meeting, Lord's Prayer and Benediction, comprise the worship.

On Sunday there is another meeting, when the attendance is usually about twenty, and sometimes approaches forty. It lasts one hour, and is entirely voluntary. It has hitherto been conducted by myself, Deimler, one of the young teachers, giving his services at the harmonium. We have hymns from Moody and Sankey, and short prayers, some numbering eight or nine. We sometimes have an address from one of the elder boys, which is always listened to with attention. One evening Isaac Taylor, a helper of Mr. Shaw in his missionary work at Rabai, gave us a spirited and interesting account of his and Cecil's educational course in the large village of Fimboni. His speech infused among his audience quite an eager spirit to go and do likewise, for, not much more than a year before, our visitor had been a fellow-scholar with them. The attendance at these voluntary meetings, when it is considered that the present have been twice to church and twice to Sunday-school during the course of the day, indicates a lively interest in religion, and the general tone are very encouraging.

Mr. Taylor, though not a fully-qualified medical man, has considerable medical and surgical practice, not only among the people attached to the Mission, but also among the Suahili, Arabs, and Hindus of Mombasa's neighbourhood. "I have had many opportunities," he writes, "of preaching Christ in my medical practice. Of the Arabs residing at Mombasa, there are several said to be well disposed towards Christianity, but afraid to declare their belief."

Mr. Lane reports very favourably of the agricultural and industrial department; and the produce of the Society's land is now very abundant. Above a thousand cocoa-nut trees, planted in the last seven years, are now bearing fruit.

Of Rabai or Kisulutini, which has grown to be much the larger settlement of the two, having nearly 600 souls connected with it, Mr. Taylor writes in very encouraging terms:—

We have now been nearly three months on the station, and have much to encourage and cheer us, amongst which are the following:

1. The regular attendance of the people at our services, and their evident desire to learn.
2. The general good behaviour of our people. Although we have nearly 600 in our village, it is the exception if I have one case in a week of wrong-doing.
3. The grand opening in the surrounding villages for the extension of Christ's Kingdom: most of the villages have repeatedly asked for a teacher.
4. The friendliness of all our immediate neighbours.

On Nov. 5th I had a pleasing proof of the earnestness of our people to help in the work. I had told them to bring some offerings to defray the expenses of cleaning our church. They came in such numbers that it was impossible to get them inside. The building was crowded, having 247 adults and about 60 children inside, and outside 160 more. Most brought something. In the plate was Rs. 19, which there were 713 pice. The corn, &c., sold next day for Rs. 1, making a total of Rs. 38 : 23, which is no mean sum for these poor people who live on about Rs. 4 each a month (about seven shillings, the pound being 1s. 9d.).

We have four of our young men (who were released from slavery some years ago) working in the school and neighbouring villages. They are glad to testify to the thorough Christian character which they possess; were these alone the result of past years' labours, one might say with admiration, "What hath God wrought!" Among the villagers are many bright children of God; "epistles known and read by all men." There are some things, however, which give us cause for concern. One is a lack of real Christ-seeking amongst many of our adherents. Many, we must confess, come and settle for the sake of our protection, and they attend our services as a matter of course; but it does not seem that the seed has taken root. Let us not, however, despair, but rejoice that such people come under the teaching of the Word.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

THY will be done!" The prayer came down from heaven
And lingers still,
An echo of the songs of hosts above
Who do Thy will.*

"Thy will be done." Thy will to Israel,
To gather home,
With songs, to Zion's hill her weary sons
Who, scattered, roam.†

"Thy will be done." Thy will to call the lost
From lane and street,
And highways far and wide, to worship at
The Saviour's feet.‡

"Thy will be done." Thy will to give Thy Son
The heathen world; §
To cause the Gospel flag o'er idol fanes
To be unfurled.||

"Thy will be done." To make eternal truth
To be proclaimed
Throughout the world; ¶ earth's desert wastes for Thee
To be reclaimed.**

"Thy will be done." All nations, peoples, tribes,
Shall own Thee Lord;
And Thou alone, by every human tongue,
Shalt be adored.††

"Thy will be done." Amen, so let it be.
Then willing made
Be all Thy servants, Lord; their all upon
Thine altar laid.

"Thy will be done." Ourselves with all our powers
We give to Thee;
Work Thou Thy will by us; so shall all flesh
Thy glory see.‡‡

M. A. S.

* Ps. ciii. 20, 21. † Jer. xxxi. 10, 12. ‡ Luke xiv. 21, 23. § Ps. ii. 8.
|| Isa. ii. 18. ¶ Rev. xiv. 6. ** Isa. xxxv. 1. †† Rev. vii. 9, 10; Zec. xiv. 9.
‡‡ Isa. xl. 5.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MRS. CAIN.

(See GLEANER of March and August, 1881, and September, 1882.)

To the Editor of the GLEANER.

DUMMAGUDEM, January, 1883.

I arrived here about the middle of October, and I was indeed charmed with the lovely scenery all up the great Godavari river, for all was new to me. We found our house nearly finished, and very comfortable, and were soon able to take possession of the new rooms. Of course we began our work almost immediately, and I went to work at the girls' school, where I was sorry to find that only five caste girls attended with the ten Christian girls, but I resolved to try, on the first opportunity, to stir up the people here as to female education.

The opportunity presented itself on the first Wednesday we spent here, and I spoke before quite a crowd of native gentlemen. Another opportunity was given shortly afterwards, when we were publicly welcomed to Dummagudem. The streets were festooned, guns fired, &c., for our reception. After my husband had thanked them, I was asked to speak a few words; so I spoke of my treasure in, first, the religion of Jesus, and secondly, being able to read and write, and urged them to send their children to school. Now, I am thankful to say, we have thirty-eight names on our rolls, fifteen Christians and twenty-three caste girls, besides a few who have been received but not entered on the rolls yet.

I have been very warmly welcomed in many of the houses, and have many opportunities, far more than I can take up, for telling the "old, old story." One very interesting case came up the other day. A woman, very wealthy, is trying to gain merit and everlasting life by giving away large sums of money and doing charitable acts. She listens eagerly when I tell of Him who came to bring us merit. But with all the press of Telugu work, our little boarding girls' school to get in order, boys' boarding-school, Christian congregations, &c., here, we long to take up Koi work.

The poor Koi women are very timid, and oh! so stupid. The first time I went to see some of them at Nallapalli, about four miles from here, I was very disappointed; they all ran away, though I went at the request of the men who have been Christians for some time, but are greatly

troubled at the indifference of the women; one head man begged me to go to his house, because, he said, "Satan will not let the women go." So I sat at the door and shouted to the women; I only know a few words of Koi, but they all know Telugu, and I spoke about my mother; gradually they drew nearer and nearer, and when they had grown a little familiar I spoke about my mother's God. I paid another visit to that village last Sunday, and they were all very friendly; I invited them to come to our house. These are ladies clad in about one and a-half yards of dirty rag in their homes, making up for the clothes in the quantity of cheap jewelry they wear on their necks and arms; some of them are better dressed than others, but all wear the minimum of clothing.

On Tuesday, to my surprise and joy, just after I got home from school, twenty-five Kois, most of them women, came up to the house. A few men with them said their ladies would give them no peace till they brought them to see me. One woman was very proud to turn my sewing machine and stitch a whole yard of calico. They all sat down on the floor and stopped for about an hour, while I told them of Him who had been born that we might live. Once they caught sight of my husband, and all fled outside, but as he was only going into the study, they soon came back, but kept guard at the door. We promised to go to their village and show them our magic-lantern, which a friend kindly gave us before we left Melbourne. We have a few slides, and not very good ones, as they are not to be had easily in Melbourne; however, such as they are, we took them to Nallapalli, and by 7.30 all was ready. We were both rather unwell, but got through the evening; about sixty were present, and many of my Koi friends, who sat in front. I had to do most of the talking, as my husband showed the pictures, and when he tried to talk they began to be restless, as they could not see who was talking. Do pray for these poor Koi women.

We wanted to make our Christmas a very joyful day, and had been preparing for some days. We invited all the nearer Christians to come to a feast we prepared in our compound, and about 200 came. Some of them living on this side came to the house, and we started about 8.30 in procession to service in the village; we are about a mile from Dummagudem. I led the van on my little white pony, with a teacher bearing a large red banner, on which I had stitched large white letters, "The Birth of Christ"; then our boarding girls, two and two, and about 100 Christians; my husband brought up the rear with another teacher bearing a similar red banner with "Christ our King" on it. We started off singing a Telugu lyric, and were met by the boarding boys, the native clergyman, and about 200 Christians, and more Christians, too, who had joined them, singing a lyric, and bearing a banner they had made themselves, with "The Dawn of Salvation" on it. My pony took fright, so I got down and walked with others, singing as we went. The school-houses were festooned with leaves and flowers by the boys, and the inside of the schoolroom was decorated with coloured texts and leaves. My husband preached from the words on the second banner, and we trust some good seed was sown on good ground.

A Koi man who had been listening very attentively came up to me after service, and I asked him if he knew Christ our King. "No," he said, "but my baby boy is teaching me to pray." "What do you mean?" I asked, and he told me a long story, which I must cut short for you. A Christian man here, who spends all his spare time in preaching, went to the Koi village where this man lives (nearly two miles away), and there, after he had preached, he joined his hands and told them to ask God to open their eyes. The next morning, when the baby, not three years old, woke up, he tried to join the father's hands in the attitude of prayer. The father did not understand, he had paid very little attention to the evangelist, but the child, who cannot speak much, tried again and again to join his father's hands. The evangelist went again and again, and tried to teach them to pray; the father then exclaimed, "Now I see; my baby wants me to pray. I will come and learn about it all." He was at church that Christmas morning for the first time, and has been since as often as possible; his wife, I rejoice to say, has promised to come to-morrow. God grant that the little child may lead them to Himself.

Such was the gist of his story, and we came home with glad hearts to our Christmas feast, which all seemed to enjoy, except that my husband was feeling poorly from an attack of fever. In the evening we had a grand gathering round the Christmas tree, which was loaded with good things brought from dear friends in Australia. So we came home about 8.30 after our long and busy Christmas Day.

There are many other jottings of our work up here which might be told, but writing takes time from our precious work, only I want to show you that in this far-away place the work is very great, and the workers, oh! so few. I am trying to learn Koi, for I am quite convinced that we cannot make much impression on the Koi women without their language, and yesterday when writing I tried to tell the story of Christ's birth in broken Koi and Telugu. The delight of the women was very amusing. "She talks our language," they called one to another, and after I came home I heard that some were very jealous because I did not visit them and talk their own language to them.

SARAH CAIN.

LISTEN!
True Stories from Fuh-Chow.
BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

III.



O show you the inside of a poor Chinese house is what I promised to do; and to do this successfully I cannot do better than invite you to accompany Mrs. Stewart and myself on a visiting afternoon. As a rule, we wait until invited before we enter any residence. Walking slowly along, with a Chinese book and some

of Mrs. Grimké's very valuable text cards in our hands, perhaps a child or woman might say, "What have you got in your hand?" We would show a card and ask if they knew what the picture meant, and directly they would be so interested that they would want to look closer and hear the characters read. Chinese politeness would make them invite us in. The child might say, "Come in here and show mother," or the woman would say, "I invite you in, be seated, have some tea," and then question us as to our ages, homes, clothes; and we would answer all their queries, at the same time endeavour to turn their attention away from ourselves to the object on the card, perchance teach them to read the verse and then explain it. Do not misunderstand me; we try to explain, but our hearers do not readily take in all we mean. It is almost impossible to give an adequate idea of a heathen mind. It is rare indeed to meet working people in England who do not know, at least, what we mean when we speak of God; they have an idea of the Deity and the one Creator. But the heathen has gods many, and to hear any special wonderful act being performed by a god is no uncommon thing. To tell them they are sinners, and God is angry at the wicked, would tend to make them angry and not listen at all. They have terrors enough already with the gods they have been taught to worship from earliest infancy. But tell them what God says in John iii. 16. Open their curiosity to want to know what the love was, who the Son is, and where He is, then they may stand by and patiently listen to a quarter of an hour's discourse, and at the end ask us to go again.

Well, supposing we are able to speak in such a manner as to be partly understood by outside people, and able to read the

character enough to do what our visitors require should the us to read, then we walk along, and perhaps, as we really meet a girl coming out of a narrow passage leading into the streets from her home. "Where are you going?" was the first question. We answered, "Out for recreation." "What have you got in your hand?" she asked. "Look and you can tell me what this picture is?" we answered. By that time many passers-by had been attracted by the foreign woman and all like to guess what the animal is. A sheep is an uncommon animal in some parts of China, so we have several guesses before we arrive at the right. The girl who first



BURNING PAPER IN CHINA TO APPEASE THE SPIRITS OF ANCESTORS.

said, "Come into our room and sit down and let me see." We immediately followed her into the narrow passage, down some steps, round a corner into a dirty courtyard not more than 12 feet by 14 feet. It was round the three sides of the courtyard open to admit light, and the floors, a room 8 feet by 12 feet, and an opening leading into an inner room, which was dark, and much smaller than the first, made up the house of the inhabitants. In such a house we were not invited to enter. The furniture was a form placed for sitting on, and a wooden bench on which the mother of the girl was pasting silver and little squares on very coarse brown paper to be used as mock money in worshipping the dead. Lines of paper fastened from wall to wall covered with this paper, warning to dry warned us to be low on entering, and keep while in the room, for we did not wish to knock any of the Work as hard as she could she would not be able to earn more than 5d. a week of this she must provide for home, food, and clothing for herself and children, but her husband no longer worked for them. She looked at us and our books, invited us to be seated, offered us tea and then worked as fast as she could with her hands while her eyes were examining us and her ears trying to catch in all we said about the "Doctrine." The only furniture in the room was a

square table on which stood the idol; and, poor as they were, they took of their mock money to burn before this idol on the 1st and 15th of every month. Justus Doolittle, in his "Sidelights on the Life of the Chinese," says:—

A singular custom, which derives its name from the fact that money is burned monthly, is extensively practised at this place (Fuh-Chow) in families; they believe that there is a god and goddess

rule over the eaves of a house and over the bedroom. Mock money, incense, and candles are therefore burned to the honour of this god and these goddesses. The children are made to kneel down while the mock money is burning, and the head of the house will call to the god or the goddesses referred to, and ask them to protect their children, make them grow fast, easy to nurse, have a good appetite, &c. It is expected that the god and goddess of the bedstead will be led to use their influence, and cause the children to lie down quietly and sleep soundly when their parents wish, whether by night or by day; that the goddess of the eaves will keep them from stumbling or falling down on the stones usually to be found near or under the eaves of every house; and that the goddess of the bedroom will make them tractable in nursing and good-natured.

We do not denounce the idol, but strive to bring before them a more excellent way. While we were talking, neighbours gathered round. One woman was splitting bamboo into fine strips; her fingers moved with marvellous rapidity, while her eyes were almost fixed upon us; she had a baby fastened to her back, and a little boy of three holding her dress. After a little while I asked this woman how much she earned a day? She told me "three cash" = two-thirds of a farthing. She had these two children and herself to keep; her one tiny room looked unfit for a pig to dwell in. She was a widow, and my heart failed me. What is one to do in such a case? There was nothing she could do but the splits, and they were hardly sufficient, working as fast as she could each day, Sunday included, to provide even food; she was apparently perfectly satisfied with her surroundings, although not with her condition. We sat down on her doorstep, there being no other seat, and we told her of rest, peace, plenty, and joy all in store for her. We spoke of God's great love in parting with His only Son that she might be a partaker of these blessings. Her eyes glistened; she said it sounded good, but she had neither time nor thought for more than the present need. How it makes one's heart ache to see people and hear such things! Yet the missionary has to do with very many such cases. "To the poor the Gospel is preached."

M. Fagg.

Men's Work.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have been greatly interested in reading about "Men's Working Parties," and now I wish your readers to know what a working man has done for us towards our missionary sale. A lady has painted a large quantity of Scripture illuminations for the sale, and this "working man" has undertaken to frame some at his own expense, and do the others at cost price, no charge for time or labour; and a very poor old woman has sold her rags for 3d. and given her mite to the Lord. M. Fagg.

We are glad to say that Walter Monle, son of Archdeacon A. E. Monle, of Shanghai, educated for six years at the Church Missionary Children's Home, and afterwards at Monkton Combe School, has gained an open Mathematical Entrance Scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

A MISSIONARY MEETING AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL IN CEYLON.

To the Editor.

DODANDUWA, Christmas Day, 1882.



THE annual Missionary Meeting and the Boys' Sunday-school Festival were held on December 16th. The festivities of the day were preceded by an early communion by the Rev. J. Allcock at 9.30 A.M., at which nineteen communicated. Mr. Allcock preached on this occasion a very impressive and edifying sermon from the words, "Looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii. 2). At 11 o'clock there was a "Missionary Breakfast," at which there were thirty-two Christian ladies, gentlemen, and children, who were admitted by tickets. It was a happy gathering of Christian brethren of all the leading nationalities, English, Burgher, Singhalese, and Tamil, from different districts. There was another breakfast for the Sunday scholars, who numbered about 150. Our number was so small, owing to the sickness prevailing in some districts, which prevented a good many from coming.

At 2 P.M. all assembled into the large hall of the English School, and the meeting commenced. There were about 200 altogether, among whom were many brethren from out-stations. Mr. David Weerasooriye

Arehchi was called to the chair. The proceedings opened with singing and prayer. A report of the Sunday-schools and the work of the district was given by the pastor in charge. "There were 631 Sunday scholars, who were carefully instructed in the principles of Christianity and the way of salvation. The preaching to the Buddhists was encouraging. People everywhere manifested a willingness to hear. There were a few inquirers. The liberality of the Christians was growing. During the past year they contributed about Rs. 400 for religious purposes, &c." Prizes were then distributed by Mrs. Bowman and Mrs. Allcock to fifteen pupils who had passed the examination. Then followed speeches and the collection, which, including the contents of missionary boxes and offerings of Sunday-school children, amounted to Rs. 33 and some cents. This is an increase by fifty per cent. on the last collection.

I had a hearty Christmas Service this morning in our neat little church, which was quite full. The Christians here enjoy their Christmas very quietly, and in a Christian way, without going into the extremes which many Christians in towns will go to. Mrs. Amarasekara has got together all her girls for breakfast, and after being filled, they are going on with fun. It is a lovely sight. This evening we are going to have preaching to the Buddhists to make known to them the Gospel, which the Angel said was "Good tidings of great joy to all people."

ABRAHAM SURIARACHCHI AMARASEKARA,
Pastor of Dodanduwa.

[Dodanduwa is a village in the Baddegama district. We gave a picture of the "neat little church" alluded to above in the GLEANER of May, 1876; so we now present one of the old church at the central station, which was built in 1821, and consecrated by Bishop Heber during his visit to "Ceylon's isle" in 1826. A view of Baddegama was given in June, 1875. Mr. Amarasekara was brought up as a Buddhist, but was baptized in 1867 at the age of 15. He was ordained February 2nd, 1881.—Ed.]



BADDEGAMA CHURCH, CEYLON.

THE MONTH.



THE Archbishop of Canterbury will take the chair at the C.M.S. Annual Meeting on May 1st. This is usually Lord Chichester's place as President; but it has been the custom for a new Archbishop on the first occasion of his attending to preside as Vice-Patron. In addition to the speakers already mentioned, it is hoped that the Revs. A. W. Poole, H. Newton, W. J. Richards, and Dr. Downes, will represent the missionary army either morning or evening.

WE are thankful to be able to report the acceptance by the Committee of seven more offers of service from candidates ready to proceed to the mission field without further training in the C.M. College, viz.:—(1) The Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A., late of the Nyanza Mission, who had retired and taken a parish in Hampshire, but who has now offered again for Palestine; (2) the Rev. George E. A. Pargiter, B.A., of Merton College, Oxford, senior curate of West Ham, and son of the Rev. R. Pargiter, formerly C.M.S. missionary in Ceylon, and now an Association Secretary; (3) Dr. Percy Brown, M.B., brother of the Principal of the Government Medical College at Lahore; (4) Dr. E. G. Horder, L.B.C.P., &c., of Edinburgh; (5) Mr. W. E. Oliphant, of the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, Highbury, about to be ordained; (6) Dr. Shapurji Dhunjibhoy Bhabha, a Parsee of Bombay, and an M.D. of Glasgow, surgeon in charge of the Willesden Cottage Hospital; (7) Miss Eva Young, sister of Mrs. Pickford of Ceylon, who has offered for, and been appointed to, the Tamil Girls' Boarding School at Colombo. Dr. Brown is appointed a medical missionary to the Niger; and Dr. Horder to Bishop Burdon's new medical Mission at Hoihow, in the Island of Hainan, South China.

ANOTHER member of the C.M.S. Committee has been taken to his rest—Mr. George Loch, formerly a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta. While in India he was a hearty friend of missionary work, and in the Home Committee his calm judgment and good sense were much valued.

THE Bishop of Travancore and Cochin (Dr. Speechly), and the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan, of Madras, have been appointed Fellows of Madras University.

ON Feb. 24th the Bishop of Lahore opened the new chapel of the C.M.S. Divinity College at Lahore, which has been built with funds bequeathed for the purpose by the late Rev. G. M. Gordon. On the following day, in the chapel, the Bishop admitted three well-trying Native brethren to deacon's orders, Nobin Chandar, Malih Ishaq, and Thomas Edwards. The Rev. N. Chandar will be pastor at Batala, Mr. Baring's station; the Rev. M. Ishaq is appointed to Dera Ghazi Khan; and the Rev. T. Edwards will minister to the Native congregation at Simla, whose lay pastor he has already been.

THE Bishop of Moosonee has appointed the Rev. T. Vincent, C.M.S. (country-born) missionary at Albany, Hudson's Bay, to the office of Archdeacon of Moose. He was ordained in 1860, but had laboured some time before that as a lay agent.

ON December 22nd the Revs. J. Hannington, R. P. Ashe, and E. C. Gordon, and Mr. C. Wise were still at a place called Msalala, at the south end of the Victoria Nyanza, and all four were suffering from fever.

A GIFT of £600 has been made to the Society's Extension Fund by Mrs. Henry Wright, to provide for a Native medical missionary at Salt, "on the other side Jordan" (see Miss Tristram's article in the GLEANER of May, 1882); and we are glad to hear that a good man has been found for the post, Dr. Ibrahim Zourab, of the Beyrout Medical College.

A VENERABLE C.M.S. missionary, the Rev. F. Hildner, died on Feb. 28th, at Syra. He was a native of Saxony, and went originally to Greece for the Basle Missionary Society. He joined the C.M.S. in 1829, and in 1841 received Anglican orders from Bishop Blomfield. For more than forty years he carried on a large school in the Island of Syra, and won the universal respect of the community. The British Consul writes to the Society that the Greek Archbishop of Syra placed the cathedral at the disposal of the Rev. Mr. Newton, Acting Chaplain at the British Legation at Athens, who went over to Syra to conduct the funeral,

and that a vast concourse of people assembled for the ceremony. Mr. Newton had read the Burial Service, the Archbishop delivered a touching discourse, and the body was then conveyed to the Protestant cemetery.

IT is not necessary to refer in these pages to the debate in the House of Lords on April 12th upon the work and agents of the C.M.S. in West Africa. Lord Derby, on the part of the Government, acknowledged that the Society could not be fairly held responsible for the sad affair that had provoked the discussion; and Lord Cairns, in a most powerful speech, vindicated the Society from the Duke of Somerset's unjust aspersions, as also did Lord Chichester. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had shown special kindness to the Society in this matter, was prepared to defend the Society at length if it should be necessary; but after the previous speeches his few hearty words were sufficient. It is interesting that his maiden speech in Parliament should have been made in behalf of the C.M.S.

THE reports this year from the Niger Mission, sent in by the African Archdeacons, Henry Johnson and Dandeson Crowther, are among the most remarkable that have reached the Society from any part of the world. In the Delta, at Bonny and Brass, where ten years ago the most degraded heathenism and barbarism reigned almost unbroken, there are now 4,000 souls under regular Christian instruction, and at some of the upper stations (the furthest of which is 320 miles from the river) there have been notable conversions in the past year. The Committee are especially sensible of the mercy of God in this mission, which two Native ex-agents of the Mission have lately been brought to justice (and which is referred to above), a field for very manifest manifestations of the power of the Divine Word. Not only were three adult converts baptized there in the year; not only are hundreds attending the Church Services; not only has the king, hitherto hostile, suddenly commanded the observance of Sunday, and arranged a public service at his own court; not only has a leading chief been brought to the offering of human sacrifices at his grave; but the Orthodox Christians have spontaneously visited neighbouring towns to testify to the story of the Gospel, and Archdeacon Johnson, being invited to do so, found 1,500 people waiting to hear him. We shall give good extracts shortly.

SOME interesting letters have been received from the Rev. A. J. Baker, of the Quoquolt (or Kwag-gutl) Mission, established at Fort Rupert, Vancouver's Island, four years ago, but now removed to Alert Bay, some distance off. It has been a most difficult and trying work; but the first baptism of one of that tribe took place on July 20th. He was a young man at Fort Rupert, named Wamis, who had been for some time one of a little band of catechumens. He was attacked by consumption, and finding himself sinking rapidly, asked to be brought to Alert Bay to be baptized and to die. Two days after his admission into the Church he passed away, simply trusting in Christ; the first-fruits of the Holy Spirit, of an abundant harvest of souls from his nation. Mr. Baker now reports the baptism of the second convert, on Jan. 21st.

THE Rev. A. F. Painter, of Travancore, reports a remarkable movement among the Hill Arrians, the people to whom the late Henry Baker carried the Gospel. In one district, 157 adult males gave up their heathen marks at one time, including one of the devil-priests. "I trust," he writes, "that it is indeed the work of the Holy Spirit on the hearts and consciences of these people."

NOTICE.—Several friends having expressed an earnest desire that the GLEANER Examination may not be dropped, we propose holding it in January next, on the same plan as before, in hope that the plan may be taken up in good earnest.

WILL any medical friend send the *Lancet*, after he has done with it, to Rev. John Williams, the excellent Native Medical Missionary at "Dera Ismail Khan, Punjab, India"? The newspaper postage is a penny each four ounces.

RECEIVED.—J. E., 13s.; L. M., 5s.; L. D., 4s.; E. T., 1s.; J. F., 2s. 6d. "Half as Much Again.")

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 5th 6.13 a.m.
F. Qr. 12th 2.42 p.m.

June.

F. M. 20th 4.32 p.m.
L. Qr. 27th 7.38 p.m.

THE WISDOM OF GOD.

- 1 F Where shall wisdom be found? Job 28. 12.
2 S The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way, before His
[works of old, Pro. 8. 22.
3 S 2nd aft. Trin. I was set up from everlasting, Pro. 8. 23.
M. Judg. 4. John 14. E. Judg. 5. or 6. 11. Heb. 10. 1-19.
4 M 1st bapt. at Tokio, 1876. In the wisdom of God, the world by
[wisdom knew not God, 1 Co. 1. 21.
5 T 1st C.M.S. Miss. landed Calcutta, 1816. There is no wisdom nor
[understanding nor counsel against the Lord, Pro. 21. 30.
6 W The only wise God, 1 Ti. 1. 17. [sight wisdom, Ecc. 2. 26.
7 T Gen. Lake d., 1877. God giveth to a man that is good in His
F 'H. Venn' str. entered Niger, 1878. He led them forth by the
8 F He is wise in heart, Job. 9. 4. [right way, Ps. 107. 7.
9 S [hast Thou made them all, Ps. 104. 24.
10 S 3rd aft. Trin. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom
M. 1 Sam. 2. 1-27. John 19. 1-22. E. 1 Sam. 3. or 4. 1-19. Jam. 2.
11 M St. Barnabas. S. Crouther ord., '48. Thou shalt guide me with Thy
12 T He giveth wisdom unto the wise, Dan. 2. 21. [counsel, Ps. 73. 24.
13 W He hath established the world by His wisdom, Jer. 10. 12.
14 T Persia Miss. adopt., '75. I will lead them in paths that they have
15 F Counsel is Mine, and I found wisdom, Pro. 8. 14. [not known, Is. 42. 16.
16 S The foolishness of God is wiser than men, 1 Co. 1. 25.
[very deep, Ps. 92. 5.
17 S 4th aft. Trin. Adjai brought to S. Leone, 1822. Thy thoughts are
M. 1 Sam. 12. Acts 2. 1-22. E. 1 Sam. 13. or Ruth 1. 1 Pet. 2. 11 to 3. 8.
18 M Adm. Prevost at Melakakila, 1878. Let the counsel of the Holy
[One draw nigh, Is. 5. 19.
19 T The Lord of Hosts is wonderful in counsel and excellent in work-
20 W Queen's Accn. By Me kings reign, Pro. 8. 15. [ing, Is. 28. 29.
21 T The Child grew...filled with wisdom, Lu. 2. 40.
22 F Whence hath this Man this wisdom? Matt. 13. 54. [Is. 11. 2.
23 S The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of wisdom,
[wisdom of God, 1 Co. 1. 24.
24 S 5th aft. Trin. St. John Bapt. Christ the power of God, and the
M. 1 Sam. 15. 1-24, or Mai. 3. 1-7. Matt. 3. E. 1 Sam. 16 or 17, or Mai. 4.
[Matt. 14. 1-13.
25 M In Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom, Col. 2. 3.
26 T His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Is. 9. 6. [S. 28.
27 W Ld. Lawrence d., '79. They saw the wisdom of God was in him, 1 K.
28 T How unsearchable are His judgments, Ro. 11. 33. [1 Ch. 22. 12.
29 F St. Peter. Bp. Crouther cons., '64. The Lord give thee wisdom,
30 S O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of
[God! Ro. 11. 33.

THE SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY.



ANOTHER Anniversary has come and gone. Another Annual Report has been presented; and another of the Society's years is already some weeks old. The Report this year began with a bright word. It opened with this sentence—"A joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful." We cannot here give all the facts that justified this expression, and a good many of them have been mentioned in the GLEANER already; but our readers will like to hear a little about the funds.

The Ordinary Income of the year was £200,402. Besides this, £6,087 was contributed to the Extension Fund; various Special Funds brought in £13,385; and there were "extraordinary receipts," from certain sales of property, &c., £5,457. Total, £225,281; besides the £72,193 Stock for China and Japan from Mr. W. C. Jones. The Ordinary Expenditure was £202,128; in addition to which £4,063 was drawn from the Extension Fund, and £9,298 spent in connection with various Special Funds. The Committee point out four grounds of thankfulness to God suggested by an examination of these figures:—

1. The Ordinary Income is nearly £10,000 above that of the previous year. The Local Associations throughout the country have sent up £5,070 more. Brighton, Birmingham, Bristol, Hampstead, Norwich, show particular advance.

2. Comparing the average Ordinary Income ten years ago and now, namely 1869-73 and 1879-83, we find an advance from £149,180 to £192,641. That is, we are receiving now £43,000 a-year more than we did ten years ago.

3. The Reserve Funds, without which the Society's work could not be carried on at all (it would take too much space to explain why here), and which successive deficits had reduced in 1879 to £43,000, have risen in the last four years to £84,000.

4. Outside all these stands the Extension Fund, started in 1880, to which has been contributed, in less than three years, the large sum of £26,211.

All this is indeed encouraging. But we must add that the Expenditure is growing much faster than the Income. It sprang up £12,000 in the past year, and will be much higher again in the current year; and unless there should again be a great advance in the contributions, the Reserve Funds will have to be largely drawn upon. But our readers will ask, What about the "Half as Much Again"? The Report says:—

The Committee are quite unable to ascertain what it has produced. It has unquestionably been responded to by a great number of individuals, whose hearts God has touched; but in probably the large majority of cases there are no means of tracing the response. If a little child puts three-halfpence into its missionary box instead of a penny—as is known to have been done by many—how can that be registered? Nor would that missionary box then give "half as much again" unless every separate contributor did the like. It might be thought that Annual Subscriptions alone, if increased fifty per cent., would effect a large augmentation in the income; yet if every annual subscriber in the kingdom gave "half as much again," the whole increase would not exceed £20,000. The great variety in the sources of income has to be remembered; and to obtain the £300,000 mentioned by the Bishop of Ossory, not only Subscriptions, but Benefactions, Church Collections, Boxes, Cards, Sales of Work, &c., &c., and even Legacies, would have to be "half as much again." Looking at the actual circumstances of the case, therefore, the Committee see no reason for discouragement because the result of Mr. Bickersteth's appeal is not more apparent. They doubt not that the many considerable increases in the returns from Associations are in fact due to it, and that it has been blessed of God to deepen in thousands of hearts a sense of the greatness of the cause and a desire to help it on; and they confidently anticipate that the appeal will continue to exercise a real influence upon the hearts of the Society's friends, the result of which will appear in future years.

A few lines, as usual, about the Anniversary itself. Of Canon Tristram's magnificent sermon at St. Bride's—a sermon certainly not surpassed, if equalled, by any one of the fourteen which the present writer has heard there—we give a brief account on another page; and we will only here add that it was good to see in the vast congregation many hundreds of younger men and women. Gray heads were in a minority at that wonderful Monday evening service. This is a fact full of hope for the Society and its great work.

Exeter Hall seemed, if possible, fuller than ever on Tuesday, and the new Archbishop of Canterbury ascended the platform and took the chair amid immense cheering. He was accompanied by the Earl of Chichester (President), Earl Cairns, the Bishops of Norwich, Gloucester and Bristol, Rochester, Liverpool, Calcutta, Antigua, Saskatchewan, and Bishops Alford and Ryan. His Grace's own speech, which followed the reading of the Report, was an appeal for greater energy in the attack upon the more cultivated sections of heathendom. It was true, he said, that St. Paul had acknowledged that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called"; but, he asked, did not St. Paul long and yearn nevertheless for the souls of the wise and the noble and mighty? and ought we not to try and save them too, as well as the poor and the weak? and do we not want learned and cultivated men, graduates of our Universities, for such a work as that? Nothing could have been more appropriate than what followed. After a short but hearty speech from Lord Cairns, the first missionary to address the meeting was an Oxford graduate, whose special work in India had been to deal with the educated high-caste Hindus, the Rev. A. W. Poole of Masulipatam. No doubt we do need the Archbishop's

reminder that the Brahmin priest and the Buddhist philosopher have souls to be won as well as the uncivilised negro and the simple Red Indian; but Mr. Poole, both in his own person and in his most admirable speech (quite the best speech of the day), showed that the Church Missionary Society has not neglected this higher and harder sphere of work altogether. He described how Robert Noble, forty years ago, gathered the proud Brahmin youths in his college, and taught them patiently day by day; and how from that one college had come some twenty-five converts, influential Hindu gentlemen, besides the wives and families of several of them:—

It was Robert Noble's aim so to reach men of power among the natives that they should be the pillars of the Native Church when he had passed away. In this view it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of these conversions, whose number seems so small. Exactly opposite to the Noble School there stands the Native court-house. The judge, who daily administers impartial justice in the name of the British Government in that court-house, is a converted Brahmin from the School. The magistrate in the adjoining district is another; the minister of the Native congregation and missionary in charge of the district of Masulipatam is another; two of the head-masters of our Anglo-Vernacular schools and seven assistant-masters in those schools are all men brought to the knowledge of God in the Noble High School of Masulipatam. One of them edits the Native Christian magazine. All our translating, writing, teaching, guiding and directing the work of the Native Church, is in the hands of that small but steadfast community. Therefore, I repeat, judging not by their numbers, but by their importance, it is impossible to thank God too much for the blessing which He has vouchsafed to the work of the Noble High School. We find that wherever the district missionary goes, if he meets with a pupil of the School, there he has a friend made ready to hand, if nothing more. And no language of mine can convey to this meeting an idea of the numberless cases which have been brought under our personal notice of secret disciples, of men convinced in heart, but still unable to throw off the shackles of their iron bondage.

Mr. Poole also described his lectures to the high-caste English-speaking Hindus:—

It was our custom in Masulipatam to have Sunday morning lectures on Christianity attended by 200 or 300 intelligent hearers. Of course this provoked opposition, and after my first lecture a Native barrister advertised a rival lecture for the following Saturday. In a clever speech he discarded all "book revelations." The next day (Sunday) his Chairman (a Hindu gentleman, not a Christian) presided for me, and said with much earnestness: "I wish to take this opportunity of saying that I entirely disagree with the lecture of yesterday. Christianity has its Bible, Mohammedanism its Koran, the Hindus their Vedas. It is not for us to say that all are alike false, but to read and search in order to know which is the true revelation of God." He concluded with the wonderfully pathetic and solemn words: "My friends, we devote far too much time to the consideration of things of this life. Let us devote a little more to the things of eternity." At the end of the course of lectures, fifteen or twenty persons were found willing and eager to join a class for the study of God's Word.

After a short speech from the venerable Rev. Sydney Gedge, who spoke with a power wonderful for an octogenarian, and who had known the present Archbishop when he was a schoolboy, the Bishop of Calcutta rose. He had only arrived in England a few days before. In a very animated and animating address, he spoke of what he had himself seen of the Society's work in India, of the Bheel Mission and the Gond Mission, and Tinnevely (especially the Sarah Tucker Institution), and Travancore, and Amritsar, and Peshawar, and Allahabad, and Lucknow. "Thank

you," he exclaimed, "for letting us keep Lucknow!"—all to the proposal three or four years ago to withdraw from the city, and the subsequent resolution to continue the Mission. The Rev. Henry Newton, of Ceylon, is well-known among friends for his capital speeches; and on this occasion he exactly what was wanted—*applied* the lessons of the mission, urging the active promotion of juvenile associations, the holding of quarterly meetings, the circulation of the GLEANER, and this year to get "half as many again" of subscribers. Bishop of Saskatchewan and the Rev. E. Lombe, who were two last speakers, are always welcome and always telling. Lombe delivered a thorough-going "C.M.S." speech, but without illustration after illustration of God's favour to the Society in past years, and calling for more prayer and more work.

The C.M.S. is the only Society that fills Exeter Hall with two very different audiences, on one day. Very few come to both the great meetings; and those who only come to the morning miss a remarkable sight—an assemblage of preachers, workers, Sunday-school teachers, collectors, &c., who attend to see Earls and Bishops, but to hear missionary speeches.

Bishop of Ballarat, who formerly was Samuel Thornton, of Birmingham, was well-known and popular as a speaker, particularly at this time; and he was followed by the Home Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Henry Sutton, who did not read a report, but spoke—a much more attractive manner—at least when he is the speaker. Then came two missionaries, Dr. Downes of Kashgar, the far north of India, and the Rev. W. J. Richards of Tazewell, in the far south: the former telling of seed-sowing but no harvest, and the latter of an abundant harvest, a Native church of 20,000 members. Mr. Morris, an active member of the Committee, and formerly a trader in India, closed with a pressing exhortation to all present to join in more prayer and effort for the great cause.



TATTOOED FACE OF A MAORI CHIEF.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News of Africa," &c.

VI.



THE position of the Church of Christ was foretold by the sacred and loyal poet Hebrews: "As the lily among thorns, so love among the daughters." It does one's heart good to turn from the contemplation of horrors as those recorded in the pages of last month's GLEANER to the story of the holy, faithful, and loving work perseveringly carried on in the very midst of it by our missionaries, those of our Wesleyan brethren. Persecuted indeed they are, "but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

A deep conviction was gaining ground amongst them that direct evangelistic efforts must go before any general attempt to improve the social and moral standing of the people. At this time they established regular prayer-meetings amongst themselves, and from this they dated the first evident tokens of improvement amongst the natives, and the chiefs in particular.

In August, 1823, they were cheered by another visit from Mr. Marsden, bringing with him further helpers, the Rev. Henry Williams, with his wife and family, and Mr. Fairburn, a mechanic. Mr. Henry Williams was one of those good gifts of God to His tried and weary servants, who seem to be sent in the hour of need, as a manifest proof that their work is of God, and that He is able as well as willing to provide the right man for the time and place. He had seen something of the rougher passages of life before his ordination, having been a lieutenant in the Navy. He and his brother, who joined him not long after, had both dedicated themselves to their Heavenly Master with a whole-heartedness which knew how to rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake; and to the needful grace from above they added no common capacity for the difficult parts assigned to them—a cool intrepidity which never flinched in danger, and a practical self-help which commanded the respect of those who could appreciate common sense, though they understood not the value of a Christian life. Of Mrs. Henry Williams, we need only say that she was a true help-meet for such a husband.

She had counted the cost of the stormy lot before her, and her very presence seemed to bring sunshine with it for those under her influence.

Strengthened by these additions to their forces, Mr. Marsden determined to found a new station on the south side of the Bay of Islands, in a beautiful spot at Paihia. About 300 acres of level ground were sheltered by an amphitheatre of wooded and fern-clad hills, whilst a hard sandy beach in front led down to the sea. Three small rocky islands, mantled with foliage, stood near the shore, greatly adding to the beauty of the prospect, while protecting the landing-place from the violence of the waves. Here then they set to work; ranges of houses (made of rushes) were hastily constructed for their own homes, and the protection of their supplies; native labourers were employed to help clear the ground, and fence in enclosures for planting and their cattle; crops were sown, and boys and girls taken into the family for training.

So far, all seemed hopeful, but the new-comers were not to escape the peculiar trials and difficulties which had beset their brethren both at Rangi-hona and Keri-keri. The favourable impression made at first starting upon the natives wore off, and they also began to assume an insolent bearing in their dealings with the white men, and to betray their thieving propensities. Very fond of visiting the station, they seemed to covet whatever they set eyes on, quite apart from the question of whether it would actually be of use to them or not, and the ample folds of the large vests in which they were gracefully enveloped afforded easy concealment of the articles upon which they laid hands. The missionaries soon found they must watch every single visitor unceasingly, from the time he entered their



PROCESS OF TATTOOING, NEW ZEALAND.

premises until he left; and even with all their vigilance, ropes, brooms, tools, knives, blankets, and wearing apparel were constantly disappearing. An iron pot, the pendulum of the clock, part of the stove, and even books and papers were run off with. Miss Tucker somewhat quaintly tells us that, "Two volumes of Milner's 'Church History' met with a fate little anticipated by their writer, of being converted into New Zealand cartridges!"

Want of proper food became a trial at Paihia as it had been elsewhere. There was an abundance of pigs and potatoes all around, but these were only to be had in exchange for ammunition, and at one time the only animal food they could get was American salt beef, absolutely uneatable by any who had not the strongest constitutions. Their turkeys and fowls had all been carried off. At another, they were reduced to a supply of flour several years old, and so musty and offensive that they could scarcely keep it in the house. The produce of their gardens and fields had been wantonly destroyed by the natives. Nor were their goods always quietly removed. On various occasions the neighbouring chiefs came with bodies of armed men to seize all they could get. With loud and angry voices, uttering wild threats as to what they would do if their demand were not complied with, they required admittance, showering furious blows upon the fencing, and often leaping it and forcing their way in, while they brandished their spears and hatchets with savage gesticulations. There was no part of their slight dwelling to which Mrs. Williams and her four helpless little ones could retire for safety. It was then that her husband's dauntless courage and cool self-possession proved, humanly speaking, the protection of his family. He met the invaders unarmed, even with a stick, and after reasoning with and protesting against

their cowardice in thus attacking the defenceless, ordered his workmen, both European and native, to turn them out. His men, like their master, were entirely weaponless, but after some struggle they invariably succeeded in overcoming and getting rid of their invaders.

As this happened on several occasions, Mr. Williams at last determined upon more decisive measures. He sent to the leaders, saying that if the stolen goods were not restored within three days, and a stop put to the marauders, he should not remain at Paihia, but remove to a better neighbourhood. This had the desired effect: the property was restored, and from that time the Mission premises were left comparatively unmolested.

But the difficulty of procuring proper food remained, and needed the adoption of some other remedy. It had long been felt that the possession of a small vessel by the missionary band, which could bring supplies from Port Jackson, and facilitate communication between the stations, would be most desirable. But the Society's money could not be spared for the purchase of such a ship, and to build one without a dock or shipwrights seemed a despairing project. Mr. Williams, however, was not to be daunted. We have said that he had been in the Navy, and that Mr. W. Hall, one of the first brave pioneer band, had some knowledge of ship carpentering. Between these two, assisted by their two mechanics and some native workmen, the keel of their vessel was laid in July, 1824, and after eighteen months' hard labour it was completed, of 55 tons burden; "small enough to run up the many creeks and rivers of the Islands, and large enough to cross the ocean to Port Jackson." One can imagine the interest and excitement of the launching, which took place January 24th, 1826. A thousand natives, in their picturesque costumes, assembled to witness it; the sea seemed alive with numberless canoes, and boats from the whaling ships in the bay, and the little *Herald* herself was gaily decorated with flags. The good missionary's heart beat fast with hope and anxiety as the stays were knocked away, and the object of so many prayers and efforts glided smoothly and beautifully into the water. It seemed a gracious token of future blessing, that as they stood in for Port Jackson, which was their first destination, they met Mr. Marsden on his way to Paihia, with the Rev. W. Williams, our hero's brother both by kinship and in the work. Together they joyfully returned to their station, and arriving on Easter Eve, March 26th, were gladdened the following day by the brightest services and largest congregations that had ever yet rejoiced their hearts.

It is a significant fact, that the *Brompton*, in which Mr. Marsden returned, was unfortunately wrecked by going on the reef which now bears its name. *It sailed on the Sabbath*, which both surprised and alarmed several chiefs who were on board. They said, "You have taught us not to sail our canoes on the sacred day. Your God has ordered the ship to rest, then let it rest; if your God be like the New Zealand god, He will kill the ship; if your ship should die, you must not blame our god for killing it." The kindness of the natives into whose hands they fell, both to the shipwrecked veteran missionary and his companions, was however, overruled of God to the furtherance of the work.

A Hindu Mother's Influence.

THE urgent need of extending missionary work among the women of all classes in India is painfully illustrated in many cases. Of such is the following: An educated Hindu gentleman in good practice at Mirat as a homoeopathic doctor, after being a sincere seeker after truth for ten years, ever since he was a student in the C.M.S. Cathedral Mission College at Calcutta, was at length fully convinced that Christ was the one only Saviour for him, but several times drew back from baptism in consequence of the bitter opposition and distress of his mother. At last, during her absence on a visit, he made up his mind to take up the cross boldly; but the very day before his intended baptism, of which she had heard by telegraph, she came back, and again her lamentations prevailed. But though he yielded, his distress was so great that he gave up his practice, and went right away to Kashmir.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MISSIONARY MEETING.



It was with a beating heart that Sasie Ogilvie made her way to Mr. North's room the following day. Mrs. Caston met her head ominously in reply to Sasie's question as to her lodger was.

"The doctor he's just been, miss, and he don't think of him, I fear. It seems to me, miss, as if he was slowly sinking, no strength, no appetite, no nothing, and he wanders that much that it makes me quite bad. It would be a mercy if he was taken, as I said to my husband this morning. It isn't, you see, miss, as if he'd any near relatives to mourn his loss, but he's just one alone, as you may say; and between me and me, miss, I hope for all of our sakes his illness won't be a long one, for it is almost more than I can manage. Jessie and I have always running in and out to see how he fares, poor old gentleman, what with the shop and my home duties I don't know which way to turn."

"May I see him?" asked Sasie, but even now she half hoped that Mrs. Caston would say he had better be kept quiet, as she dreaded the interference of Mr. North. But Mrs. Caston immediately began to lead the way upstairs, saying, "Come up, by all means, miss; he don't have many people to see. Mr. Lancaster is about the most regular visitor that he has."

The blind was half-way down and the fire low when they entered the room; but when her eyes grew accustomed to the light, she saw an old friend lying with closed eyes on a couch by the window.

"Here's a young lady come to see you, sir—Miss Ogilvie," said Mrs. Caston, bending over him, and then, as his eyes slowly opened, she pointed to the chair for Sasie, and left the room, but Sasie knelt down by the sofa and put her hand on his, without speaking; she felt she could not speak.

Mr. North's eyes roamed over her face, but there was no sign of recognition on his part.

"Too late," thought Sasie, sorrowfully. "I can give him no pleasure now; he does not even know me."

"I am Sasie," she said softly; "Sasie Ogilvie; don't you remember me?"

"Sasie? where have I heard that name? Sasie? ah! but no, it can't be her—too dark a place for her. No sunshine, or birds, or flowers. Then shutting his eyes he murmured—"Birds over the water, Gleaners and flowers,—and souls, did you say? eh, eh, and souls!"

Sasie sat by with trembling lips and dimmed eyes, stroking his hair. Suddenly he opened his eyes again.

"Sasie, did you say? Nay, but the sunshine and the birds, and the pretty hair; it's too dark for that, she can't be here."

A thought struck Sasie. Rising from her seat she softly drew up the blind. The winter sun struggling through the clouds shone down on her bright hair and girlish face as she stood a moment before him.

A strange smile flitted across the old man's face as he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at her.

"Thank God!" he murmured. "It is my little bit of sunshine."

Sasie did not know how long she stayed in that room, but finally he laid him in a quiet sleep, with the bunch of violets which she had brought him in his hand.

The doctor pronounced Mr. North better the following day. He went regularly to see him after this; no trouble seemed too great for her to take for him. Her music and reading societies were no longer her first thought, although she by no means neglected them.

Her family felt the difference.

"The change won't last long," remarked Mildred, laughing, "but you will soon grow weary of reading to old Mr. North every day, just as you get tired of every other hobby; but it is certainly a blessing to the family that she finds more time to be of use than she did." For having found that it was possible to break through the rules she had made for herself as to time, without breaking the rules of her society, she was more at liberty to do what she was wanted for than formerly. In fact her societies fell into their proper places. Old Mr. North

quite unconsciously helping her to think more of others, and to be ready and willing to go out of her way to help them. He was, in fact, giving Sasie her first taste of the great joy of doing kindnesses.

It was pleasant to see the old worn face light up at the sight of her, and to find that after all she was of some use in the world. And though sometimes she felt more inclined to go for a walk with Mildred, or to run in for a chat with Nona, than to spend an hour with the old man, she found it easier day by day to give up her own will and pleasure for his sake.

There was one thing, however, which she could not make up her mind to do, even though she knew how much pleasure it would give him. When Mrs. Venning had broached the subject of the missionary meeting to her, on the afternoon of the day on which Mr. North was taken ill, Sasie had shaken her head playfully, declaring that nothing in the world would induce her to try another. She had been once and did not like it, why should she go again? But here was old Mr. North taking for granted that she was going, and quite looking forward to the day, feeling sure Sasie would be able to tell him all about it.

"Sasie," he said one afternoon, just as she was preparing to leave him, "will you run in after the meeting to tell me about it?"

"It is to-morrow afternoon, is it not?" asked Sasie, in order to avoid answering.

"Yes, at three o'clock. I hope we shall hear that God's work has been prospering."

Sasie was busy buttoning her gloves, and remained silent, hoping that in some way or other she would be able to escape the meeting without disappointing Mr. North.

"You will bring me news how much there is in my missionary box, won't you? Jessie tells me that all the boxes are to be sent into the Rectory to-day. Good-bye, my dear, you will come again soon?"

As Sasie wended her way homewards the missionary meeting engaged her thoughts. Could she possibly get out of going without telling her old friend? But no—he was certain to ask her about it, and she could not tell him anything but the truth. And, after all, was there anything so very dreadful about a missionary meeting that she should not go? It was true that she had felt very sleepy the only time she had been to one, and tired of sitting still for so long, but surely she could bear with that for a short time, if by so doing she would be giving pleasure.

But then how surprised people would be to see her at a missionary meeting. She could imagine the Vennings raising their eyebrows when they heard of it. "Sasie Ogilvie at the missionary meeting!"

But what did it matter if they did?

So reasoned Sasie with herself, and finally decided that she would go, despite her friends' remarks and the probable dullness of the meeting.

Sasie was not sorry when the following day, just as she was about to get ready for the meeting, callers were announced; she did not care about being early, as she wanted to be able to slip in and out as she felt inclined without being noticed, but the visitors having gone, she hurried on her hat and jacket, and set out.

She found that the chairman's address and the reading of the report were over, but that the first speaker had only just commenced.

It must be confessed that for the first few minutes Sasie did not attend to what he was saying, being engaged in looking round the room to see which of her friends were there, and catching sight of Nona's bonnet a few rows in front of her, a great many pleasant thoughts and fancies flitted across her mind. But the missionary, warming with his subject, at last caught her attention. There was something in his words and way of speaking that interested her—something in the history of his zealous and persevering labours under the countless discouragements he had had to undergo that sent a thrill of admiration through her, and convinced her that this brave soldier in God's army believed in and loved his Captain with his whole heart. His post was no easy one to fill, and seeing so little apparent result of his labours would have disheartened many a weaker man; but his faith in God and his intense love for souls supported him, and he spoke with an enthusiasm that found its echo in Sasie's heart.

The close of this speech was unheard by Sasie. Her heart was filled with a great longing to know and love this brave servant's Master. How could she find Him? who would tell her about Him? Before the second

address commenced Sasie slipped out, and slowly wended her way homewards. How she longed for help! Should she go round by Nona's house to wait there till she returned, and ask her advice?

But no, her very love for Nona made her feel a little shy of her. The thought of old Mr. North crossed her mind. Could he help her? Sasie felt intuitively that he would at least understand and sympathize with her, so she turned in the direction of Mrs. Caston's house.

CONVERSIONS IN CEYLON.



It has pleased God during the past year to call out to the faith and service no less than eight young students of Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon. Of five of these, we came out nearly together just at the close of the year, 1896. The Principal, the Rev. J. G. Garrett, writes:—

The whole five boys are the ones I would have pointed out as the least likely to be influenced of all our flock. The wildest of all was made a chief instrument in leading two of the others to confess the name of Jesus; after first being seized by the hair, and getting twelve black wounds from his father's stick on the back, for "disgracing him and his people and his nation by forsaking Buddhism." And strange to say the father's anger was in the first instance roused and kindled against him by the very two of his class-fellows who afterwards were won by his holy conversion. The other two, making up the five, were the very head boys in our College class. Their conversion has caused a good deal of surprise among their friends, their fathers being in each case most determined Buddhists in their own districts, very distant parts of the island from here. Of one of them, I read in a local paper a few days ago, that at a large meeting near his father's village, where he had gone for the holidays, "he boldly confessed and declared to his kith and kin what the Lord had done for his soul. The thrilling account of his conversion, and his earnest appeal to the audience, were listened to with rapt attention. The young man is subject at present to his father's frown, which means to him heavy worldly loss; but he has learned to deny the world for Christ's sake."

The Rev. E. M. Griffiths, of Jaffna, in the extreme north of the island, writes of the conversion of two Tamil gentlemen of good position, one of them being an official in the local court, and the other having been the hereditary manager of a famous Hindu temple. Both have had to undergo severe domestic persecution for Christ's sake. Of the latter he writes:—

He attributes his conversion to early impressions of the truth, received in the Mission School some thirty years ago, and to these impressions being revived by the persevering and prayerful efforts of the catechist. He had the opposition of his wife and a large circle of heathen friends to withstand. The catechist visited him frequently during this struggle, and he often found him quietly reading his Bible in solitude. A public ceremony was performed in the temple over which he was manager only a few days after his conversion. On missing him from the temple for the first time his relatives were very angry. The wife kept at home, and wept as one who had lost her husband. Devil-dancers, on the other hand, uttered curses, and predicted an ill-fate to him within a certain time. But thanks be to God, no attempts of whatever kind on the part of the great adversary moved him from the faith. He was enabled with great fortitude and patience to endure the trial. All this has had a good effect upon the wife. She acknowledges the wonderful power of the Word of God, and though a bitter enemy a few months ago, she will now calmly listen to the Scriptures being read by her husband; and a short time ago, when the colporteur was passing with books, she bought a copy of St. John's Gospel for her servant, that by reading it he might become like his master, "as good as her husband."

"Gospel Trophies."

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—In the interesting account, under the above heading, of "Old Asirvatham, of Surandai," in the May number of the GLEANER, there is one slight inaccuracy, which you will, perhaps, kindly allow me to rectify. It is quite correct that he was prepared for baptism by the late Rev. David Fenn, but he was actually baptized by myself, shortly after I had assumed temporary charge of the mission district of Surandai, in the year 1866. I always regarded him as a sincere and humble-minded Christian; and need hardly add that I rejoice to hear, on the testimony of the Rev. Sivineshamuttu Swamidasen, that the end of this good man's life was thoroughly in accordance with the beginning of his Christian career.

H. DIXON,

Assistant Chaplain, Lock Hospital,
and former Missionary in Tinnevely.

CANON TRISTRAM.



OUR readers will be glad to have a portrait of the well-known and much-respected clergyman who preached the Church Missionary Sermon at St. Bride's this year. The roll of preachers of that Annual Sermon for the last eighty-three years contains some of the noblest names in the modern history of the Church of England—T. Scott, Simeon, Cecil, Venn, Legh Richmond, Cunningham, Bickersteth, Professor Scholefield, Close, Stowell, McNeile, C. Bridges, Champneys, Miller; Bishops Corrie, D. Wilson, Sumner, Blomfield, Pelham, Villiers, Tait, Longley, Waldegrave, Baring, and many others still living; and the present Bishop of Rochester, three or four years ago, said that to occupy St. Bride's pulpit on that occasion was "one of the greatest honours that can be put on a clergyman." But perhaps not one of that long succession of good men (unless we except E. Bickersteth) has done more hard personal and practical work for the Society than the preacher of this year. For seventeen years Canon Tristram has held the office of Association Secretary for the counties of Durham and Northumberland; and in that time the annual contributions from those two counties have risen from about £2,400 to about £4,400. Notwithstanding the many calls upon the time of a man holding so leading a position both in Church movements of all kinds in the North of England, and in scientific and literary circles—notwithstanding his occupations as a Canon of Durham, as a member of Convocation, as a popular scientific lecturer, as a voluminous author, and upon scores of Committees—Dr. Tristram has contrived year by year to preach almost as many sermons and attend almost as many meetings on behalf of the C.M.S. as might have been expected from him if all his time had been engaged for it; while his hospitable house under the shadow of the great cathedral has been the headquarters whence missionaries and deputations innumerable have gone forth day after day to advocate the missionary cause in the towns and villages of the County of Durham.

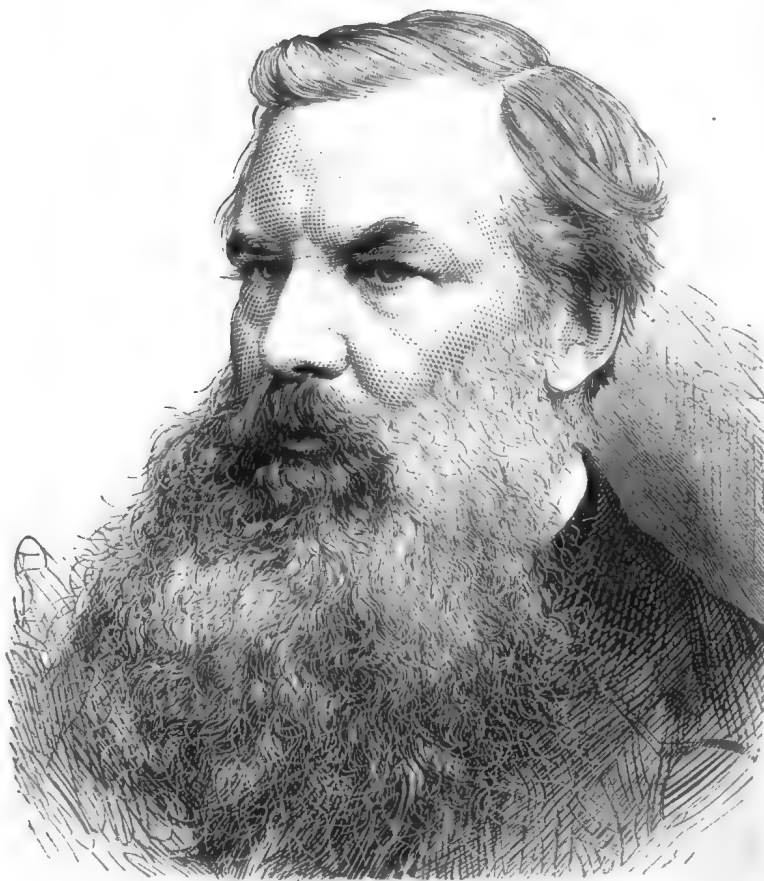
In one respect Canon Tristram has done unique service. His intimate knowledge of the Holy Land has made him the chief authority in England upon Missions there and in the East generally; and his influence has done much to help forward the large extension of the C.M.S. Palestine Mission in recent years. If he had seen his way to accept the Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem, offered him by Lord Beaconsfield four years ago,

great results might have been hoped for from his energetic labours; but the Society would have lost one of its most untiring workers at home.

Dr. Tristram's C.M.S. sermon on April 30th was one of power and eloquence. The text was 2 Kings iii. 16, 17—"The Lord saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches. For thus saith the Lord, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain in that valley shall be filled with water." He pictured the valleys of Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Brahmanism, &c., with no water in them—no living water for the soul's thirst. There we are to "dig ditches," to prepare the way of the Lord, and although we may see no signs of the "wind" and "rain" that shall fill them, they surely shall, in God's own time, overflow with the water of life. We give one passage from

sermon below; but hope our readers will read it in the Annual Report.

The portrait we gave was an admirable one when it was engraved three years ago. It hardly does justice to the "hoary head" that appeared at St. Bride's; in other respects it is excellent.



THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S.,
Canon of Durham, and Hon. Association Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

ISLAM AND THE C.M.S.



ISLAM is a religion of Mohammedans. Church

Missionary Society comes in contact with it in its African Mission fields, Sierra Leone, Yorubaland, Niger, East Africa, Nubia, Egypt; in Palestine and Persia; in its great Indian fields, North, South, West, and Punjab; and even in Ceylon and Mauritius. On the opposite page you see one of the most familiar sights in Mohammedan cities, the muezzin's call to prayer at the regular "prayer

hours." It is a call to worship Allah. The missionary also calls the Moslem to worship; but it is to worship God in Christ—Father, Son, and Spirit—Three Persons in One God. "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." "Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

We would call attention to the following passages from the Annual Sermon and Annual Report, about Islam and the C.M.S.

The Dry Valleys of Mohammedanism.

(From Canon Tristram's Sermon at St. Bride's, April 30th, 1899. See above.)

We go to the Mohammedan world, to those mighty valleys with which the old Eastern world is scored and stamed—valleys where overflowed a stream of the water of life, but now only furrowed by the ancient



IN A MOSLEM CITY: THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYER.

courses of a degenerate and then desiccated Christianity. . . . It is the fashion among some of the wise of this world to prophesy the regeneration of Islam. *We* cannot descry the signs of that coming dawn. The system appeals to nothing spiritual in man's nature. There is not a word of God's holiness, or of His hatred of sin. There is no idea of man's sinful state by nature, nor of the guilt of sin, *per se*. It has no quarrel with human nature as it is, and it makes no demand for an inward regeneration. It prescribes a very lenient morality; its ritual exercises the body rather than the mind, the memory rather than the soul. The rewards of its paradise are of the earth, earthy, sensuous and sensual. There is nothing here to reform. There is no sign of a hidden life in these desiccated wadies; there is not even a straggling palm-tree here and there, which has struck its roots deep enough to find a hidden moisture, enabling it to retain life in the midst of the wilderness of death. There is no hope of success in striking an artesian well, which shall reach some hidden source of spiritual Moslem life, and regenerate the surface. There is no recuperative power in a decaying creed which touches neither heart nor conscience, which awakes no sense of sin or yearning after holiness, which does not even touch the intellect, for its devotion is simply mechanical. If it had, however obscured or hidden by vain traditions, like the old Churches of the East, a Saviour and a Redeemer, whose promises and words might be exhumed from amidst a mass of corruption, there might be regeneration. But it has nothing to offer the awakened or anxious soul. The mystic Sufi seeks rest in vain, for out of Christ he cannot find it. The valley is dry—nor well nor stream is there. "Make this valley full of ditches"—"prepare ye the way of the Lord"—"and in the morning it shall be filled with water."

But it is not yet morning. For twelve hundred years Christendom never touched the Moslem. No trench was ever dug in that dry valley. The crusader met him with his own weapons, and *he* failed. And yet we in this century have hardly scratched the surface. Still some big drops have fallen, presage of the coming waters. From Abdul Ma'ih—the fruit of Henry Martyn's labours, the first Moslem convert, ordained fifty years ago, and our first native Missionary—to the Imad-ud-Din and Ahmed Tewfik of to-day, Christ has given to His Church souls for her hire, snatched from the death of Islam.

And to the lands of the Crescent, though late in the world's history, though the shades of evening be coming on, the Church Missionary Society now goes, not like some guerilla band, to devastate a country she has no intention of occupying, but, like Isaac and Israel, to sink the wells of permanent settlement.

In no less than five of these dry lands has she begun to dig—in Palestine, in India, in Africa, at last in Persia, and now once more in Egypt. Has not the Lord summoned us? In Palestine we have to win back the very earliest of the conquests of Islam, and we have to dig in the face of enemies with our sword girded on our side. Yet even here the water begins to flow. The first difficulties have been overcome. Prejudice has so far yielded that the Word is listened to, the scriptural school is no longer under a ban; and when an attentive ear has been gained, the ground is ready for the reception of the seed. Still we labour under a hostile rule.

Egypt calls us once more. In its present circumstances, and with the flag of England unfurled there, where rings out more clearly the command to *occupy*, emphasized by the pledge that "Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God"? May the veteran and the neophyte who have just entered on the pioneer work be but the first in a long and rapidly expanding list of the toilers who shall make the highway to the Eastern world an highway for our God!

Work in the Mohammedan Lands.

(From the Society's Annual Report.)

The Committee feel that a peculiar responsibility rests upon the Church Missionary Society to care for the Mohammedan population of the globe. That section of the human race answers in a special sense to the phrase "*the East*," which forms part of the Society's full title. And while it is painfully true that the Church of Christ has done little indeed for the evangelization of the Moslem world, it is not less true that the C.M.S. is at the present time more largely engaged in that work than any other society—probably more than all other societies together. It is a work of exceptional difficulty, a work calling for very special faith and patience. Even in India, where religious liberty is secured by British rule, the Moslem population have proved the hardest to reach, although it has pleased God to gather from among them many eminent converts, and in the past year to vouchsafe conspicuous blessing to the efforts put forth for their salvation, as will appear presently. But in countries where Islam is the state religion, as in the Turkish Empire and Persia, the profession of Christianity by a Mohammedan involves him in peril of his life, and conversions have been few and far between. Nevertheless, the Committee feel it to be their solemn duty to hold up the banner of Christ even in lands like these. In this conviction they have much developed the Society's Palestine Mission in recent years; they have supported Dr. Bruce in his courageous enterprise in Persia; and they have in the past year essayed, in dependence on the guidance and protection of the Most High

the occupation of Bagdad and of Egypt. They accept it as a token of good that Mr. Klein has been joined, since his arrival at Cairo, by a remarkable Turkish convert whom God graciously gave to the Society. Constantinople Mission even after it was formally closed, the distinguished Ulema, John Ahmed Tewfik; and they earnestly pray that the Lord will give him favour in the eyes of his former co-religionists.

Some Mohammedan Converts in India.

(From the Society's Annual Report.)

In the past year there have been signal instances of the power of the Gospel upon Mohammedans. In Krishnagar a profound sensation has been created by the baptism of four Moslems, who have had to undergo much suffering, the house of one being set on fire, and the wife of another cast off. At Bombay, Mr. Deimler has twelve under instruction for baptism, and he has besides baptized one young man from Aurangabad, sent him by the Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji. This convert's father and uncle are maulvis in the Government service, and he has forsaken home and friends to follow Christ. A learned Persian munshi, at Allahabad, after repeatedly rejecting the approaches of a Christian maulvi there, was found by him one day weeping, and on being asked why, replied, "my sins," and pointed to a Persian New Testament which had been sent him with him as the source of his knowledge of his sins. He was baptized on Christmas Day.

THE MISSIONARY'S MOTTO.

An ox standing between a plough and an altar, with the words underneath, "Ready for either!"

READY to fight for Jesus,
If the trumpet call resounds,
And the rallying hosts of evil
Fill earth's great battle grounds.
Ready to raise His banner
'Mid the foe's fiercest din,
Or ready to die in His service
If Death win the day for Him!

Ready to speak for Jesus,
If He needs a human tongue
To tell out the wondrous story
That from age to age has rung:
With never a thought of laurel,
And never a hope of gain;
Content to be just an echo
Of His matchless love to men.

Ready to work for Jesus,
If work be His will for me,
By swift and loving service
Proving my loyalty;
Stooping to lift a burden,
Or offering sympathy,
Thankful to share with angels
Earth's happy ministry.

And ready to sit down silent,
To lie at His wounded feet,
If service and speech be denied,
By His will supremely sweet
Ready to suffer for Jesus,
If suffering bring Him praise,
If He may but win fresh glory
Thro' my weary, weary days.

Ready to give to Jesus
My life, my love, my all!
If my heart, alert and eager,
Hear His sweet constraining
Never a thing withholding
That He stoops to ask of me
Giving my choicest treasures
With a glad heart, willingly.

Ready to wait for Jesus,
If He wills to tarry long,
Whiling away the watch-night
With soft and heaven-born
Watching each pale star wane
Ere the golden glory-dawn
Floods earth and sky with brightness
And crowns Christ's coming King.

EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOL

LISTEN!

True Stories from Fuh-Chow.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

IV.



FROM that courtyard we went into another smaller and more dismal, until the shade of evening told us it was time to return to the house and prepare for our evening classes. As we were passing a few houses, an old woman ran out and begged us to go in and see her daughter-in-law very ill. We knew nothing of medicine, and therefore it was no for us to go. "Oh! do come," she pleaded, and we went. We passed a mere passage of a room, evidently the living room, into the tiniest bedroom I was ever in. There was hardly standing-room for four people, yet the inmates crowded in, and we were packed together, inhaling each other's breath, and getting any amount of vermin on us. This we accepted as inevitable, and inquired the nature of the young woman's sickness. Poor frail thing had only been married about six months, and lay dying of

sumption, we thought. As we could do nothing but recommend a foreign doctor, we left after a few words with the sick one, promising to send for a doctor at once. We returned home and wrote for a physician; it was rather late when the doctor came, and we went together. The people had given up watching for our return, and when we got into this room there were six men and women sleeping there! and the atmosphere perfectly dense with poisoned air. The doctor said at once the invalid must be removed early next day to the hospital, and privately informed me that the case was a very doubtful one. Early next morning, before commencing school duties, I ran over to the house to make the necessary arrangements; and in the afternoon, when school was finished, I went to the hospital and found the woman very exhausted. She remained there for about ten days; and the husband, on learning that his wife could not get better, wished her to return home with him. Poor woman, she wanted to get well; she seemed to cling tenaciously to this life, and eagerly listened when I told her of an everlasting life she might enjoy by trusting Jesus. She was taken back to the tiny bedroom and died in a few days.

It is in such wretched hovels as these that infanticide is kept up so extensively. It has been quite a common answer, when I have asked a mother how many children she has destroyed, "No children" (meaning boys), "but three girls," or "four," as the case has been. The Chinese are very much interested in the fact that girls are valued in England quite as much and, by some parents, even more than boys. My teacher was one day reading the book of Exodus with me, and while reading the first chapter said the translators had made a great mistake. I compared my English version with the Chinese, but failed to detect the mistake. "Why, do you not hear," he said, "they ordered the boys to be drowned?" "Yes," I answered. "It could not have been boys, they must have meant girls," he continued. "Oh no," I said, "it is correct according to this book." But he would not be convinced—either the translators were wrong, or the people in those days very idiotic. I saw some little bones lying on the hillside bleaching in the sun one day; some women were near, and I began conversing with them about the cruelty of the act. They could not see it as I did. If the girls were allowed to live they had not food enough for them. "But," I argued, "if they had been boys food would have been forthcoming." "Oh yes," they admitted that, "because boys would always have to provide for their mothers, while girls would be betrothed into another family and never repay the money spent on their food and clothing." There is filial piety taught to children, and they are bound by law to practise it, but I saw very little natural affection among the heathen. When the people become converted they are entirely changed in this respect; not only do they save the lives of all their little ones, no matter how poor they may be, but they love them and cherish them. I have known rich Chinese drown their little ones, and educated people care as little for their offspring as the poor. Yes, Christianity is the "one thing needful" for China.

This has been rather a dark and gloomy picture, yet even it has its encouraging aspects. Take the Light of Life into these darkened cells day after day. Some will be taught of the Holy Spirit to accept God's gracious invitation. And then the change. Poor in this world they may be, but rich in faith, sorely tried faith, and therefore all the more precious. Now will not some of the readers of the GLEANER answer the Master's "Who will go?" with "Send me"? And you who abide by the stuff at home, surrounded with cleanliness and friends, if not ease and comfort, will you not give of your substance? Give your all to Jesus. Let Him be the Master, and use these worldly possessions, which He has placed at your disposal, as He pleases. Jesus is coming very soon, and these vessels of "gold, silver, and copper" will be of no use then! M. Fagg.

SIX SHILLINGS TURNED INTO SIX POUNDS.

IN the month of November of last year an Annual Meeting was held in the Central Schoolroom of a mother parish in Yorkshire. After the opening hymn and prayer, the local Secretary was called upon to read the report for the past year. Among the sums contributed was an item of six shillings from a poor village, a detached district of the mother parish over which a curate had recently been appointed to labour. Towards the close of the meeting this said curate was called upon to speak, and in doing so took occasion to allude to the small sum of six shillings contributed by his district; and remarked that although the people were poor and he had laboured but a short time amongst them, yet he was so sanguine of their self-denying generosity and zeal in the cause, that if a deputation could be sent to their mission room to preach sermons, and hold a meeting, and thus awaken an interest in the Society's work, the six shillings would be turned into six pounds for the ensuing year. This was done accordingly. Sermons were preached, collections made, missionary boxes sent out, and subscriptions sought for; and the result has been six pounds and a little over.

It is worthy of notice that these hard-working people have been struggling with a debt upon their mission rooms for the past eighteen months, and have made many praiseworthy efforts to remove it, yet notwithstanding their debt they willingly denied themselves for the Church Missionary Society the moment their interest was awakened; and they are resolved to do even still more in the future. Does not this show that where zeal and enthusiasm is put into the work how much can be accomplished even in places comparatively insignificant? E. G. F.

GLIMPSES OF MISSIONARY WORK IN PALESTINE.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. W. ALLAN.

[The Rev. W. Allan, Vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey, is an active member of the C.M.S. Committee. He has been visiting Palestine, and the following extracts from his letters to the Society are wonderfully interesting and encouraging.]

JAFFA, March 15th, 1883.



HAVE inspected the work at Jaffa, Ramleh, Lydd, and Abud, and I cannot tell you how pleased and surprised, how delighted, I am with almost all that I have seen. I am perfectly amazed at the amount of scriptural knowledge, both on the text and doctrines of the Bible, which the children possess, and which far surpasses anything that I have ever met with in any school in England. In spite of the excellent reports which the children of my own national schools at Bermondsey obtain year by year from the Inspector, they would be nowhere in a competition with the boys of Ramleh and Lydd. I imagine that the Committee have as little idea as I had of the intimate acquaintance which the children have already acquired of the Bible, Catechism, Articles, &c., and of the extent to which they are committing them to memory. At Ramleh, a Mohammedan boy gave a most graphic description of the history of Sisera, Deborah, and Barak; and another, also a Mohammedan, of the history of Samson; sometimes quoting the very words of Scripture, and at others using their own, accompanied by natural gestures, indicating how fully they were entering into the subject, and drawing forth by their animated style occasional smiles from their teacher and school-fellows.

In every school they seemed to understand the way of salvation clearly, and only to need the Spirit's quickening grace to make the Word effectual. It seemed to me as if, so far, the Native teachers had done their part of the work, and as if what remained to be accomplished depended almost as much upon us at home as upon those in the field, I mean fervent intercession for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

Another feature which has struck me powerfully, is the close attention with which all, children and adults, listen to the religious instruction given them. In all the schools, but more especially in Abud, which has been less favoured than the others, inasmuch as there had been no school of any kind in the place until three years ago, the zest with which they listened to what was said, and answered the questions put, and the sparkling eyes and animated countenances with which they drank it all in, were most touching, and almost made me weep with joy. No fewer than seven of the fathers of the children came into the Abud school, and squatted in a row against the wall listening with interest to the proceedings.

GAZA, March 17th.

Speaking generally, about one-fourth of those who attend the schools, services, and mothers' meeting are Moslems. To these Gaza is a notable exception, for there all the sixty who attend the mothers' meeting, on Monday for Bible reading, and on Wednesday for sewing, are Moslems.

I was present at this meeting. A panic had arisen, as it often does



THE VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

among them, owing to a report having been spread that a person (myself) had come to take them to England, which they would be killed, so that the attendance was less than usual; still there were over thirty, and they entered with lively interest into the estimated and fluent explanation of Scripture given by Mr. Schapira's admirable, amiable and lady-like worker, Mr. Jokander. I visited each of the four schools, finding altogether 137 scholars present, sixty-three of whom were Moslems. The scholars repeated in English the hymn, "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," and sang in Arabic, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

JERUSALEM, March 2

On Easter-day there was an excellent congregation of thirty-eight communicants. I have inspected the Orphanage and Præparandi Institution, and catechised the scholars and young men. I could find little or nothing to criticise, and much to admire—I was in the arrangements for the two institutions, and in the wonderful acquirements of the pupils.

More than half the children in the Orphanage seemed only able to speak and understand Arabic, but to think in English. They poured forth with almost great volubility the copious stores of knowledge on all portions of Scripture and all the doctrines of Christianity, even when catechised on the Epistle to the Galatians. I never before in any school in my life saw in any examination, such amount of head-knowledge exhibited. Still there were traces of their answers having been all learned by rote, I proceeded to question them cross-question them, and the result showed that they had a considerable amount of intelligent acquaintance with the meaning of what they had been saying, though so much as appeared on the surface. I am speaking of the examination in English; must be remembered, of the examination in Arabic; they were questioned in Arabic, they appeared to answer in a different language altogether,—I mean with perfect comprehension of the meaning of what they were talking about.

In the Præparandi Institution instruction is chiefly conducted in Arabic, but as all the students know English, I was able to examine them also, and the result was satisfactory.

THE "HENRY WRIGHT" STEAMER.



We are now able to give a sketch, as promised, of the Mission Steamer *Henry Wright*, the launch of which, on March 10th, has been already mentioned in the *GLEANER*, and which sailed for East Africa on May 5th. On the day before she started, a small party of friends, including Mrs. Wright and some of her family, assembled on board, in the East India Docks, and held a little prayer-meeting to dedicate the ship to the service of God, and to pray for His gracious care of her on the voyage out, and in years to come upon the African coast. One interesting circumstance was that all the C.M.S. African Missions were represented in the little gathering:—Sierra Leone by the Rev. J. Hamilton, Yoruba and Niger by the Rev. J. B. Wood, Frere Town by Mr. Handford, the Nyanza Mission by Mr. Copplestone and Mrs. Hannington; while Mauritius and the former C.M.S. Mission in Madagascar had their representative also in the Rev. T. Campbell.

The following is a technical description of the steamer:—

Dimensions: length between perpendiculars, 80 feet; breadth, extreme, 16 feet; depth in hold, 8 feet 6 inches; draft of water, 7 feet 3 inches. The vessel is composite-built, having iron frames and wood planking, principally of teak, the whole being secured with gun-metal bolts. The bottom is sheathed with pure copper. She has a teak deck, and all the wood-work above water is of that material, to stand the heat of a tropical climate. She is divided into four watertight compartments—the foremost one in case of collision, the next for accommodation of crew (consisting of seven natives and two Europeans); abaft this the machinery and coal; the after compartment being fitted for the accommodation of two ladies in a cabin, also a captain's cabin and a saloon. She will be rigged as a schooner.

We think the readers of the *GLEANER* will like to have Sir John Kennaway's speech at the launch on March 10, which we were unable to give in our April number. He said—

I have been requested to give an address on this occasion, but my words must necessarily be few. First because, as you know, tide waits for no man, and next because it would be cruel to detain you under these snowy skies, exposed to blasts that certainly seem to come straight "from Greenland's icy mountains." And indeed it would seem almost unnecessary that anything should be said to-day, when the memories of him whose name that vessel is to bear are so tender and so deep in our hearts, and when we see everywhere in the Missions the fruits of his labours and the evidences of his thoughtful care. But along with all this, the tide of human life runs so fast, and the press of daily work is so absorbing, that it may be well but for a few moments to carry our thoughts back to that sad August day when the Form of the Master came walking over the waters of Coniston Lake, to call to Himself the servant who was spending and being spent in His blessed service. What Henry Wright was to those who knew and loved Him—to the Church Missionary Society—to the cause of Christ and His Church throughout the world—we can in

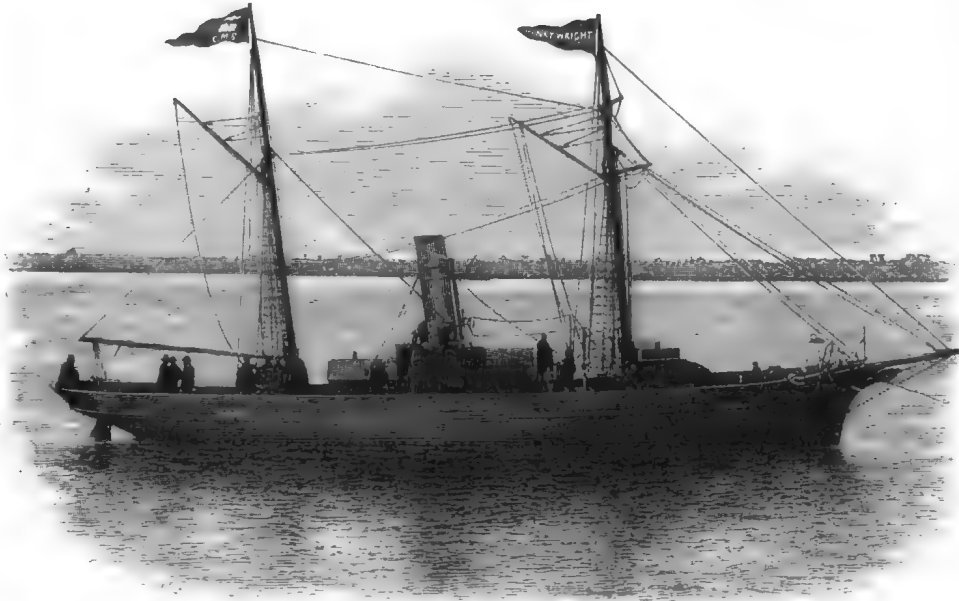
some degree appreciate. What he was in that true simplicity and gentleness of character which he combined with faithful adherence to the truth, and with a power of saying the right thing and doing it, which, as has been remarked before, amounted almost to genius, I shall not here attempt to portray. It must be our care, each of us, to keep alive those sacred memories as an example and an encouragement, to ourselves and to those who shall come after us, to walk as he walked, to work as he worked, and to follow him even as he followed Christ.

It was said on one of the greatest occasions of antiquity, "The illustrious dead have the whole world for their resting-place," and certainly, wherever the Gospel is preached by the agency of the Church Missionary Society throughout the whole world, there the memory of Henry Wright will be always honoured and beloved; but his friends could hardly be satisfied without giving practical expression to their sense of the loss they had sustained, by some tribute of remembrance and affection which should have for its object the active promotion of missionary work. What form their offering should take, and what should be the sphere of its operation, were felt to be questions to be decided by what might be judged to have been his desire. Queen Mary it was who said that when she died "Calais" would be found engraved on her heart; and so we might say it was with Henry Wright in regard to Africa. Africa had been the first object of Church Missionary effort, and to Africa attention was again chiefly directed during the time of his secretariat. In old days it was the West Coast where the work was carried on. Now the discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley, and the increased activity of our cruisers, had turned men's

thoughts to the East Coast. There was the call to Uganda, and the opportunities offered by the settlement of liberated slaves at Frere Town. We all know what has been done there; at what a cost of life the seed has been sown; how in spite of this—yea, rather, how in consequence of it—the fruit is beginning to show; and here then seemed to be the fittest sphere for the memorial of him to whose inception and to whose liberality the work was so largely due. But what as to the form to be taken? There was this to guide us. It was known that he would not have wished an accumulation of hoarded treasure, but something

which in its entirety should be giving effect and impetus to the carrying on of the work to which he gave his life. The *Highland Lassie* which Shergold Smith took out to the East Coast in 1876 was the gift of Henry Wright and his family, but the *Highland Lassie* is no longer sufficient for the work, and so the idea was taken up and began to grow which has found expression in that form of beauty about to spring into life which we see before us to-day, and which we hope would best have satisfied his wishes and his prayers as a means to the great end that "Africa may be won to Christ."

The steamer has cost £5,550, which has all been raised by special gifts, but the Society will have to expend £1,250 in placing her, fully fitted up, at Zanzibar. Of the £5,550 a large part has come in small sums from all parts of the country, and indeed of the world. Sunday-school children, widows, domestic servants, and persons entirely anonymous, have poured in their willing and loving contributions. Will they now pray for the vessel they have helped to provide, that she may be "sanctified, and meet for the Master's use"?



THE "HENRY WRIGHT" MEMORIAL STEAMER, FOR THE C.M.S. EAST AFRICAN MISSIONS.

THE MONTH.

AN account of the Society's Anniversary appears on another page. Here it may be added that at the Clerical Breakfast which precedes the morning meeting, an impressive address was given by Canon Bell.

ON May 2nd, the morning after the Anniversary, the Rev. F. E. Wigram entertained at breakfast, at Freemasons' Hall, 240 of the Honorary District Secretaries, members of Committee, &c. After breakfast, a very able address was given by the Rev. W. H. Barlow, partly an exposition of Rev. iii. 7-13, and partly dealing with the practical duties of an Hon. District Secretary. The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth and Sir John Kennaway also addressed the meeting.

THE Bishops of Newcastle, Llandaff, and Truro have accepted the office of Vice-President of the Society. The Committee have also appointed as Vice-Presidents the Bishops of Sierra Leone and Tasmania, the Earl of Harrowby, Sir Bartle Frere, G.C.S.I., and George Arbuthnot, Esq.

To fill six vacancies in the list of One Hundred Honorary Governors of the Society for Life the Committee have nominated the following:—The Rev. Canon Tristram, Honorary Association Secretary for the Northern District; the Rev. W. Doyle, and G. F. Watts, Esq., Hon. Secretaries of the Manchester Auxiliary; Hugh Evans, Esq., Treasurer of the Liverpool Auxiliary; R. C. Hankinson, Esq., President of the Southampton Auxiliary; and Colonel Channer, for many years a member of the Committee.

THE Rev. E. H. Bickersteth has written another earnest letter on the need of "Half as Much Again," and of "Half as *Many* Again," i.e., of workers for the Missionary cause both at home and abroad. He suggests a "Nine Days' Mission" in various great towns, similar to those now so common for evangelistic purposes, but with the object of systematically setting before the people the claims of the foreign Mission field and the work done there. We earnestly hope that some zealous friends will try this plan, and thus set a pattern for others to follow.

THE usual Day of Intercession service for the C.M.S. Committee and friends was held at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, as announced, on May 8th. The Rev. W. Martin (Rector) and the Rev. F. E. Wigram officiated; and the sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Richardson, on the words, "That your love may abound yet more and more" (Phil. i. 9).

SEVEN Islington students will (D.V.) have been ordained before this number appears, on Trinity Sunday, viz.:—Messrs. J. W. Handford (of East Africa), Tom Harding, Arthur W. Cotton, Thos. Holden, Milnes N. S. Atkinson, John B. Panes, and John W. Tims. All these except Mr. Atkinson, and also Mr. S. Ledward (whose health, we regret to say, prevents his ordination), competed in the Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Theological Examination; and all passed, Mr. Ledward and Mr. Panes in the 1st class, the other five in the 2nd class, and none in the 3rd.

THE Rev. A. R. Cavalier, late of the Tamil Cooly Mission, Ceylon, who has been acting for two or three years, while at home, as Organising Secretary of the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, is about to return to the mission field, and has been appointed to Tinnevely, to work with Bishop Sargent.

THE Society has lost one of its oldest and staunchest friends by the death of the Rev. G. Lea, of Edgbaston, Birmingham. For half a century he had (with Mrs. Lea) laboured devotedly in its cause. He became Hon. Sec. of the Birmingham Auxiliary in 1860, and was appointed an Hon. Life Governor of the Society in 1868.

Two former C.M.S. missionaries have entered into the rest in the past few weeks, the Rev. John Harding, D.D., Vicar of Martin, Salisbury, who was at Allepie, Travancore, from 1848 to 1854; and Mr. J. Stack, who was in New Zealand from 1833 to 1847.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mrs. J. T. Last, of Mamboia, Eastern Central Africa. She received a sunstroke on Feb. 4th, while visiting the villages and talking with the women, and died on March 10th. She will be remembered as the first Englishwoman to

reside so far in the interior of East Africa; and she had been successful in winning the affections of the people. The loss to Mission is great, as well as to the bereaved husband. Dr. Barter writes: "She died in harness; and when her dark sisters think of their 'withered mother,' they will be reminded of the heavenly home of which she longed to speak, and whither she has gone; and thus thinking of her, grant that they may be led to long to follow her."

LETTERS have been received from the south end of the Victoria Nyanza to Feb. 14th. Mr. Hannington had been very ill again, and at last, to his deep regret, had felt it right to start homeward. Mr. Gordon was at Kagei, and Mr. Ashe and Mr. Wise at Mealala (west of Jorua Nullah), but the two latter were about to move also to Kagei, and Mr. Ashe proposed crossing the Lake to Uganda. Mr. Stokes and Mr. Coplestone have arrived in England.

BISHOP INGHAM landed at Sierra Leone on March 17th, and was most kindly received by Governor Havelock at Government House. Bishop writes:—"Mrs. Ingham and I are agreeably surprised at everything, so far as that which is outward and visible goes. The foliage is lovely; the heat does not overpower us; we have throughout the most delicious breezes." The installation of the Bishop took place in Cathedral on Easter Tuesday. The Governor ordered all public offices to be closed, and was himself present, as were no less than twenty Native clergymen and an immense congregation. The Bishop preached, taking two texts, St. John xvii. 21, "That they all may be one," and Eph. i. 3, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Afterwards he entertained the clergy at luncheon at the West Africa Hotel, at the close of which an address of welcome was presented to him.

THE Government Census of India, of 1881, the results of which are now in course of publication, has again, like the partial Census of 1871, been a surprise to those who disbelieve or doubt the progress of Christianity in India. A leading London daily newspaper says, "It was not supposed that the Christian population of India was so large as it is now shown to be; that it exceeded in number the warlike race (the Sikhs of the Panjab) which fought so good a fight against our own army less than forty years ago." The total number is given by the Census as 1,862,634. This, however, includes the European population, and the Syrian Church of Travancore, and the Native Romanists (who are mostly the descendants of the converts of two centuries ago). These three classes account for nearly three-fourths of the whole. The details are not yet published, but the number of Native Protestant Christians, who are the real result of the Missions of this century, has meanwhile (as already stated in the GLEANER) been separately ascertained by the returns for the Decennial Missionary Conference lately held at Calcutta. The figures are, India proper, 417,372; Burma, 75,510; Ceylon, 35,708; total, 528,590. The rate of increase in the last decade, in India proper, 86 per cent, is now shown by a comparison with the Census, to be fifteen times the rate of general increase in the population. The communicants have advanced at a still higher rate, 114 per cent.

Mrs. THOMAS, the widow of that much-blessed missionary, the John Thomas, of Tinnevely, still resides at the important Christian village which was his head-quarters for thirty years, Meenaganapuram, and where he built his great church, known as "The Glory of Salem, India." She and her daughter carry on the Elliott Tuxford Christian Boarding School, in which there are ninety-seven Christian girls. Former pupils, seventy are engaged as schoolmistresses and Bible-workers in various parts of Tinnevely, and 136 are wives of pastors, catechists, and schoolmasters. Thus a really great work has been quietly carried through many years, with manifest tokens of God's blessing. "We know," writes Mrs. Thomas, "that many of the girls meet in their recreation hour, for united prayer, and to study God's Word together."

C. S. M. suggests that the coloured Diagram of the Population of the World which appears on the new Collecting Card should be printed in the form of a Map of the World. If he will refer to the GLEANER for April, he will find, in the description of the Map there given, good reasons why the plan would be misleading.

RECEIVED.—B. J. C., Proceeds of Missionary Box on Hall Table at Mission Lodge, Castle Dawson, 16s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JULY, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 4th ... 3.4 p.m.
F. Qr. 12th .. 7.49 a.m.

July.

F. M. 20th.... 3.31 a.m.
L. Qr. 27th .. 12.13 a.m.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

- 1 S 6th aft. Trin. Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy [throne, Ps. 89. 14.
M. 2 Sam. 1. Ac. 9. 23. E. 2 Sam. 12. 1-24, or 18. 1 Jo. 4. 7.
2 M Nyanza Miss. read. by Mtesa, '77. But God is the judge, Ps. 75. 7.
3 T He is the Governor among the nations, Ps. 22. 28.
4 W Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth, Ps. 58. 11.
5 T Judgeth according to every man's work, 1 Pet. 1. 17.
6 F Whose works are truth, and His ways judgment, Dan. 4. 37.
7 S Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light, Zeph. 3. 5.
- 8 S 7th aft. Trin. Thy judgments are a great deep, Ps. 86. 6.
M. 1 Chr. 21. Ac. 14. E. 1 Chr. 22. or 28. 1-21. Matt. 2.
9 M Thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, Ps. 89. 11.
10 T God shall judge the secrets of men, Rom. 2. 16.
11 W Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished,
12 T A just God and a Saviour, Is. 45. 21. [Pro. 11. 21.
13 F He is just, and having salvation, Zech. 9. 9.
14 S Just, and the justifier of Him that believeth in Jesus, Ro. 3. 26.
- 15 S 8th aft. Trin. The righteous Lord loveth righteousness, Ps. 11. 7.
M. 1 Chr. 20. 9-29. Ac. 18. 24 to 19. 31. E. 2 Chr. 1. or 1 Ki. 3. Matt. 7. 7.
16 M Thou art just in all that is brought upon us, Neh. 9. 38.
17 T The Lord our God is righteous in all His works which He doeth,
18 W Just and right is He, Deu. 82. 4. [Dan. 9. 14.
19 T Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, Gal. 6. 7.
20 F Are not my ways equal? Ez. 18. 29. [Ps. 18. 30.
21 S Mungo Park disc. R. Niger, 1796. As for God, His way is perfect,
[Rev. 15. 3.
- 22 S 9th aft. Trin. Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints,
M. 1 Ki. 10. 1-25. Ac. 22. 23 to 23. 12. E. 1 Ki. 11. 1-16, or 11. 38. Matt. 11.
23 M Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Gen. 18. 25.
24 T Mine arms shall judge the people, Is. 51. 5. [Job, Ps. 48. 1.
25 W St. James. Bps. Speechly and Ridley consec., 1879. Judge me, O
26 T 1st Trimshean bapt., 1861. Faithful and just to forgive, 1 Jo. 1. 9.
27 F Niger Miss. beg., 1857. He shall bring forth judgment to the
28 S His reward is with Him, Is. 40. 10. [Gentiles, Is. 42. 1.
[which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me, 2 Tim. 4. 8.
- 29 S 10th aft. Trin. Wilberforce d., 1833. A crown of righteousness,
M. 1 Ki. 12. Ac. 28. 1-17. E. 1 Ki. 13 or 17. Matt. 15. 1-21.
30 M Behold, the Judge standeth before the door, Jas. 5. 9.
31 T Found. Stone C.M. College laid, 1826. Rejoice, for He cometh to
[judge the earth, Ps. 96. 13.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

VI.—Our Disappointments.

"But the Lord thy God turned the curse into a blessing unto thee."—
Deut. xxiii. 5.



GOOD man once sought to teach his child the nature of a cross. Pausing, as they walked hand in hand through the leafy forest, he laid one slender twig athwart another. "See, my son," said he to his wondering boy, "if, through life, you lay your will alongside of God's will all must go smoothly with you; but directly you lay your own wishes across the appointments of your heavenly Father you will find a cross to bear." Perhaps this simple lesson may help us children of a larger growth to the right understanding of some things that now come upon us hardly. May it prove powerful to instruct us as to the true beauty and harmony of a consecrated life.

And first, concerning the sad word "Disappointment." Its very utterance grieves the heart, and seems to strike the knell of earthly bliss. Yet, to *dis-appoint* is merely to dis-arrange, and implies an unseen hand disposing every event that can befall the children of God. We are assured that "all" things shall "work together" for their good, and the idea of "working" together excludes foolish notions of settling down to rest. Do we know enough of His wisdom and foresight to trust Him? What say the changeful years of His goodness and mercy? When He alters our plans and traces our path in an opposite direction, He is only preparing us some glad surprise, for which

we shall look up and thank Him. Oh, for the perfect work of patience—for strength of soul to tarry the Lord's leisure! Once we have resigned ourselves to the guidance of God, let us rest in His love. He will hold our weak hand within His strong one all the way to Zion, and pleasant will be the journey in the quiet soul-trust of obedience to a beloved Ruler and Guide. He who hath made and fashioned us alone can tell when it is for our true interest to say "No," and when it is indispensable to say "Yes." And with Him disappointment is unknown. Such a regretful and misapplied term must be both grieving and dishonouring to our great and good Helper in every time of need. Alas! He must often look with unutterable compassion on us who call ourselves Christians, and whisper sorrowfully, "Where is your faith?" It well becomes us to humble our hearts before Him, and, by a fresh act of devotion, to resign ourselves into His keeping.

Instances will crowd into the memory where, had we been given our heart's desire, its fulfilment would have brought gall and wormwood where we fondly fancied sweetness. Let us lay our plans, along with our powers, in the testing crucible of the Great Physician. Work awaits all the willing. But the time and place and nature of that work depend not on our appointment. For some of us, eager to go forth to labour, the Mission-field may narrow down to the compass of a sick-bed, and all our Gospel be preached from the patient lips of sanctified suffering. Or, again, we may imagine our talent to lie just where our tastes selfishly centre, and we may be shown that our energies are to be called forth amid scenes and circumstances whose anticipation would have struck us with despair. Perhaps we possess zeal and power, and we delight to spend and be spent for the Master. We are important in our little sphere of prosperous activity; and, to the outward eye, all this running to and fro seems highly to be praised. Let us beware. How do we bear the truer test of being set aside and not missed; of being detained from going up to the beloved courts of the Lord; of being thwarted here, and prevented there? It is by our demeanour under the tiny daily crosses that we prove the depth and value of our faith. Let us be careful to preserve unsullied the bright gold of loving trust. Let us habitually lay our wills beside His, and our crosses will vanish.

These thoughts may meet the eye of some who are going heavily oppressed with a sense of having missed their aim. But who would rashly accuse the Lord of failure? Is He blind, because our poor sight is holden? "He knows best" is the true balm of Gilead for our wounded spirits. Let there be no secret regret. We cast from our hearts and tones the mischievous idea of "Disappointment." All that comes to the Lord's bidden ones must be fair, fresh, and prosperous. His Word will always accomplish that which He pleases, and who that loves Him would wish it otherwise? A. M. V.

THE KASHMIR MEDICAL MISSION.

BY THE REV. J. S. DOXEY.



THE name of Kashmir is familiar to us from the beautiful shawls and other woven materials manufactured there, and a year or two ago we all heard of the dreadful famine which raged amongst its inhabitants. A glance at the map shows us that the Valley of Kashmir is to the north of Hindustan. It lies at a height of 5,350 feet above the level of the sea, and is about 60 miles long and 20 broad. On all sides it is shut in by the lofty Himalayan mountains, some of whose peaks are more than

15,000 feet high. The waters of the Jhelum flow in a westerly direction through the valley, on their way to the Panjab. Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, is in the centre, and occupies, for about two miles, both sides of the river.

The streets of Srinagar, if so they may be called, are narrow, roughly paved, and at all times very dirty. Wheeled vehicles are unknown, but boats take their place. The houses, generally built of wood, and for the most part very rickety and dilapidated, are built on the banks of the river. On the Ghats leading to the river the whole population seem to be always congregated. Here may be seen, all day long, Pandits performing their ablutions and puja (worship), or Mohammedans, after the strictest manner of the Pharisees, saying their prayers. Srinagar is said to contain about 120,000 inhabitants, or one-third of the population of the valley.

Speaking generally, the Kashmiris are a fine race of people—perhaps the finest in this part of Asia. The men, with the exception of the shawl and carpet weavers, who are easily distinguished by their leanness and sallow complexions, are tall and strong, with Jewish features. The bulk of the inhabitants are Mohammedans, the Hindus forming only about one-seventh of the population. The Maharajah belonging himself to a sect of the Hindus, these latter are undoubtedly the favoured class in Kashmir. The dress for the most part consists of one long loose woollen or cotton garment coming down to below the knees. The sleeves of this garment are wide, so that the arms can be easily taken out and placed inside. Their clothes are as a rule exceedingly filthy, and this is often the cause of their numerous diseases. In character the Kashmiris have some good qualities, but these are far outnumbered by their failings and faults. They are clever, ingenious, talkative, and cheerful in disposition, but their ignorance and selfishness, and their intriguing, false, and dishonest qualities, have made them proverbial amongst other people. To tell a lie and deceive is thought nothing of by them. Though manly in appearance they are great cowards, and when threatened by their superiors in any way cry and act after the manner of children.

For centuries the country has been the coveted prize of kings and emperors. In late years Moghuls, Pathans, Sikhs, and Hindus in turn have conquered and oppressed the people, until every vestige of manliness has been taken out of them. In this matter, sad to say, our hands as English people are not clean, for when we became possessors of it we sold, actually sold, the country into the hands of its present possessors—sold the country with all its inhabitants into little less than slavery.

Such is the country and such are the people of Kashmir, where our Society, through its agents, is now working.

As Kashmir is on the high-road to Central Asia, to which it is hoped our Missions may at some time extend, no sooner had Missions been founded in the Panjab than the eyes of our friends

there were turned towards Kashmir. Occasional missionary efforts by agents of the Society visiting the Valley were commenced about 1854, but it was in 1864 that Dr. Elmslie was sent out as a medical missionary. In the spring of 1866 he commenced operations, and though he met with opposition and difficulties, for four successive summers he ministered to the wants of the poor Kashmiris, who at the same time had the privilege of hearing the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own tongue from a Kashmiri catechist who accompanied him. After the death of Dr. Elmslie in 1872, the Rev. T. V. French, the Bishop of Lahore, and the Rev. T. R. Wade paid a visit to Kashmir, when they distributed simple medicines and proclaimed the Gospel of the Saviour. In 1874, Dr. Maxwell arrived for two summers he laboured earnestly and zealously in the Master's service, until at last his health broke down and reluctantly he was obliged to return to England. In 1876,

more the Rev. T. R. Wade, this time accompanied by the Rev. John Williams, the Native medical missionary now at T. visited Kashmir to carry on the work as best they could.

In 1877, Dr. Downes arrived to take up the work in Kashmir, and it is well known how for years he has, through famine and pestilence, and in the midst of difficulties and opposition, laboured to heal the bodies, instruct the souls of the Kashmiris. Dr. and Mrs. Downes will not be forgotten. On the occasion of their leaving it was a pleasing sight to see at a large meeting within the precincts of the hospital, representatives of different classes of natives expressing their gratitude and parting regrets to them.

The present medical missionary is Dr. Arthur Neve, to whom we hope the Lord may grant abundant success both in his medical and spiritual labours, and that he may be privileged to see some of the fruits of the seed which has been sown by the various missionaries who have preceded him, and his work prospered of God.

In Dr. Maxwell's time a hospital building was erected, containing dispensary, operating and other rooms, and accommodation for about twenty in-patients. Through Dr. Downes' exertions this has been enlarged and added to, so that as many as twenty in-patients have been receiving treatment at one time. There are separate wards for Hindus, Mussulmans, and the women, and now Dr. Neve is having a separate place built for the lepers, of whom there are a great number in Kashmir.

In the time of the famine an orphanage was built, under the fostering care of Mrs. Downes were gathered together, fed, and instructed, about 400 children. These having been claimed by their relatives, now that brighter days have come, are scattered throughout the valley. Let us trust they will not readily forget their kind friends, nor the lessons of piety and wisdom they were taught. The room is now converted into a ward for the women and girls. One large room in it has

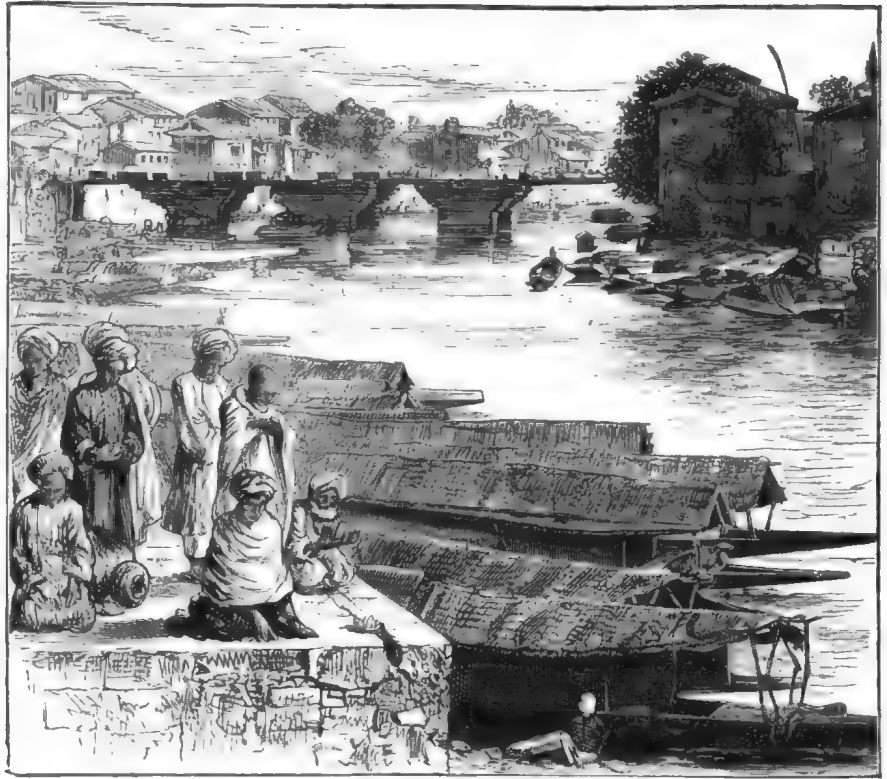


KASHMIR: DISPENSING MEDICINES DURING A MISSION TOUR.

converted into a church. Here the Native Christian community meet together for worship. At service times the hospital servants and visitors come in and occupy seats or sit on the floor, while the verandah is filled with patients, who can see and hear all that goes on. The addresses given by the clerical missionary or by Dr. Downes have been willingly and patiently listened to, as well as those by K. B. Thomas, the Native medical assistant. There are short services every morning in the wards.

Four days of the week are set apart for seeing the out-patients, and two days, Wednesday and Saturday, for performing operations. To show the extent of the work, we may mention that as many as 300 patients have come at one time on many days in the summer months. Before dispensing medicines the patients are assembled and told that the blessing of God is about to be asked on the labours of the day. A hymn is then sung, a passage of Scripture read and explained, and finally a prayer offered suitable to their wants and necessities, to which they listen and give their assent in such a way that at times it is very affecting. To look upon the crowd of sick and diseased as they are grouped before the missionary is a sad and strange sight. (See the picture on page 78.) Men, women, and children, of many creeds and nations, and suffering from all kinds of diseases, are there. After the address and prayer, the patients are admitted one by one through a door, and their wants are attended to.

Sometimes the medical missionary takes a journey into the



KASHMIR: CITY OF SRINAGAR, AND MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

district. By the work which has been done so long in Kashmir he is well known, and no sooner does he arrive at the rest-house, or pitch his tent, than he finds some one to welcome him, or sick folks are immediately brought before him. The picture on the opposite page represents a group of people gathered round Dr. Neve, who is seated with his medicines before him under a tree close to his tent, which may be seen on the left. At intervals of about half an hour a hymn is sung, an address given, and a prayer offered up.

In connection with the Kashmir Medical Mission is a school, a notice of which must not be omitted. In the annexed picture are to be seen three of the classes. The majority of the students are young Hindus.

The direct results of our Mission work in Kashmir are not what we could have wished. There is, however, a willingness to listen, and amongst many a spirit of inquiry, and an acknowledgment that we are only anxious to do them good in body and soul, so that there is much to be thankful for. The seed must be sown in tears; we must labour and pray, be patient and trust, believing that in the end many more souls of the Kashmiris will be gathered in to the glory of the Master, whose commission is, "Heal the sick, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh to you."

KASHMIR, 6th December, 1882.



KASHMIR: THE MISSION SCHOOL.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT.

CHAPTER VII.—NOT HER BEST.

"PLEASE, miss," said Jessie, dropping a curtsy to Sasie just as she was about to enter Mr. North's room, "have you been to the Missionary Meeting?"



"I have just come from there," answered Sasie, surprised at seeing the suppressed excitement in her face.

"Please, miss, was there much in Mr. North's missionary box?" she asked, anxiously.

"Dear me! How vexing!" exclaimed Sasie; "I went into the meeting after the amount in the boxes had been given out, and Mr. North will be so disappointed."

So was Jessie, for she took a very special interest in his missionary box. The old man's life and his interest in God's work had not been lost on Jessie; she began to realise how near God was to her, that no sin, however small, was unseen by Him, and this knowledge had made her confess her sinfulness to the Lord, and ask for forgiveness. She was trying now to serve God, to do what pleased Him; and besides being watchful against sin of thought, word, and deed, she began to want to do something more than her ordinary work for Him; and the missionary box, which looked her in the face every morning as she dusted the counter, seemed to convey a message from God to her.

It was very little that she could give, but that little cost her more than the much of other people. Her wages were so small that she could not even drop in a halfpenny without feeling the loss of it, but nevertheless she seldom omitted putting something into the box every week; and now and then after her Sunday class, which was a treat to which Jessie looked forward the whole week, she had given a penny as a thanksgiving for the happy hour she had spent, and for the glorious fact of God's love, of which her teacher, Mrs. Lancaster, had been speaking. No one knew about or saw the money dropped into the missionary box—not even old Mr. North. God knew—that was enough for her.

But Mr. North knew well that Jessie was interested in his box, and while he was laid aside she gave him regular reports as to whether it was growing heavier or not, and sometimes she seemed as eager about it as he was.

"I will bring you word to-morrow, Jessie," said Sasie, as she opened the door.

Mr. North had had a bad night, and struck Sasie, as she caught sight of him lying with closed eyes on the couch, as looking very pale and tired. He had apparently forgotten all about the meeting: on hearing Sasie's footsteps he merely opened his eyes and smiled at her, asking no questions, as he would have done at any other time.

Sasie seeing how weak he looked said nothing about the meeting, but sat by his side and began singing to him. Perhaps it was her own state of feeling that made her almost involuntarily choose the solo from the *Elijah*—"Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" It was the cry of her own heart.

When she had finished, Mr. North opened his eyes, and looked at her with a strange perplexed expression on his face. "I thought you knew Him, Gracie," he said, in a weaker tone of voice than Sasie had ever heard from him; "you brought me to Him—don't you remember?"

Sasie was silent. He had not wandered like this for some days now, and it grieved her to hear him; besides, there was a sense of disappointment that she could not ask Mr. North the question which filled her mind. He could not give her any help in his present state.

"They told me you had died, and that your grave was in the churchyard where the daisies and buttercups grow," continued Mr. North, just as Sasie was about to speak, and then with a restless sigh added, "But my sin was great—will God forgive me?"

Words of which Sasie had scarcely thought before came into her mind with which to answer him—"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

"Ah! yes," he murmured, a happy smile crossing his face, "He has had mercy on me. 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of

Me.' I sometimes wonder, Gracie, if she has learnt of Him. I pray for her night and day, God bless her."

The tears sprang into Sasie's eyes. Something told her that he was now thinking of her, and it gave her great hope when he talked of prayer for her. "Pray for her now," she said, softly.

To her surprise Mr. North began to pray at once, in a weak, tremulous voice—

"Lord Jesus, Thou knowest that Thy little one is wandering on mountains; she does not know that Thou dost love and care for her, that Thou art her Saviour and Good Shepherd. Lord, teach her Thyself, and to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thy Name's sake."

When a few minutes afterwards Sasie stepped out into the cold air there was an expression on her face which had not been there before. She knew that she had been with God, had heard and listened to the voice of the Good Shepherd, and had resolved to follow Him.

While Sasie was sitting with old Mr. North, Mrs. Lancaster and son were on their way home from the Missionary Meeting. Sasie had never been surprised had she caught sight of her friend's face during the walk; it was seldom that it wore such a perturbed expression.

It was true that it was Leith's last day at home, and that on the morrow Mrs. Lancaster would begin the life which she always felt to be so what lonely without him; but she seldom, if ever, groaned over the inevitable, and Leith had never seen anything but a sweet and trusting expression on her face as they parted at the station.

The fact was that a sudden fear had taken hold of her, as during the missionary's address she had caught sight of her son's eager face.

He was speaking of the great want of men to work in God's vineyard abroad. How was it, he asked, that almost every profession in England was overcrowded, and yet so few men were willing to enter the army for foreign service? The men wanted were those who were willing to give up all for the Lord's sake, who loved their Lord enough to leave where He bid them, regardless of comfort, ready in fact to serve Him at any cost.

As Mrs. Lancaster caught sight of her son's face, for the moment her heart almost ceased to beat.

Fancying that he might not care to attend the Missionary Meeting, she had not intended going herself, it being his last day at home; but she had been surprised and not a little pleased when he proposed going with her. But as she caught sight of the expression on Leith's face at the address, a wild wish took possession of her that he had never entered the room. Just supposing that Leith should take it into his head—but it could not be. He was likely to get on so well at the bar, and do so much good in his profession, surely he would never think of wasting his talents in that way. He could not go—nay, he should not. It would tear her very life away to part with him; if she were separated from her boy, she should die.

Such was the current of Nona Lancaster's thoughts during the last sentences of the address, and the concluding hymn. She could not stop in the singing, she felt stifled, and her only longing was to get away from every one, Leith included, and to face this possibility alone.

Once out of the crowded room and in the cold air Nona felt better. Leith by her side talking to her in his natural tone of voice, she began to think how foolish she had been to allow herself to get into such a state of fearful foreboding, and to blame herself for growing miserable over what might never happen.

But her face by no means regained its natural calm expression during her walk home. Mrs. Lancaster had had a glimpse into her own heart, which, now that she began to see things more calmly, appalled her. This afternoon she had imagined that she loved God so well as to be willing and ready to make any sacrifice for His dear sake. That a wild rebellious feeling should rise in her heart, at the mere imagination of what God's will might possibly be, she would not have believed. She had sometimes wondered when she heard people remark on the difficulty of submitting to God's will. She had certainly found it terribly hard, to say, "Thy will be done," when she had seen her husband lying dead before her so many years ago; but that was when she neither knew nor loved God in the same way that she did now. Now that she loved and trusted Him so much more, it would be

paratively easy to give up her own way to His. How could any one really doubt His love, His wisdom to order all things right?

Such thoughts as these had been hers; but this afternoon she learned to her sorrow that she was ready and willing to give God all, save her best—to submit to His will in all things, save in that which cost her most—she felt she could not as yet spare Him her Leith.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

VII.



WE have arrived in the study of our subject at the period in which the New Zealand Company made their first attempts to settle on the islands. In November, 1826, a ship, full of intended settlers, put into the river Thames (as it had been named), but the voyagers were so alarmed at the ferocious appearance and conduct of the natives, they were afraid to land. They next passed on to the Bay of Islands, and the missionaries, who had all along fearlessly gone in and out unarmed amongst the people, even when war was raging around them, were not a little surprised to find that none of their countrymen would venture to come ashore, even to visit them, without loaded pistols. Is it not a living comment upon the words, "The Lord is our shield and buckler, a stronghold to them that trust in Him"?

Not only were the missionaries kept themselves thus manifestly under Divine protection, but they were permitted, in the general excitement which followed the death of Hongi, to lend effectual help in the re-establishing of peace; the hostile chiefs themselves, sick and weary of these interminable wars, applied to them, requesting them to act the part of mediators. Accordingly, in March, 1828, Mr. Henry Williams set out with a few of his own party, to do what they might to establish peace between the opposing parties. All were armed except themselves; should any provocation arise, their lives were not worth a moment's purchase, but it was the path of duty, and they were in God's hands. They arrived in the Hokianga valley on Saturday, and spent the time in seeking to influence one and another individually, with much encouragement. The following day, marvellous to say, these savage warriors universally consented to some observance of the Sabbath, agreeing that they would "sit still," in their expressive phraseology. One can understand how thankfully our brethren availed themselves of such an opportunity for declaring the glad tidings of a Saviour's love. A white flag was hoisted, and preparations for holding Divine service made. Strange preaching ground, the very midst of these stockades and trenches, and other Native fortifications, and still stranger audience, the 500 fully armed warriors who gathered round the messengers of the Cross. They began with a hymn, assisted by the school-boys they had brought with them, and as the melody of heart and voice filled the air, it seemed to breathe a holy calm around; the wild cannibals were hushed into peaceful and earnest attention, while the teachers told of Him who shed His own blood for our deliverance, and wrestled with God in prayer for the saving of their souls.

The Sabbath passed in exercising these holy influences; the eventful day dawned upon the morrow, which was to settle the anxious question of war or peace. The missionaries had just had the joy and reward of seeing two of the hostile leaders cordially rub noses and settle their differences, when a loud noise was heard, and 700 warriors were seen advancing in great order, till within 160 yards of the flag, when they rushed forward with a horrid yell, which sounded like the death-knell of all hopes of a pacific arrangement. On the contrary, it was all in due order, and after various military performances on both sides, the whole assembly quietly dispersed. God's servants

retraced their steps homewards, with the music of their Master's words echoing in their hearts, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Nor was this the only token that their labour was not in vain in the Lord, that the harvest was about to follow their long season of patient seed-sowing. Ruatara's death had not been altogether without hope, but the first distinct case of a soul brought to Christ occurred in one of the villages near Paibia, which had been frequently visited. The aged chieftain, Ranghi, had long been careful in his observance of the Ra-tapu (sitting still upon the Sabbath day), but it was at the commencement of his last illness, in the depth of winter, July, 1825, that he rejoiced his teachers with his first distinct testimony as to the work going on in his heart. "I pray," he said, "several times in the day. I ask God to give me His Holy Spirit in my heart, to sit and dwell there." And again, on another occasion, "This is the way my heart sometimes thinks when alone; I think I shall go to heaven, and then perhaps I think I shall not go to heaven; and perhaps this God of the white people is not my God, and perhaps He is; and then, after I have been thinking in this way, and my heart is dark for some time, it becomes lighter, and the thought that I shall go to heaven remains the last."

Later on he was able to say, "I think of the love of Christ, and ask Him to wash this bad heart, and take away this native heart, and give me a new heart." He grew worse in health, but when remarking in September, "I think I shall soon die; my flesh has wasted away, and I am only skin and bone"; he could add, "I think I shall go to heaven above the sky, because I have believed all you have told me about God and Jesus Christ." As death approached his simple, happy faith and hope grew stronger. "I shall soon be dead," he said; "my heart is very, very full of light." "What makes it so?" "Because I believe in Jehovah, and in Jesus Christ." "Have you no fear of death?" "No, none, not in the least; I shall go and sit above the sky with Jesus Christ."

This seemed a case in which the privilege of baptism might be wisely allowed, and he was therefore admitted into the visible Church of Christ by this blessed service, in the presence of many of his countrymen, receiving the name of *Christian*. Surrounded by those who would gladly have drawn him back, he boldly, in the presence of them all, spoke of the darkness that once encompassed his soul, and of the sure and certain hope that now possessed it. Thus was the first shock of corn gathered into the heavenly garner.

It was a precious earnest of further blessing; but slowly, very slowly, was the quickening of the Spirit of God manifested upon the people generally. For twelve long years after the commencement of the Mission, though the signs of outward improvement were numberless, the spiritual work seemed to make little or no progress; but in 1827 one more case of evident change of heart gladdened the souls of the workers. It was that of a rescued slave, Dudi-dudi.

In 1827, Mr. Davis brought back with him from Sydney portions of the Bible and some hymns, all printed in Maori. The delight of the people in thus *reading*, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God, was unbounded, and some of them could scarcely be restrained from taking forcible possession of these treasures. It had a manifest influence for good, and two years after, in August, 1829, the Paibia missionaries were filled with hope upon receiving the following note from Taiwunga, once a ferocious cannibal:—"Here I am, thinking of the day when my son shall be baptized. You are the messengers of God; therefore I wish that he should be baptized according to your ways. I have cast off my native ideas, and my native thoughts. Here I sit thinking and untying the rope of the devil; and it is shaken that it may fall off. Jesus Christ



KASHMIR: MEDICAL MISSIONARIES, HOSPITAL ASSISTANTS, AND PATIENTS.

perhaps is near to see my evils, and to look into the hearts of men. It is well perhaps that the heart should grieve in the morning, in the evening, and at night, that every sin may be blotted out." It was a touching, and yet most cheering service, when the four children of this man were baptized with the missionary's own infant.

Soon after this baptism, Mr. Davis was sent for to visit a woman suddenly taken very ill, the wife of Pita, one of Mr. Davis's workmen. She had been so insolent and troublesome, that Mr. Davis had been obliged to remove them from his own premises, and place them in a separate cottage, entirely on account of her bad behaviour. He went to her sick-bed with a heavy heart, but found her, to his amazement, entirely changed. She had been made deeply sensible of the wickedness of her own heart, and often retired by herself for private prayer. She spoke calmly of her own expectation that death was very near, urging Mr. Davis to "call aloud" upon the natives round to turn to God. This woman recovered, and soon after both she and her husband applied for baptism. Taiwunga joined them, and February 7th, 1880, the first public adult baptism took place in New Zealand, when tears of love and penitence fell fast from eyes that had delighted in scenes of blood and cruelty, and lips, once familiar with bad words of every kind, earnestly declared their purpose and desire to fight manfully under Christ's banner, against the world, the flesh, and the devil. E. D.

KASHMIR MEDICAL MISSION.

FOR the above picture there was not room on the pages in another of this number devoted to an account of the Kashmir Medical Mission; but readers must turn to them for information concerning the most interesting work. In the picture, Dr. Arthur Neve, the present Missionary, is seen on the right, and next to him Dr. E. Downes, predecessor, who has since come home. The other standing figures are mostly hospital assistants. The patients are in the foreground.

SKETCHES IN TRAVANCORE.



THE group of pictures on the opposite page has been constructed from some rough sketches by the Rev. W. J. Richards. They illustrate several familiar features of the interesting Mission in Travancore, South India. That Mission was fully described, and also illustrated, in the GLEANER of October, 1879, to which number we would ask our readers to turn back. Of the present sketches Mr. Richards has kindly given us the following explanation:—

Sketches 1, 3, 8, and 12 are of Syrian Christians. No. 1 is a *Catto Kasheesha*, or priest, attached to the church of Ranni, interesting from the fact that Dr. Claudius Buchanan visited it on November 12th, 1806, during his explorations among the Syrian churches of Travancore. Our friend was sitting in the cabin-boat kindly lent us by Mar Athanasius, cousin and successor of the late Mar Athanasius, the reformer.



TRAVANCORE SKETCHES.

Metran or Bishop of the Syrian Church. The Syrians of Ranni at the time of my visit were so torn by faction that the only solution possible, in the opinion of the heathen magistrates, was to order the reforming party to hold the church for one week, and the non-reformers for the next. No. 3 is the portrait of a Syrian deacon of the ancient church at Neranam, said to have been built by St. Thomas, a most interesting old church, full of carved beams and other evidences of ancient grandeur; but one is full of sadness to see its present state of dirt and decay. The Syrians have seven ordinations before a man can become a full priest, and one often sees little boy deacons of twelve cassocked and tonsured. The priesthood is hereditary in certain families.

No. 8 is the sexton, or *Kapiyar*, of Neranam Church, and wears the usual lay dress.

No. 12 is a pretty little Syrian girl standing mermaidwise in the water near our boat, not far from Talawadi. The ornaments on her neck are golden coins: spade sovereigns or Venetian ducats being often seen, with little gold pieces of native make the larger ones. Our little friend rejoices in the sweet name of Mariam, or Akka, or Chachi. She has her ears bored, and they are now being stretched by coils of palm-leaf, a cruel freak of fashion against which a strong and practical protest is made by the wisest of our Native clergy. These dear little girls are such as you would see, kind reader, if you were to visit Mrs. Baker senior's school at Cottayam, established with the aid of the late Mrs. J. Fenn, of Blackheath, in 1820, and since carried on with affection and patience by Mrs. Baker, now the oldest veteran of India's Mission-workers. But in this school, or Mrs. Henry Baker's, or any of the boarding-schools throughout the Mission, our little friend would have to don a white jacket, embroidered, after the fashion of the Syrians, with wondrous needlework round the neck opening, at the wrists, and up the sides. Button-hole and crewel stitches in Native silk thread like old gold look very effective on these white jackets, and the work is much admired in England.

Sketches 2 and 4 call to mind our Mission-work among the heathen, and, as it happens, represent phases of work among possibly the most degraded class in the known world, the "slaves" or Pulayans of Travancore. No. 2 represents the Rev. J. Caley, myself, and the Native horsekeeper (a Christian named Warugisa) crossing one of the paddy fields during the monsoon. On the rising ground in front is Peranturutti "church" or prayer-house, in the Tiruwalla, a district the object of our visit. It is a Sunday sketch, and reminds me of many a pleasant Sabbath, in the vacations of the Cambridge Nicholson Institution (our divinity college), spent with the Rev. J. Caley in his district, and generally utilised for visiting the little "slave" congregations scattered here and there among the rice fields and coconut plantations. One point to be made sure of in the catechising during the sermon, was whether the people grasped the truth of the Bible, that afflictions, diseases, and death came from God our heavenly Father, and not from the malice of evil spirits, as the heathen think. Mr. Caley used to lay great stress upon it.

No. 4 is a sketch taken by moonlight on the Pallam river just opposite the Bishop's landing-place. Mr. Cole, the Superintendent of the Mission press, and I were making a tour to see Malapalli Pastorate in a Native boat, and came across the dug-out with two men. Hailing them to give them some new tracts just printed, we were agreeably surprised to find that they were "brethren" of the Pallam congregation on their way to a prayer-meeting. The sketch was made while our boat was moored to the side, and our men were "taking their rice" on the bank. As the night was chill the travellers are wearing rather more "cloths" (not clothes) than usual. My companion is stretching his legs on the bank and admiring the bright reflection of the moon in the waters of the flooded rice-fields beyond.

No. 5. Have my readers ever heard of a "church in a tiger jungle"? The Rev. J. H. Bishop, a good brother missionary of Trichur (once of Cottayam College) has been writing to *Missionary Leaves* for help for such a church. Well, here is a sketch taken eight years ago of this very church in its incipient state. As it was doorless and windowless in those days, the church bell, Bible, and Prayer-book had to be carried thither every Sunday morning, and so my sketch had delineated matters, but space did not allow of the sexton appearing in the GLEANER with his bell and books on his head. *Pattikad*, the name of this little station near Trichur, means tiger jungle, literally and euphemistically *dog* jungle.

Nos. 6 and 7 are two Mission bungalows, the former at Cottayam, built by the Rev. Benjamin Bailey, so well known as the translator of the Malayalam Bible and Prayer-book, &c., one of the famous Travancore *triumviri*, Bailey, Baker, and Fenn, who began the Mission to the Syrians in 1816, as the result of Claudius Buchanan's appeal. It has of late been the Principal's house for the Cambridge Nicholson Institution since 1857, and close by are the Institution, and the Model School with its 100 scholars. The tree to the right with branches at right angles to the stem is the silk-cotton tree.

The other bungalow, No. 7, is at Tiruwalla, occupied by the Rev. F. Bower, and has for eleven years been the head-quarters of the Mavelikara Mission. Here the missionary has summoned his schoolmasters and lay-helpers from time to time, and here the Native clergy have come for

advice, consultation, or friendship. Here under the same roof is boarding-school for girls, and the little book and tract depot for the convenience of the colporteurs and others; and in the compound or grove surrounding the house is the boys' boarding-school, the slave school training teachers of that class under the care of one of my divinity students, and last, but not least, the church of the district. Large rather unfinished, it has a less happy appearance than the little church of Caviur (No. 9), or Kapiur (the monkey town). I believe the congregation have tiled their little house of prayer since I sketched it.

No. 11 is the fine well-constructed church at Mavelikara, built in 1811 or in part by a legacy from Mrs. Hannah More. The famous Joseph Peet, father of the Southern District, Mavelikara, was architect and builder. There used to be an obelisk in front of the entrance, between it and the covered gateway of the sketch, on which the letters of the sacred Hindu word OM or AUM, which symbolise the Hindu Triad, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and the repetition of which was supposed to be all-powerful to facilitate absorption into the godhead, mere annihilation. It can only be uttered or seen by Brahmans, and other castes in Hinduism have no real part in things sacred. Under the word was the text in Malayalam, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." So the obelisk was a defiance and a gibe. The slab, with inscription, is now in the porch of the church. Beautiful tall trees on each side the church, seen also peering over the roof of the Cottayam Mission-house, are the Australian *casuarina* *sheoaks*, or whip trees, well-known in India and Ceylon, and become quite a feature in the landscape, and, in Travancore, landmarks to the traveller, as they are always found near a Mission-house or a school building, and are seen from a great distance. Under the shade of the tower lies all that was mortal of Rev. Joseph Peet, who returned to Mavelikara the last time, as he told the Committee, in order to be buried among his converts, and his death took place within a few months of his re-landing in India. He left 3,000 spiritual children to mourn his loss.

Let our last sketch, No. 10, speak to us for the high caste Hindus and women. This is a portrait of a student in the matriculation class of Cottayam College. Many a time did Mr. Bishop and myself, in alternate work in the Bible hour, day by day, impress upon Velu Pillai the way of the Gospel; but so far in vain. His *kudami*, or sacred lock of hair, by the Malayalis, or western coast Hindus, in front, to keep them from the legend, on this side India and distinguish them from other Hindus, proves that he is still devoted to the worship of the false gods of his country. I remember seeing in one of his class books a prayer in English, that the great God would help him and give him good luck in his examination. He did matriculate after much patient waiting.

"MR. LEAF."

DEAR EDITOR,—When travelling through the Chu-chee district in December, a man who had been baptized about a year before, came to the catechist, Matthew Tai, "When you passed through this village last summer why did you not come and see me?" Matthew answered, "I passed through in the night; besides, I did not know your house was." The man answered, "You should have asked the person you met where Teang (Leaf), the disciple of Jesus, lived, and he would have told you. Every one knows the disciple of Jesus. There is no one else in the village worships Jesus but myself, and every one knows me."

When these words were said I was resting in Mr. Leaf's house, one of the long walks from one station to another (S-kya-n to Wang-fang). I had never visited the village before, it not being on the route usually travel by. The room in which we were sitting was full of Mr. Leaf's heathen neighbours, who evidently assented to the truth of his remarks. This man is not only the only Christian in his village, but has to walk a long, long way to find any one like-minded with him. Every Sunday he walks over one of the highest mountain passes in the district in order to worship with his brethren at S-kao-u. By thus working on Sunday, he at once practically gives one-seventh of his income to God. When once more we were walking on our way, I pondered much over this man's words, "Every one here knows the disciple of Jesus." Happy, thrice happy Mr. Leaf! although dead and spoken against for the Saviour's name sake now, the day is coming when the Saviour, before His Father and all the heavenly hosts, will confess that He knows you. Poor now, you will then be rich for ever. The poor cottage in the Chu-chee hills will be exchanged for the heavenly mansions, and the taunts and sneers of the heathen for the songs of redemption and the glories of heaven.

I would say in conclusion, pray for Mr. Leaf that he may be bringing glory to the Saviour, and that he may be the means of bringing the truth to his neighbours, so that he may no longer be able to say, "There is no one else worships Jesus in the village but myself."

ARTHUR ELWELL

HANG-CHOW, January 30th, 1883.

THE LATE MRS. CLARKE, OF NEW ZEALAND.



RIENDS of the C.M.S. in Norfolk will know well the name of the Rev. Henry Tacy, formerly Rector of Swanton Morley, who did great things in that county for the Society between thirty and forty years ago. In the early part of the century he was Curate of Wymondham, and the Rev. S. Gedge sends us the following as the substance of a speech he once heard him deliver:—

"When I was Curate of Wymondham there were in the schools a few children whose conduct remarkably distinguished them from the great body of their schoolfellows. It attracted the attention of the teachers and myself. I inquired carefully as to the probable cause of their superiority. I could not discover that their parents were distinguished above many others by piety, or that they had any peculiar advantages in their home training. At length, I found out that these children had said to one another, 'Mr. Tacy is always telling us that we must be converted if we would go to heaven; and that if we would be converted, we must pray to be converted; let us then meet together and ask God to convert us.' And so they had done, telling no one; only showing the result in their exemplary conduct. And these children grew up to be godly Christian men and women. And some of them were among the first missionaries to New Zealand."

Two of them, George Clarke and Martha Elizabeth Blomfield, who had formed a mutual attachment, prayed definitely that they might become husband and wife, and be sent to New Zealand as C.M.S. missionaries. God answered their prayer, and they sailed on April 20th, 1822. Mr. Clarke died seven years ago; Mrs. Clarke survived until December 8th last year, within three days of her 80th birthday. She and her husband were the first missionaries to occupy the afterwards well-known station of Waimate, which now gives its name to the Archdeaconry over which their son, Archdeacon E. B. Clarke, also a valued C.M.S. missionary, has presided for the last twelve years. The *Auckland Church Gazette*, which reports Mrs. Clarke's death, says:—

Though of a quiet and retiring disposition, she on more than one occasion showed remarkable courage. Once her house was surrounded by cannibals who had set their minds on killing and eating a young slave girl. Mrs. Clarke hid the child under her bed, locked the door of the room, and with perfect self-possession forbade the savages to enter. For the last eight years of her life she was rendered utterly helpless by rheumatism, being quite unable even to feed herself. But though at times she endured severe pain, she never murmured. She was a living and very practical sermon, teaching by her life the lesson of cheerful submission, as she had formerly done that of activity in every good work.

The burial service was said in the Maori language, the greater part by a Maori, the Rev. Hare Peka Taua. This was at her own request. "I left my home," she said, "for the good of the Natives; I have spent my life amongst them; and I would like that they should carry me to the grave and read the service over me."

AN INCIDENT FROM TINNEVELLY.

[The Rev. E. G. Punchard, late Principal of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, writes as follows to the Secretaries of the Society:—]



IAM sure you will be glad to read the enclosed extract, with reference to one of your C.M.S. converts. The letter has just been received by me from Mudalūr, near Sattankulam, Tinnevely. Its writer, the Rev. H. B. Norman, S.P.G. missionary, is a young man of remarkable earnestness and piety, who was in my Indian class at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in 1878-9. His devotion to India began as a boy, when he heard of the murder of his uncle (Mr. Chief Justice Norman), and I am confident of your good wishes for the furtherance of his noble work:—

Yesterday (i.e. February 16th, 1883), I was greatly encouraged by a man from a purely heathen village, which I visited a short time ago, coming to me and entreating me to accompany him to his village, and open a little prayer-house which he had built. As he came about noon, when the sun was very hot, I told him I would come at 5 P.M. Nothing, however, would induce him to go back to his village without me. When we arrived at the place I found everything neatly arranged; a nice little house, which he called a church, built wholly of palmyra leaves; and better still, a little congregation of heathen people waiting for me.

Upon inquiry as to what had led him to come forward like this, and

express so great desire to become a Christian, I was told that fifteen years ago he had married a Christian girl from one of the C.M.S. villages—of course, only with heathen rites, and in direct disobedience to the Mission. There she had been living, forgotten by all her former friends, the life of a heathen, for fifteen long years—her children unbaptized, herself an alien from God. In the midst of all this darkness and sin, it would seem that some small voice whispered to her conscience some dear and precious truth she learnt in former days; and, though very ignorant (for, as she had not seen print for fifteen years, she could not read, and had forgotten almost all she ever knew), she has at length been able to induce her husband to become a Christian, and to bring others with him.

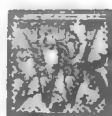
The little house they had built was crowded; and we set the place apart for God's service, by prayer. I have seldom had more willing listeners than this little heathen community, as in plain and simple language I told about the love of Christ in coming into the world and dying for them and for me. I trust, before long, they will all receive the rite of Holy Baptism, and become true members of Christ's Church.

LISTEN!

True Stories from Fuh-Chow.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

V.



E must ask those who have been so very much interested by the story of Mr. and Mrs. Ahok* as it appeared in the *GLEANER* for February, to rejoice with us, and join us in praising God for what He has done for that family. It will be remembered, that at the end of page 22 these words occur: "Since then the father and three other members of the family have received baptism. And when I left, the daughter-in-law was a candidate for baptism, and the lady is, I believe, earnest, and will eventually become an out-and-out Christian." The mother still worshipped idols, and was angry if spoken to about Christianity, but now, here is a quotation from one of Mr. Ahok's last letters to me:—

"I am happy to tell you that on the 18th June last, my mother, wife, and brother and his wife were baptized, and I hope that they will carry on Christian work to be worthy of true and earnest Christians. My brother's wife has a baby [boy] born a few days after [his mother's] baptism. The mother and the baby are both doing very well. I think it is a special gift from God. And I hope the baby may grow up to be the means of doing God's work, and a comfort to his parents. I have changed the Thursday meeting [Bible reading] to Friday. I have a meeting at my store every Wednesday, and monthly meeting at my house. Last Sunday I had a large society [gathering] at meeting at my house. There were about 40 present."

We can indeed ask all to rejoice over this letter. For it is true. But for some time Mr. Ahok had been very much exercised about closing his places of business on Sundays. None of his partners would agree to his closing, and very many times he came to talk over with me what he had better do. We held long consultations about it, and prayed together; also asked all the other Missionaries to pray about this. We all felt that it would be a very great thing for Mr. Ahok to do, and a very sure way of confessing Christ before men. Yet we could not lose sight of these facts, viz., Mr. Ahok has about a thousand employes in one place and another, "all eating my rice," as he said to me on one occasion. "If I close, my customers will go elsewhere. My partners will want to leave, and these people will be thrown out of employment. Many of them are married, and I do not like to think of the consequences to their families. I have spoken many times to my partners, but they will not agree." So things went on for about a year. In the letter quoted from above, he writes, "My store has not been closed on Sunday, because all my employes do not believe in God, and I hope that you will pray God to help me in bringing this important matter" (to a satisfactory ending).

* We ought to have explained before that Mr. Ahok has joined, not the C.M.S. Native Church, but that of the American Episcopal Methodists, to whose influence, in part, his conversion, under God, was due.

At the last Conference before I left China, when the catechists met together for a week's consultation, prayer, &c., Mr. Ahok invited several of the most important to take food at his house, and consult together about closing the stores. This was entirely a Native meeting, and what I am about to relate was told me by Mr. Ahok afterwards. The catechists and Christians unanimously agreed that the "stores" (places of business) must be closed on Sundays—that it should be done slowly. First, an almanack should be drawn up, denoting on what days in the Chinese year the English Sunday would fall on, and such days to be duly marked and notice given that no business would be transacted on those days; but as many of the retail customers came from a distance, and as Mr. Ahok would not like to lose the custom of those who had hitherto so generously supported him, the stores would not be closed until this notice had been well circulated. The employes were to receive the same wages, but were to go to a place of Christian worship instead of serving behind the counter. If this was not agreed to they must leave. Mr. Ahok willingly took these proposals and submitted them to his partners, who still stood out against it. I remember well the following Saturday going to see him, and hearing him sadly say he did not know what to do. I told him he must be willing to lose his earthly goods if they stood between him and his obedience to God, and then I read our Saviour's own words in the Gospel of Mark ix. So I was not surprised to read the quotation you see above. But it stirred my heart to ask English friends to join me in praying that Mr. Ahok might be made willing to do whatever was right, even at a great sacrifice. And yesterday the answer came. The letter is dated "March 8rd, 1883," and contains these words: "My two stores are closed on Sundays, commencing from the beginning of the Chinese new year. I continue to have Wednesday meeting at my store, and Friday meeting at my residence, and I hope God will lead me to do aright. At my family prayer I never omit to pray for you and your husband, and I hope you will often pray for me."

I will ask all who read this to pray for that family—praise the Lord for what has been done. And, dear friends, not only pray but act. Those who cannot obey the call to "go"—Do you give of your substance till you feel it? Ask the Lord to show you what you may do to send out those who will enter these Chinese abodes, and take the Bread of Life to those shut-in women. There is not one lady missionary to two million women yet!

M. Fagg.

ARCHDEACON VINCENT, OF MOOSE.



THE Bishop of Moosonee has appointed the Rev. Thomas Vincent, C.M.S. Missionary at Albany, Hudson's Bay, to the office of Archdeacon of Moosonee, and we give Mr. Vincent's portrait, which has been lying in our portfolio two or three years waiting for a good opportunity for its insertion. Mr. Vincent is a Native clergyman in the sense of being born in the country, but he is of partly European descent. He has been for many years a zealous and laborious missionary. He formerly worked as a catechist under his present Bishop, then the Rev. John Horne of Moose; and he was ordained in 1860 by Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land. Ever since then he has been stationed at Albany, a trading post on the west side of Hudson's Bay, 100 miles north of Moose; but his district is very extensive, and he has made long missionary journeys for the Bishop into other parts of the Moosonee Diocese. We give some extracts from his last Annual Letter to the Society:—

ALBANY, HUDSON'S BAY,
January 18th,

Last January, 1882, I found myself in charge of the Mission, until such time as a good Bishop would return. I returned to Albany immediately after Easter, so as to be present there at the opening of navigation. When the ice broke up in the Albany River, we were exposed to great danger; hitherto we have been mercifully preserved, yet our establishment suffered much damage from very cause only two years ago.

In June I went to Mooseport walking along the coast. It was a most disagreeable trip; the snow had just melted; the weather was as cold as ice, and we had to wade the whole distance of miles, often, very often, with water too deep to be agreeable. There I continued to be engaged until the end of the season, when I found it necessary to make another run to Albany for supplies, or two, just to see how matters were progressing. This occupied seven days. There was necessary to see the Bishop's House also, and the people of the

place. Taking a passage in the company's schooner, we were soon received a hearty welcome from all; saw a large number of the Indians, and was soon actively engaged among them. There also I had the pleasure of meeting the Mistassinie and Nitchequan brigades. These parties come from their distant homes to get their supplies from the coast, and felt as if I were among my own people; to the whole I am well known, having laboured among them frequently before. With so many about me I was kept well employed. Most wished to talk to me of their difficulties and trials, and to receive a word of counsel and encouragement. There were services to be conducted daily in English and Indian; baptisms to be held; a number of infants to be baptized; one or two marriages to take place; books to be distributed; almanacks to be marked, and but not least to the Indian, a small treat of flour to be given.

Engaged thus, the most part of two weeks quickly passed away, when the schooner was ready to sail I had to say farewell, and with good wishes commend them to God and to the word of His grace.



ARCHDEACON VINCENT, DIOCESE OF MOOSONEE, HUDSON'S BAY.



BISHOP HORDEN'S CATHEDRAL, MOOSE, HUDSON'S BAY.

this moment this interesting people are scattered over a large extent of country; some distant from me at least 800 miles, where there is neither church nor house. Yet I believe that day after day prayer and praise ascend from many a wigwam to our common Father and our loving Saviour. What has the Gospel not done for these poor people, when it has brought to the hearts and homes of so many that joy and peace which passeth all understanding!

Returning to Moose, I continued to labour on until August. Early in September I returned to Albany, glad to take up my own work, and to be once more with my own people. Since then I have continued here, humbly trying to do the work of an evangelist.

We have just had a visit from our good Bishop, his stay extending over two weeks. We had a nice confirmation service before he left. The candidates, twenty-four in number, were carefully prepared and examined beforehand, and on the day appointed they came forward and took upon themselves the solemn vows and promises made for them at their baptism. Then, too, our communicants had an opportunity of partaking of the Saviour's body broken and His blood shed; our number was increased by two, who, coming forward, for the first time partook of this sacred feast.

Although we have not been free from sickness during the past year, yet I thankfully record that there have not been many deaths. Our invalids, however, have all had the comforts of religion and the sweet promises of God's Word to cheer them all throughout.

I also most thankfully state that at this place the attendance of our people on their religious duties has been constant and regular; the house of God has been well attended; the singing and responses heartily joined in, and the plain explanations of God's Word listened to earnestly and reverently.

Plants for Sale.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Being anxious to help the C.M.S. as much as I can, and having been very successful in raising cinerarias, I have sown some in the hope that some of your readers may like to purchase them. We have had upwards of twenty varieties (Daniel's choicest strain), all very fine and some unusually large. I would send five seedlings post-free for 1s., and expect to have a few offsets, rather larger plants, which would be three for 1s. We have found them succeed either in greenhouse or window for winter and spring blooming. I have also some seedlings of the greenhouse variegated fern, *pteris creta maculata*, and of the fringed hart's tongue, which I would be glad to send at 4d. each, post-free.—Sincerely yours,
M. P.
South Yeo, Bideford, N. Devon.

MOOSONEE.



LONE, lone land!

Circle the icy zone with pray'r,
Poor out your gold for the heralds there!
Care for them, plead for them! Harvests yield,
Send more labourers into the field,
To that lone land!

A silent land!

Send sweet speech of the Word of God
Through snowy silence,—o'er bloomless sod!
The Gospel story rings through our lands,
Send its music to those still strands,
That silent land!

An ice-bound land!

The crystal walls of the icebergs grand
Guard the way to that desolate land.
Vainly would foam of the dashing waves
Tarnish the sheen of those emerald caves.
The ice-bound land!

A dark, dark land!

The Indian prays for the world's glad Light,
Hold it forth in the heathen night!
Heralds of light and gladness plead,
"Send us forth for the heathen's need
To that dark land!"

A lone, lone land!

They heed not peril, nor toil, nor shame,
They count not life to be dear to them!
Shall we our worldly good withhold?
Shall we keep back our silver and gold
From that lone land?

CLARA THWAITES.

HOW TO USE MISSIONARY BOXES.—A lady, on leaving Belvedere in Kent, has returned to the Society six Missionary Boxes, five of which have been in use 14, 18, 6, 5, and 2 years respectively, and have produced altogether £286 19s. 8d. (Of the 6th there is no record.) They have been so carefully used that they can be put in order at the cost of a few pence and re-issued.

THE MONTH.

AT the recent Cambridge C.M.S. Anniversary, the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Westcott, who presided, said: "I have lately had occasion to become intimately acquainted with the work done in the Society's College at Islington. I can but say that the admirable character and results of the teaching in that college make me thankful that men so prepared should be going out into the Mission field."

ON June 11th the C.M.S. Committee received the Bishop of Calcutta. There was a large attendance, including the Earl of Chichester, President, and several of the Vice-Presidents. The Bishop, in a very interesting speech, described what he had seen of C.M.S. Missions in India, and referred to several important questions connected with their organisation and development.

ON the same day the Rev. W. Allan, who has returned from Palestine, gave a most interesting account of the Society's Missions there, praising especially the schools in the towns and villages, most of which are doing a remarkable work in instructing the people in the truths of Scripture.

WE omitted to state last month that Mr. W. E. Oliphant, of St. John's Hall, Highbury, who has been accepted by the Society for missionary work, was ordained, with the Islington students, by the Bishop of London, at his Trinity Ordination on May 20th. He has, however, taken a curacy under the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, for a year, before going out to the Mission field.

THE Islington men lately ordained have been assigned as follows: the Rev. J. W. Handford to Frere Town, where he has already done such excellent work; the Rev. T. Harding to Lagos; the Rev. A. W. Cotton to Sindh; the Rev. T. Holden to Peshawar; the Rev. M. N. S. Atkinson to the Koi Mission; the Rev. J. B. Panes to the Telugu Mission; and the Rev. J. W. Tims to the Blackfoot Mission, Saskatchewan.

THE Rev. E. T. Dowbiggin has sailed to rejoin the Ceylon Mission, and the Rev. J. Hines the Saskatchewan Mission. The Rev. J. W. Tims, also appointed to Saskatchewan (as above mentioned), has likewise left England for his distant post.

THE Rev. William L. Groves, B.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, formerly Curate of Whitechapel, afterwards Chaplain to Bishop Burdon at Hong-Kong, and latterly Acting-chaplain at Shanghai, has offered himself to the Society for missionary work in China, and has been appointed for the present to assist the Rev. J. C. Hoare at the Ningpo College.

THE Rev. G. Iitchfield, late of the Nyanza Mission, has been appointed to the Bheel Mission, Rajputana. The Bheels are the wild hill tribe for whose evangelisation the Rev. C. S. Thompson was sent out three years ago on a special benefaction of £1,000 for the purpose from the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. The Mission having now been taken on the General Fund, Mr. Bickersteth has given another £1,000 to provide a second missionary, which has been supplemented by additional gifts from Mr. Joseph Hoare and other friends.

WE greatly regret to say that the Rev. T. Phillips, the English Secretary of the Niger Mission, has been compelled to come home on account of illness. The Rev. J. Hannington, of the Nyanza Mission, whose proposed return home was mentioned last month, was brought safely down to the coast, and has now arrived in England. His devotion to the work, and his patience and courage under sufferings and privations of all kinds have been most remarkable; and we are indeed thankful that he has been preserved to reach this country. The following missionaries have also lately come to England, in addition to those mentioned in previous numbers: the Rev. W. A. Roberts, from Western India; the Rev. T. R. Hodgson, from Jabalpur; the Revs. F. W. N. Alexander and E. N. Hodges, from the Telugu Mission; the Rev. M. G. Goldsmith, from Madras; the Rev. J. Allocock, from Ceylon; the Rev. R. Shann, from Mid-China; the Rev. F. Bellamy, from Palestine.

A PORTRAIT of the late Principal of the C.M. College, the Rev. W. H. Barlow, B.D., has been painted by Mr. J. Edgar Williams, and was formally presented to the College by the subscribers at a meeting held on

May 21st. The presentation was made by Mr. Alexander Beattie, J.P., and by the Rev. J. W. Handford, senior student, and the gift was suitably acknowledged by the present Principal, the Rev. T. W. Drury, M.A. The portrait has given great satisfaction.

THE *Henry Wright* steamer arrived at Port Said, en route for East Africa, on May 28th. She had proved herself an admirable sea-boat in all respects.

A NEW station of the East Africa Mission has been established in the Teita country, seventy or eighty miles inland from Mombasa. Mr. J. A. Wray is located there, on the western side of a mountain 5,000 feet high.

INTERESTING letters have been received from the Rev. P. O'Flaherty and Mr. Mackay, in Uganda, up to November 19th. All was going on well. The principal event was the abandonment of Uganda by the French Romanist missionaries, who had all left.

ANOTHER of the Society's old missionaries has been taken to his rest, the Rev. C. H. Blumhardt. He was a native of Wurtemberg, and was educated at the Basle Missionary Seminary, and the C.M. College at Islington; and he was ordained by Bishop Blomfield in 1834. In 1836 he sailed for Abyssinia, whence he was expelled in 1838 with Krapf and Isenberg. He was then transferred to India, and laboured in the Krishnagar Mission from 1839 to 1877, when he finally retired after forty years' service. His son, the Rev. E. K. Blumhardt, was also a C.M.S. missionary for nine years, and his daughter married Dr. Dyson, late Principal of the Cathedral Mission College, Calcutta, and now Senior Tutor in the Islington College.

A MISSION BOARD has been established in New Zealand, comprising the three Bishops of Auckland, Waiapu, and Wellington; Archdeacon Clarke and Williams (Secretary); the Revs. R. Burrows and S. Williams; and Messrs. Larkins, Clarke, and Tanner, to administer the Society's grant to the Mission and the revenue from the Society's lands in the island; and an arrangement has been made for a yearly diminution of the former, and for its cessation at the end of twenty years, subject to the personal claims of individual missionaries on the Society. The scheme has been cordially welcomed in New Zealand.

BISHOP RIDLEY, of Caledonia, held his first Confirmation on March 9th, at Kincolith, where the Rev. T. Dunn, formerly of Ceylon, is now stationed. Thirteen women and twelve men were confirmed.

READERS of the present series of the GLEANER from the commencement will remember a remarkable narrative in the very first number, January, 1874, of an attempt by Mr. Downes (since known as Dr. Downes, of Kashmir), to penetrate into Kafiristan, the mountainous country north-east of Afghanistan. Mr. Hughes, of Peshawar, now writes that his Native evangelist, Syud Shah, has lately gone into that country, preaching the Gospel as he went, and brought back with him a young Kafir to be educated.

THE number of baptisms in Fuh-Kien in 1882 was—adults, 184; children, 109. The Christian adherents are now 4,454, an increase of 355 in the year. Among the converts mentioned is one man who is a fruit of Dr. Taylor's medical work, having come to him to be operated on for diseased jaw, and having, while under his care, heard and believed the message of salvation. This man "is very earnestly endeavouring to make known God's love in Christ Jesus," and he has already brought in his brother and a fellow-workman to be candidates for baptism.

RECEIVED:—"Thank-offering from a servant, for the fitting up of the *Henry Wright* steamer, with the prayer that God's blessing will rest upon the labours of the faithful workers in that part of His vineyard." 10s. Also, "M." for the same object, 10s. For the General Fund, a Country Schoolmaster, 10s. Thank-offering for answer to prayer, £1 1s. 0d.

WE have received from Miss V. M. Skinner some more of her admirable "Friendly Letters," published by Jarrold & Sons. Our space is too limited for us to notice much even of C.M.S. work that ought not to be passed over; so that we are obliged to refrain from enlarging our borders and naming many other excellent agencies for good at home and abroad which have our hearty sympathy. But we must just mention these Letters. The last one is addressed to Nurses.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 3rd 1.36 a.m.
F. Qr. 11th .. 1.29 a.m.

August.

P. M. 18th .. 12.54 p.m.
L. Qr. 25th 5.32 a.m.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

[86. 15.]

- 1 W *Slavery abol.*, 1884. A God full of compassion and mercy, Ps. 100. 5.
 2 T *H. Williams lan. N. Z.*, 1828. His mercy is everlasting, Ps. 100. 5.
 3 F *Speke disc. V. Nyanza*, 1858. His tender mercies are over all His
 4 S Great are Thy tender mercies, Ps. 119. 156. [works, Ps. 145. 9.
 [blot out my transgressions, Ps. 51. 1.]
 5 S 11th aft. Trin. According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies
 M. 1 Ki. 18. Rom. 8. E. 1 Ki. 19 or 21. Matt. 19. 3-27.
 6 M Ready to forgive, plenteous in mercy, Ps. 86. 5.
 7 T 2nd Niger *exped. at furthest point*, 1854. I have compassion on
 8 W He delighteth in mercy, Mic. 7. 18. [the multitude, Mk. 8. 2.
 9 T Unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, Ps. 62. 12.
 10 F *E. Auriola.*, 1880. His mercy is on them that fear Him, Lu. 1. 50.
 11 S *Peet d.*, 1865. I trust in the mercy of God for ever, Ps. 52. 8.
 [pitieth them that fear Him, Ps. 103. 13.]
 12 S 12th aft. Trin. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord
 M. 1 Ki. 22. 1-41. Rom. 10. E. 2 Ki. 2. 1-18, or 4. 8-34. Matt. 22. 41 to 23. 13.
 13 M *H. Wright drowned*, 1880. In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy,
 14 T The Lord is very pitiful, Jas. 5. 11. [Hos. 14. 3.]
 15 W 1st Niger *exped. entered River*, 1841. The God of my mercy
 [shall prevent me, Ps. 59. 10.]
 16 T *Gordon killed at Kandahar*, 1880. My mercy will I keep for him,
 17 F The earth is full of Thy mercy, Ps. 119. 64. [Ps. 89. 28.]
 18 S Let Thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, Ps. 119. 41.
 [glorify God for His mercy, Ro. 15. 9.]
 19 S 13th aft. Trin. *Knapf vis. Rabat*, 1844. That the Gentiles might
 M. 2 Ki. 5. Rom. 16. E. 2 Ki. 6. 1-24, or 7. Matt. 26. 31-57.
 20 M It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, Lam. 3. 22.
 21 T Because His compassions fail not, Lam. 3. 22. [Ps. 103. 11.]
 22 W As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy,
 23 T Rich in mercy, Eph. 2. 4. [His tender mercies? Ps. 77. 9.]
 24 F St. Barthol. *Jowett to the East*, 1815. Hath he in anger shut up
 25 S 1st *Miss. sailed for N. Z.*, 1809. Thy mercy, O Lord, belid me up,
 Ps. 94. 18. [with Thy mercy, Ps. 90. 14.]
 26 S 14th aft. Trin. *Japan Treaty Ports op.*, 1858. O satisfy us early
 M. 2 Ki. 9. 1 Cor. 7. 1-25. E. 2 Ki. 10. 1-37, or 13. Mk. 1. 21.
 27 M Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy people, Ex. 15. 13.
 28 T Mercy shall be built up for ever, Ps. 89. 2. [20. 6.]
 29 W *China Treaty Ports op.*, 1842. Showing mercy to thousands, Ex.
 30 T *Lord Dufferin visited Melatkahita*, 1876. My mercy shall not
 [depart, 2 Sam. 7. 15.]
 31 F Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my
 [life, Ps. 23. 6.]

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

VII.—Our Efforts.

"Cut down for thyself."—Josh. xvii. 15.



HE character of Joshua is eminently inspiring. To him God's "biddings" were also "enablings." Strong in the strength of the Lord, making mention of His righteousness only, he goes forth promptly wherever the voice of Duty calls, conquering and to conquer. We seem to see him up betimes in the fresh morning, full of buoyant elasticity and practical energy, a zealous friend and a formidable foe. Fixing his eagle eye on that of his Divine Master, he could look no lower for guidance: with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, he stood before the King of kings, in noble self-reliance; counting not his life dear unto himself, if only he might be admitted into the joy of his Lord. No wonder, then, that he could not brook in others a supineness and dependence utterly alien to his own courageous nature. When the children of Joseph came to Joshua with a plausible expression of their merits and their needs, he replied at once, with incisive authority: "If thou be a great people, *cut down for thyself.*"

Suppose we seek to lay up this grand lesson among our heart's treasures. It may reveal to some of us the secret of true success in life, and make us glad with the perfect freedom of prayerful self-help. We too are anxious to follow the leadings of a mighty Joshua, a Divine Deliverer, even the Great Captain of the Lord's Host, Jesus our Almighty Saviour. Christian warfare

is not so much a fight as a wrestling; less a combat among many than a strife betwixt two. And herein lies its difficulty. We like to associate ourselves, to stand shoulder to shoulder, to rise and fall together. The subtle sense of companionship seems to lighten our responsibility. Let us divest ourselves of all fictitious imaginings, and realise our individuality in the sight of our Maker. He watches the windings of our career as narrowly as if our erring self alone were walking through this earth. By the Word of Truth, by the power of God, by honour and dishonour, by sorrow and joy, He seeks to draw us aside from the multitude, that He may loose our stammering tongue; until, having at length learned obedience by the things we have suffered, we bow our heads and cry, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?"

What a step in advance when we come to this! It may help us if we imagine Him replying: "*Cut down for thyself.*" Shake off dull sloth; cease ye from man; have not I commanded thee? Only be thou strong and very courageous, and thou shalt see the salvation of the Lord." And then we set our daily life to a new key, following the sweet firm dictates of the Master, whom having not seen we love. We put on the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; we keep fast hold of the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Satan himself will flee before its fearless flashings, and the walls of pride and worldliness and prejudice will fall down flat at the ringing shout of Omnipotence.

As to our foes, their name is Legion; each best knows his own; each must fight single-handed. They torment us, like thorns in our sides; hydra-headed, they spring up where we fancied them effectually slain. We want to be veritable Missionaries, true soldiers of the Cross. Then let us remember that it is by what *we* do, not by what is done for us, that we become strong or good. Beginning from the mighty host which beleaguers our own soul, and try hard to take it captive, let us fight the good fight every hour; in sober vigilance, let us keep the faith. And when we have learnt somewhat of our own weakness, and of the strength of trust, let us lift our eyes and look upon the many Mission fields lying ready to our hand and heart. A place awaits us all in God's army, that invincible company of willing workers, so united in counsel, so alone in execution. And in whatever direction our efforts may eventually tend, whatever may be the trials which are sent to test the depth of our faith in our Defender, let us look up brightly, hopefully, obediently, as He whispers at every critical turn: "Son, daughter, *cut down for thyself.*"

A. M. V.

THE NEW BISHOP FOR JAPAN.



FOR some years past it has been felt by the missionaries of the Church of England in Japan, and by others who know the circumstances of that remarkable country, that an English Missionary Bishop ought to be sent there. Hitherto, Bishop Burdon, of Hong Kong, has exercised such episcopal jurisdiction as was possible from a distance of 1,500 miles, having been commissioned to do so, at the time of his consecration in 1874, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He has visited Japan three times in nine years, and his presence was of great advantage at the Conferences held on those occasions. But considering (1) the progress of Christianity in Japan, (2) the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church of America had its Bishop there, (3) the completeness with which other American Missions were organised, it seemed a pity that the English Church alone should be unrepresented in its full organisation among such a people as

the Japanese. One difficulty after another, however, presented itself. The late Archbishop felt it necessary to consult the American Church regarding the future relations of the two Bishops one to another, and it did not prove easy to adjust them. Then, although the C.M.S. was quite ready to maintain the English Bishop entirely, as in the cases of Travancore, Mid China, the Niger, &c., the Archbishop did not think this a good arrangement, because the C.M.S. is not the only English Church Society in Japan. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel also has a Mission, so that the new Bishop could not well be wholly identified with one society. The C.M.S. then agreed to pay a definite sum as part of the episcopal stipend on certain conditions; and the S.P.G. having offered a like sum, the matter was so far settled. It then remained for the Archbishop to find the man, but he died before this was done. The new Archbishop lost no time in making himself acquainted with the whole matter, and his choice has fallen upon the Rev. Arthur W. Poole, late C.M.S. missionary in South India, to the great satisfaction of all C.M.S. friends.

Mr. Poole was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Worcester College, Oxford, and graduated in 1878, 8rd Class Lit. Hum. In 1876 he was ordained by the present Bishop of Oxford, and was for some time curate to the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, of St. Aldate's. In 1877 he went out as a C.M.S. missionary to the Telugu Mission, together with his friend the Rev. E. N. Hodges: Mr. Hodges being appointed Principal of the Noble High School, and Mr. Poole Rugby-Fox Master. He was nearly three years in India, doing a most useful and promising work, not only in the school, but by lectures to educated Hindus and private intercourse with them. In 1880 he was invalided home, and has since then won much acceptance as a deputation for the Society. His speech at Exeter Hall on May 1st will be fresh in the memory of all who heard or read it. Some extracts were printed in the GLEANER of June. As the selection of Mr. Poole for the Japan Bishopric was the spontaneous thought of the Archbishop himself, it can scarcely be doubted that that speech had no little share in commending him to his Grace's notice.

It will interest many readers to print here a brief account of Mr. Poole's first lectures to educated Hindus at Masulipatam, which he sent to the Society in 1878:—

While in Madras I delivered a lecture for Mr. Sathianadhan in the Chintadrepettah Hall. It was an extempore address on Oxford. Through a notice of this in the Madras papers, the news reached Masulipatam, and soon after my arrival I was constantly asked when I was going to begin lectures. I thought that a repetition of the same lecture would be best as an introduction to them, so on April 20th (Saturday afternoon) I delivered a lecture on the "History, Constitution, and Studies of Oxford." We had the school-hall well filled. A large number of Native officials, and masters and boys of the Hindu school, as well as our own, were present.

I was so encouraged by this that I determined to try a course of lectures. I announced a course of six lectures on "Christianity as an Historical Religion," to be given on Sunday mornings at 7 A.M. We

began on June 2nd. Hodges took the chair, and, after a short (during which a few stood), spoke of our plan, discouraging public discussion, but inviting to private conversation. We had 80 or 90 present. My principal subject was the "fulness of time" in relation to the Jew and Gentile world. The second lecture was delivered on June 9th, growth of Christianity. The attendance was even better.

This provoked the adversary, Damodarayya Garu, the Government pleader and an old opponent, who had taken notes at both lectures, announced a lecture on Christianity for the following Saturday at the Hindu School. Of course I was there. There was a large attendance and the Deputy-Collector in the chair. The lecture was in Telugu, very long, but one of our Christian masters who was present gave me a sum of it afterwards. The Chairman and others, at the close, dissented from the lecturer's views of the absurdity of a "book revelation." He had laid down three conditions which a revelation should fulfil before it could be accepted: it must be (1) universal, (2) clear, (3) demonstrable. He ended by a few isolated passages of Scripture, pitted against another as contradictory, and took up the position that, inasmuch as he had made the world once for all with fixed laws, revelation on His part and prayer on ours were equally absurd.

Next morning, June 16th, I gave my third lecture. The Deputy-Collector consented to take the chair, and at the close expressed his dissent from the lecture of Saturday.

I urged the importance of reading books and attending any lecture would help us in securing the needs of the world to come. My subject was "The Claim of Christianity to be Absolute." It gave me an opportunity of bringing out Bishop Butler's comments on the three points raised before. Next Sunday, June 17th, I discussed "Non-Christian Witnesses to the Historic Truth of Christianity." June 14th, fifth lecture: I discussed "Moonsif in the chair; subject, 'Christianity and the Bible.'"

Owing to my having to go to Madras, there was delay in giving the sixth. I delivered it, however, on Oct. 5th; subject, "Christianity Continued Miracle." The Hindu lecturer was absent through severe illness. I sent to know if he could see me, he sent word that he was too ill. On Oct. 21st, he and his eldest son (a clever young student at Rajahmundry College) died within a few hours of one another. It made a great impression on the Natives.

The missionary who has done the work of this kind is exactly the man for a people like the Japanese—quick-witted, inquiring, and sensitive. We would commend Mr. Poole to the prayers of all our readers, that God will give him much grace and wisdom for the important and responsible work to which he is now called.

What is the work of the Church of England in Japan, which the Bishop-Designate will preside? The C.M.S. has on its list at present eight clergymen, one layman, and three laywomen (besides the wives). The S.P.G. has four clergymen, one layman, and one lady (besides wives). There are three other English clergymen working in various capacities in Japan. The C.M.S. has 304 baptized Native Christians by the returns, and the S.P.G. 147 (according to the last Report we think the figure should be larger); and there are many others. On the other hand, the American Episcopal Church has a bishop, six clergymen, four laymen, and three ladies (besides wives). It has 126 "average attendance on public worship," but how many of the attendants are baptized Christians was not told. The great successes in Japan have been achieved by other American societies, particularly the Congregationalists.



THE REV. ARTHUR W. POOLE, M.A.,
Bishop-Designate of the Church of England in Japan.



MOUNT FUSIYAMA, THE SACRED VOLCANO OF JAPAN.

Methodists. The Russo-Greek Church and the Church of Rome also have strong forces there. We trust that Bishop Poole may be privileged to develop and extend largely the Missions of the Church of England, and that by their means multitudes of Japanese Buddhists and Shintoists may be brought to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(The picture above represents the Matchless Mountain of Japan, as Fusi-yama is called by common consent. It is 13,977 feet high. It is the central object in the background of all Japanese ideal and allegorical pictures. It is painted at the bottom of the delicate china cup from which he sips his tea, and on the lacquer bowl from which he eats his rice. It appears on his fan, on the back of his looking-glass, on the skirts of his garments.)

A GRATEFUL FAKIR.

AT the end of a public road in Agra, North India, there stands a small, plain brick building, which bears a close resemblance to an ordinary English barn or shed.

It appears from what I afterwards learnt that the place was once the abode of a "fakir," that is, a holy man of the Hindus, who never works, and seldom eats, but passes his whole time in contemplation and prayer. This fakir, in order to secure a place of retirement from the noisy and

sinful world outside, digged a well, and afterwards built over it a rough place of bricks as a covering. By these means he obtained two necessities of life; a house to live in, and water to drink. Only one thing more was wanted, and that was food. This he managed to secure from a neighbouring bazaar, the shopkeepers of which are in the habit of daily feeding these holy men in order to get their prayers and blessing. For several years the fakir lived alone in this curious place; and seldom, if ever, did any visitor call to see him. At last a godly man named Mr. Fraser, who held a very important position as Judge in Agra, found him out. And what do you think he did? Why, once or twice in every week Judge Fraser found time, in spite of his numerous engagements, to go and read a portion of the Christians' Bible to the Hindu fakir. This pleased the holy man of the well exceedingly. His own sacred books were nothing compared to the sahib's Bible. And so he listened eagerly to every word the sahib read.

Shortly after the commencement of the good judge's visits the fakir died. But so grateful was he for the good he had received from the reading of his kind friend's book, that on his death-bed he bequeathed the well he had dug and the house he had built "*to the sahib who used to read the Bible.*"

What a touching tribute of praise this is to the excellency of the Word of God! If a poor, ignorant fakir could value it, how much more should we? Thank God that we have such a Bible to give to the heathen.

HENRY LEWIS.

St. John's College, Agra.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRETT.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOLDING BACK.

"TTA, I want to tell you something."

Netta Ogilvie, engaged at the moment in unfastening her necklace before the glass, turned round rather hastily at Sasie's words, wondering from the tone of voice what the something could be.

Netta was Sasie's contrast in everything; tall, dark, with grave steadfast brown eyes, a firm resolute mouth, and a decidedly queenly figure. In her black net dress and pearl necklace she made a picture upon which any lover of beauty would have looked with pleasure.

Netta Ogilvie was worth knowing, though not easily understood. Some mistook her so utterly as to put her down as cold and proud—those who loved her admired and revered her as well. Perhaps, indeed, more revered than loved her, just because they did not understand her. Those who were weak or sad looked on her as a kind of saint; and more than one on the verge of despair had learnt to hope through knowing her.

Among those who did not understand her was her own sister Sasie. It is possible that a slight feeling of jealousy may have been at the root of the misunderstanding. Netta was held up to Sasie by her aunt as a pattern to be copied; and even her father, though perhaps specially fond of Sasie, always turned to Netta if there was anything to be decided or done. If Sasie ever offered help, which, however, was seldom, her father would pat her on the shoulder, with the words, "No, no, my dear, you are sure to make a muddle of it, leave it to Netta, there's a good girl." For a game of tennis, or ride, or in fact anything in the way of pleasure, he would look to Sasie; but apparently he thought her incapable of being useful or helpful.

It may have been also that Sasie felt Netta to be much better than herself. She was conscious of there being a gulf between them, and had considered till this evening that it was hopeless to try and bridge it over.

Sasie had long been convinced that Netta was a servant of God, and had found out the secret of being happy and at rest. This knowledge had till now had no effect on her, save to make her feel uncomfortable at the sense of the difference between them; but for the last two or three days, in fact since the Missionary Meeting, the thought that they were treading the same path drew Sasie to her sister, and she felt instinctively that Netta, whose love for her was very great, though unexpressed, would be glad to hear that she could now sympathise with her in her longing to please and serve God.

Consequently when Netta went into her bedroom one night Sasie followed her, and, lingering by the fire, waited for some opportunity in which to speak. Netta, however, seemed in a silent mood, so that there was nothing for it but for Sasie to open the subject.

When Netta turned round quickly at Sasie's words, her sister was leaning against the mantelpiece, her face resting on her arm, gazing absently into the fire. "Well, Sasie, what is it?"

"You and I are very different, Netta."

"Yes, in some things."

"In most things, I think. I sometimes have wished we were more alike than we are, but I think I'm not quite so far away from you as I was."

"Far away, dear—how do you mean?" and Netta drew nearer the fire, and looked more closely at the pretty dreaming face of her sister.

"It seemed to me that we were so very, very far away from one another a little while ago, there was no subject on which we could meet and sympathise, and now—"

"And now, Sasie?"

"Well now I think we both have the same aim in view. We love and are trying to serve the same Master. Are you glad, Netta?"

Was Netta glad? Are we not glad when we have been praying for something night and day and it comes to pass?

You may be sure Netta told her so.

"I feel to have been living such a useless life all this time," continued Sasie after a little while, "and I'm afraid that people will take a long time to believe that I want to be different. I'm very glad that God has

shown me something of myself and Himself before I'm any older than was dear old Mr. North that made me really begin to think about religion first."

"Mr. North?" asked Netta, in great surprise, for she had never heard of him, and had only heard him spoken of as a feeble, almost childish old man.

"Yes, he has been praying for me, and God has answered his prayer."

Sasie began now to long to do some more definite work for God, knowing that Sunday-school teachers were always wanted, she resolved to see Mr. Bennett, the rector, about it.

"I shall ask for a boys' class," said Sasie to herself, as she hurried towards the rectory one morning. "I always get on well with boys. I don't believe I should mind them being a little troublesome at first."

It was with a certain amount of trembling that Sasie found herself entering the study and shaking hands with Mr. Bennett. He had known her ever since she was twelve years old, and Sasie was continually running in to see his wife, and to play with his children, with whom she was a favourite. But it was a very different thing to find herself in the rector's study, sitting opposite to him while he waited for her to speak.

It was with hesitation that Sasie told him what she had come to say, but she managed to explain herself sufficiently to make him understand, and his words of encouragement were remembered by Sasie all her life.

He was glad, he told her, that she wanted to teach in the Sunday-school, particularly as his infant school was at that moment suffering from an insufficient number of teachers.

"I should prefer taking a class in the boys' school, if there is one," said Sasie; "I fancy somehow I could manage boys, for I'm not fond of them."

"At present I have no vacancy in the boys' school: all the classes are filled up; but I'm very much in want of infant school teachers."

"But," said Sasie, rather aghast, "I am afraid I never could manage my mind to that."

"And why not?"

"Because I am not fond of small children, and am quite sure I should never manage them."

"Not fond of children! Mine would tell a different tale I think."

"Oh, but they are quite different, Mr. Bennett. I am afraid—"

"Well, Sasie?"

"I don't think I should ever have enough patience to teach the boys," said Sasie, doubtfully, her eyes bent on the carpet and a very disapproving expression on her face. "I simply have no patience."

"But should you not try to cultivate it?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but—oh I am not half good enough to teach infants; and besides, on a hot summer Sunday—oh dear!"

"It would doubtless be a work of self-denial."

"Very great self-denial," said Sasie, thoughtfully. "I am afraid I am not upon infants as very uninteresting; besides, I should not know what to say if they were taking in what I told them. I fear I should find it rather a hard work."

"It is a happy thing for our little ones that all are not of your opinion, Sasie. God's work should never, and need never, be dull work."

Sasie was silent for a minute.

"Mr. Bennett," she said, after a pause, "would there be any objection to my waiting for a month or two, for then there might be a vacancy in the boys' school?"

"Possibly there may be, but do not refuse this class without prayer about it. We should not turn our back on any work God gives us to do. Be quite sure in your own mind that He does not intend this work for you before you refuse it."

"Help me, O Lord,
To give Thy work the foremost place of all,
To keep my post whatever may befall,
And never to hold back when Thou dost call
To work for Thee."

"May I have a few days to think over it?" asked Sasie.

"By all means. Give me your answer this day week if you can, and I will pray about it before you go."

Sasie's face wore a very sober expression as she walked homewards. The struggle was going on within her. She had for so long done only that which she felt inclined, that it was most difficult now to make up

mind to do that which, except that it was work for God, was very distasteful to her.

If she undertook a class she was resolved to be regular in her attendance—was she therefore willing to give up all her Sunday afternoons in order to teach a quantity of tiresome fidgety little infants? Boys were a different thing; she was convinced that she would get interested in them, that it would become a real pleasure to her, and imagined it would cost her very little. Had she known more about it, she would have understood that to teach a class of boys was by no means so easy as she imagined, that it needed much more patience and perseverance than Sasie was prepared to give. But Sasie felt that she was not willing to give so much time and trouble as infant school teaching would require.

"Shall I offer unto the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing?"

The question arose suddenly in Sasie's mind and changed the current of her thoughts. Was she only willing to serve God in ways that gave her no trouble, and that cost her nothing?

A MISSIONARY READING SOCIETY.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I think some of your readers may be interested in hearing of a small Missionary Reading Society, which has now been in existence for nearly three years. We have found it very useful ourselves, and should be glad to think the idea would be a help to others. The following has been our plan up to the present time:—Early in every month the reading for the month is sent to each member. It consists of two or three articles, selected by the examiner from the C.M.S. periodicals. These have to be carefully studied, and towards the end of the month a paper of questions on the reading is sent to each member to be answered from memory. The answers are sent to the examiner by the end of the month, and he looks over and marks them. Any member failing to send in a paper of answers, or to obtain half the full number of marks, pays a fine of 2d.; and at the end of the year a small prize is given to the member who has obtained most marks. We are now, however, trying a new system. At the beginning of each month the examiner now draws up a paper of questions embracing much larger portions than formerly of the *Intelligencer* and *Gleaner*. These are at once sent out to the members, who answer them before the end of the month, reference being allowed to the periodicals, and to any other books or maps. We hope this plan will enable us to master a larger portion of the mass of information provided for us by the C.M.S., and that the finding and writing out of correct answers will impress it on our minds as much as our old system. I must add that the Rev. R. R. Meadows, formerly of North Tinnevely, most kindly acts as examiner, and I need hardly say that his kind help is the greatest possible advantage to us.

We shall be very glad to receive new members, and any of your readers who wish to join the Society should write to Miss Williams, Bridehead, Dorchester, and put the letters M.R.S. in one corner of the envelope. F. L. W.

HOW I GOT THE "HALF AS MUCH AGAIN."

FROM March, 1881, to March, 1882, I collected for the Church Missionary Society something like £1 6s. I was present at St. Bride's when the Bishop of Osnory made such a stirring appeal for more labourers, and for funds, and after hearing what a great effort was being made in order to raise the "Half as Much Again," I resolved that I would try and see if I could not accomplish it.

One day I was reading a missionary publication, when the writer said that he thought instead of people keeping old coins for curiosity, if they were to give them to Foreign Missions it would be much wiser. I had no coins, but I had an old silver watch which was probably made in the last century. "Well," I said, "I will pull you to pieces, and consign the case to the melting-pot," which I accordingly did, and being of a similar craft as the Demetrius we read of in the Acts, I converted the old case into the following articles, viz., a pair of solitaires, a mount for my stick, and lastly, but not least, a Silver Missionary Box. I had the name of the Society engraved thereon, polished it, and had it sealed up. You can guess the size of it when I tell you it will take nothing larger than a threepenny piece.

I soon began to show my box, and it soon began to fill. Soon afterwards we had a meeting, on which occasion we were addressed by Mr. Nicol, a Native clergyman from the Gambia. In the course of the evening several articles from Mission lands were shown, and I did not forget to show my box, when the vicar put in a "threepenny," and so did others who happened to have them; many were sorry that they could not get a sixpence to drop in, and when our vicar's son was trying to get one more coin in, out came the bottom, and when the money was counted there were twenty-one silver pieces, and some of the audience gave me other money to change into threepenny pieces, which soon made the "Half as Much Again," which I transferred to my ordinary C.M.S. box, and I am happy to say that altogether I sent in through our vicar last year a little under £2.

As so many people were sorry they could not drop a sixpence in I determined that I would have a larger one, which would admit not only sixpences but also shillings. I have tried it, and find it will hold over £2. It is made of silver, and has got "Church Missionary Society" engraved on it.

W. H.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

"Bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth."—*Isa. xliii. 6.*



O! they come, a host in white,
Hark! they sing the gospel psalm;
Victors through the Saviour's might,
Bearing in their hands the palm.
Near and nearer they advance,
Louder paeans stir the air;
Angels downward bend their glance,
Welcoming a sight so fair.

Once in shades of heathen night
Wounded unto death they lay;
Now uprisen to the light,
Zionward they take their way.
Messengers of Christ went forth
North and south and east and west,
From the farthest bounds of earth
Bade them come to Him for rest.

England! let thy pulses thrill!
Glorious work to thee is given!
Sow the seed of life until
Christ return to bless from heaven.
Give what makes thee great—His word,
Bend the knee—unite as one,
Till the kingdom of our Lord
Stretch from east to set of sun.

Horsford Vicarage.

M. B.

THOMAS SCOTT'S PARISH—EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,—An account of the anniversary just held in the parish of Aston, Sandford, Bucks, may interest some of the readers of the *GLEANER*. The Rev. Thos. Scott, our first Secretary, was rector of this parish, and it was here the first missionaries of the Society were trained.

On Sunday last sermons were preached in the neat little church, and reference was made to the fact that it was eighty years since the first sermons were preached there for the Society by the reverend Thos. Scott, when the sum of £17 2s. 6d. was collected, as announced in the Report for 1804.

On Monday afternoon tables were spread on the rectory lawn to regale friends with tea, &c., &c., and at half-past four it was a pleasant sight to see no less than 109 persons sit down to partake of the goodly fare provided for them. As the parish only contains 50 people it is evident that many of the neighbours from surrounding villages had come to assist in the proceedings of the day. At six o'clock all were summoned by the ringing of a bell, and a company of over 120 assembled. The proceedings commenced by the singing of "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." After prayer and the reading of the 2nd Psalm, the rector, the Rev. A. C. Alford, made a few opening remarks, stating that he remembered in years gone by, when his father was rector of the parish, attending a meeting in the barn close by, when the deputation was a missionary from Sierra Leone, and again this evening they were to hear one who had been a missionary for some years in that same place. Three of the neighbouring clergy then gave short addresses, one of them specially commending to the company the reading of the *GLEANER*. The hymn, "Jesus shall reign," was then sung, after which the deputation spoke.

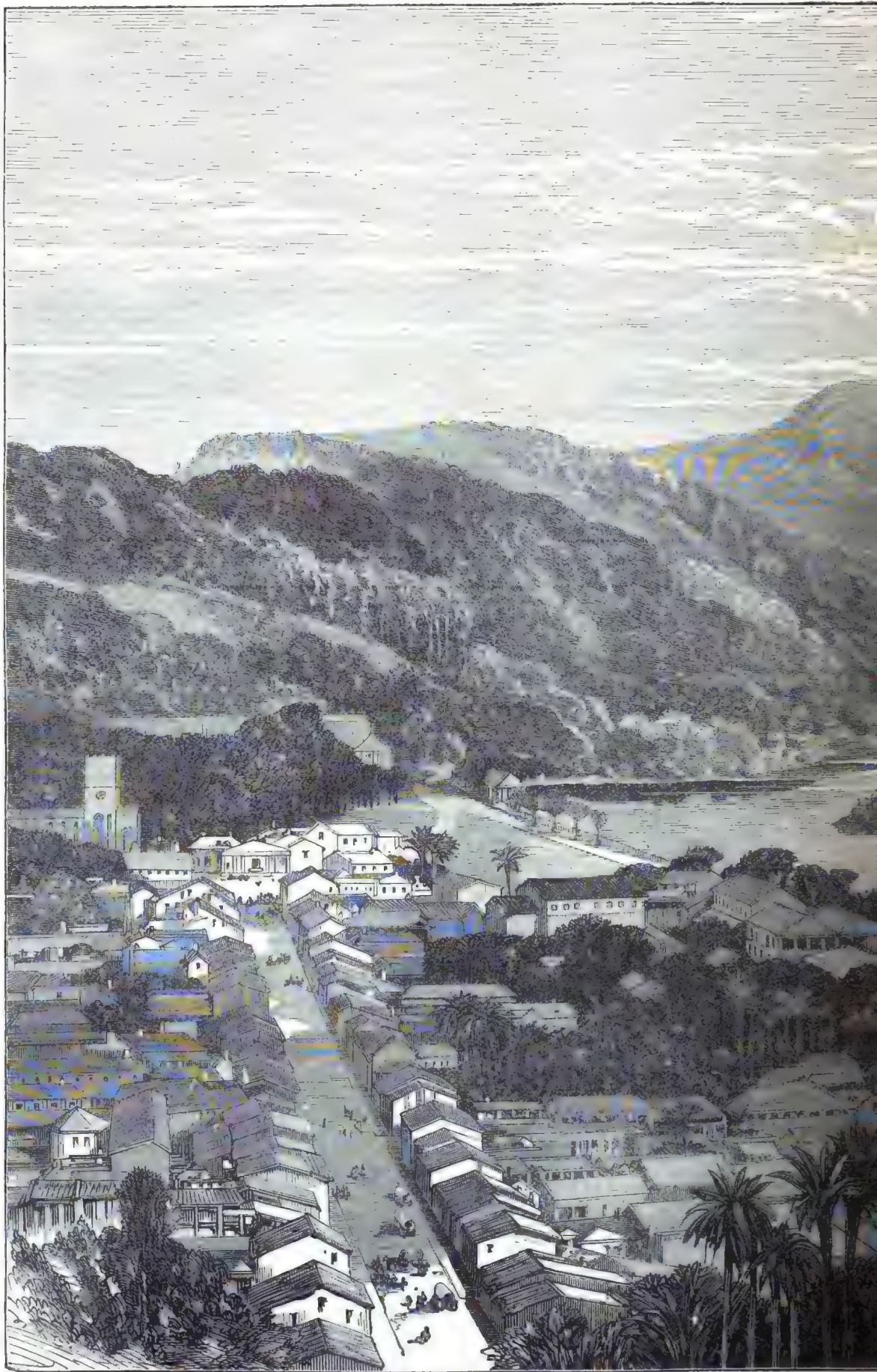
Referring in the first place to the gratifying fact that for eighty years without interruption the Society had been supported in the parish, he then pointed out that it was in the year 1804, when their first contribution was sent to the Society, that the first missionaries were sent to the West Coast of Africa. He called attention to the fact mentioned in the *Church Missionary Almanack*, that it was forty years that day since Bishop Crowther was first ordained, and then proceeded to tell the story of his remarkable life.

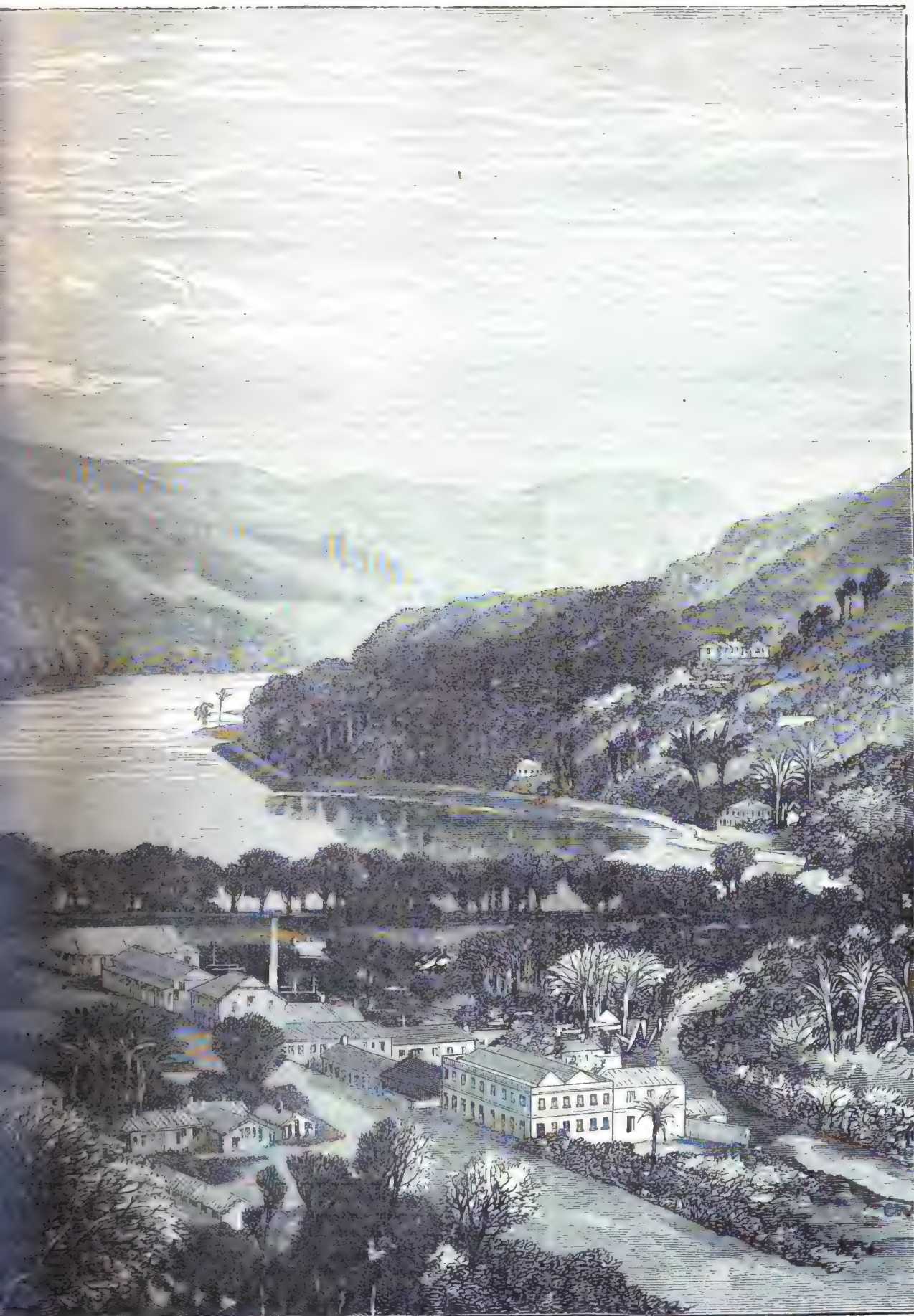
Another neighbouring clergyman then said a few concluding words, and a collection was made during the singing of the hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and the rector having pronounced the blessing, by eight o'clock all were able to depart again to their homes, and thus a very happy and pleasant, and we trust a profitable anniversary came to a close.

J. H.

June 12th, 1883.

[The writer of the above, the Rev. J. Hamilton, was, of course, himself the "deputation" he refers to; and his letter is the more interesting that he has just sailed for Africa once more, to help Bishop Crowther for a while on the Niger.—Ed.]





KANDY.



TWO years ago we gave a picture of Trinity Church, Kandy, Ceylon, belonging to the C.M.S., and a portrait of its minister, the Rev. Henry Gunasekara, with a sketch of his life. We now present, on the centre pages of this number, a large picture of Kandy itself, the ancient capital of Ceylon.

"Kandy," wrote the Rev. J. Ireland Jones in our own pages nine years ago, "is charmingly situated 1,600 feet above the level of the sea, and lies embedded in hills bright with the verdure of perpetual spring. At one end of the town a large artificial lake glitters in the beams of a tropical sun; groves of cocoa-nut palms wave their long leaves gracefully in the breeze; and rows of tulip-trees by the lake side and on its wide embankment afford a grateful shade, and by their bright foliage and rich yellow flowers add to the beauty of the scene." The town is the centre of Buddhism in Ceylon, and in its great temple is preserved the far-famed relic claiming to be a tooth of Buddha, one of the most sacred objects of Buddhist reverence in the world, which was solemnly exhibited to the Prince of Wales when on his Eastern tour in 1875.

When the British conquered Ceylon from the Dutch, at the end of the last century, they failed at first to subdue the Kandians, who were protected by their wild and rugged mountains; and it was not till 1817 that the whole country submitted. In the very next year, with the full concurrence of the then Governor, Sir E. Brownrigg, the C.M.S. established a Mission at Kandy; and from that day to this it has been faithfully carried on.

The Society's work in Kandy now is fourfold. (1) Trinity College, a high-class educational institution, of which the Rev. J. G. Garrett, M.A., is Principal. There are over 200 students, of various nationalities and religions. The interesting converts mentioned in the GLEANER of June were from this College. (2) The two Singhalese congregations, comprising together nearly 400 baptized Native Christians, with the Revs. Henry Gunasekara and Bartholomew Piris Wirasinha as pastors. (3) The Kandyan Itinerancy, a Mission to the Singhalese population of the whole hill-country in which Kandy is situated, which is carried on by the Revs. J. Ireland Jones and Johannes Perera Kalpagé. It has about 900 converts. (4) The Tamil Cooiy Mission, which is to the coolies on the coffee estates in that same hill-country, who are not Singhalese in race and language, but Tamils, and most of whom come over from South India. Of these there are 1,400 Christians. The missionaries are the Revs. W. E. Rowlands, H. Horsley, F. Glanvill, and Pakkyanathan Peter.

Let the picture of Kandy on the middle pages often remind us of these varied agencies for the spread of the Gospel, and stir us up to pray that they may be abundantly blessed one and all.

CONVERSION OF A YOUNG MOHAMMEDAN.



THE Rev. J. G. Deimler, of Bombay, has baptized a young Mohammedan from Aurangabad, a town in what is called the Nizam's territory, in Central India, an independent Mohammedan state. His story is remarkable. He was a Persian writer under the Nizam's Government, and his father and uncle, "of a very respectable and influential family of the Sayids," are maulvis (learned doctors or teachers) and also government servants. He was on a visit to the latter, who is a first assistant-judge at Aurangabad, and came under the influence there of the Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, the C.M.S. Native missionary, who thus relates what occurred:—

A learned Mohammedan came to discuss with me. He had read the Gospel of St. Matthew, which I had given to one of his pupils, and wished to dispute with me on the supposed discrepancies of the Gospel narrative. Our conversation, carried on in a quiet and friendly manner, lasted for four hours, during which time four or five of his pupils sat quietly listening to us, none of them daring to take part in it in their master's presence. One of them was much impressed with the fact that while Mohammed died and rose not again, Christ died and rose again, and is now, according to the teaching of the Koran, in the fourth heaven. As soon as he got opportunity, he asked his teacher to explain to him the reason of this great difference. His master desired him to fetch two

stones, one larger than the other, and to put them in the scales. "I hold up the scales, and see which of the two stones lies nearest to earth. Is it not the heavier one? It is for the same reason that Christ being lighter, has gone up into heaven; but Mohammed, being heavier, lies low in the ground." This strange reasoning has had a contrary effect upon the youth, for the fact of Christ's having risen again from the dead convinced him of the truth of Christianity. He began to come to me privately, and after a few visits he earnestly desired me to baptize him both expeditely and privately. I firmly objected to accede to his wish for I felt sure he needed further instruction, and a private baptism not desirable for any one who wished to take up his cross before the world. But sympathising with his fears of meeting with fierce opposition from his people, I sent him to Mr. Deimler.

Mr. Deimler now takes up the story:—

The poor fellow now realised for the first time what it is to forsake parents and relations for Christ's sake. He asked Mr. Ruttonji, who was in his eyes, whether he would experience the same kindness and sympathy in Bombay which he had received from him. He found a home in the Hostel; and after a couple of months, being persuaded of the sincerity, I baptized him in the presence of a considerable number of Mohammedan converts, and other Christian friends. Amongst the former was our dear brother, Maulvi Sayed Safdar Ali, Assistant Commissioner in the Central Provinces.

The usual difficulty of putting this youth in the way of supporting himself presented itself most forcibly to my mind. Having been brought up in prosperous circumstances, he was unaccustomed to the fare and clothing of a poor man. He was for the first time away from his parents' home, and bereft of parents dear to him, and of home comforts. He case deserved sympathising consideration, and his faith could not be taxed beyond endurance. He had escaped from his home with only a suit of clothes, and with no money. In this embarrassment I addressed myself to my tried friend, Mr. Clark, of Amritsar, asking his advice and assistance. Mr. Clark consulted with Mr. Baring, of Batala, and before I had the cheering reply that Mr. Baring was glad to receive the youth and to do what he could for him; that I could not do better for him than to send him to Batala, which was the best place in all North India for young converts, and that he would have the same prospects as other young Christians. Thus my fears were removed. I was ashamed of my lack of faith, and truly thankful to God for His help in the time of need, and also to the dear friends in the Panjab.

GLEANER COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION, 1884.



THE Missionary Competitive Examination for the year 1884 will be held on Tuesday, January 8th, 1884.

The subject of the Examination will be the Two Numbers of the GLEANER for 1883.

The Examination will be conducted at as many local centres as the Society's friends in the various towns and districts may be able to arrange.

Candidates must be not less than fourteen years of age; all persons of that age are eligible.

There will be two Standards, A and B. Candidates may enter either.

There will be one Question Paper; but certain questions will be marked as more difficult. All candidates who attempt any of these will be counted in Standard A; and those who confine themselves to the easier questions, in Standard B.

In each Standard successful candidates will be placed in two classes. Candidates in either class and in either Standard will receive Certificate of Merit.

There will be several prizes of books in each Standard. The value of prizes in Standard A will range from 5s. to a guinea, and in Standard B from 4s. to 8s.

Every candidate must pay an entrance fee of one shilling.

Intending competitors must apply, not to the Parent Society, but to the local clergy or secretaries of Associations; and to them the entrance fee must be paid.

Clergymen and other friends of the Society desirous of arranging the Examination to be held in their districts, are requested to communicate with the Editorial Secretary, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, E.C. Their duties will be (1) To invite competitors in their town or district; (2) To provide a room for them to be examined in the afternoon or evening of January 8th, 1884, and also pens, ink, paper, &c.; (3) To remit the amount of entrance fees to the Parent Society; (4) To receive the Question Papers, and send up the answers; (5) To make proper arrangements for the due observance of the conditions of the Examination. Detailed instructions will be sent in good time to those applying for them.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

VIII.



IN February, 1880, the venerable Apostle of the Island, Samuel Marsden, paid them his sixth visit. He arrived at a critical juncture. War had broken out afresh. The country round Paibia was filled with fighting men, an engagement had taken place, and the beach was stained with Maori blood. In the midst of it all, tidings flew abroad that Mr. Marsden was on the ship which had just been seen to enter the bay. The venerated name acted like a charm, and no sooner had he landed than the wild combatants invited him to mediate between them. Age and infirmities could not, as we can well believe, hinder him from doing his utmost to bring about peace. He passed from island to island, and thence to the mainland, over and over again, engaged in anxious negotiations, and sparing neither toil nor trouble to allay the furious passions which had been aroused. It was many days before he could succeed in putting a stop to the actual bloodshed, though his heart must have been greatly cheered in the interval by the conduct of the Christian converts. More than a hundred, unmoved by the intense excitement going on around, went on quietly with their daily duties, never even leaving their work to see what was going on! and the greater part assembling as usual in the evenings for spiritual instruction. On the Sabbath day this was especially remarkable. In Mr. Marsden's own words, "The contrast between the east and west sides of the bay was very striking, though only two miles distant. The east shore was crowded with fighting men of different tribes, in a wild, savage state; many of them nearly naked, and when exercising, entirely so. Nothing was to be heard but the firing of muskets, and the din and confusion of a savage military camp; some mourning the death of their friends, others suffering from wounds. On the west side was the pleasant sound of the church-going bell, the natives assembling together for Divine worship, clean, orderly, and decently dressed, most of them in European clothing. All carried in their hands the Litany and greatest part of the Church Service, and some hymns, printed in their own tongue; and their whole conduct and appearance reminded me of a well-regulated English country parish." What a subject for a missionary address the pictures of these two sides of the bay would have afforded, could they have been presented to the mental sight in their living reality!

The work of Divine grace in individual hearts was not less striking. Taiwunga's baptism was mentioned in our last chapter. He was a relation of Hongi's, and once an eager comrade in his sanguinary wars, and from his rank and influence, as well as his naturally strong passions, passed through many and deep struggles before he could receive the yoke of Him who is "meek and lowly in heart." After his baptism he came out as boldly on the Lord's side as he had formerly been distinguished on that of the evil one. He fearlessly rebuked sin in the heathen around, while his own earnest submission to the will of God was remarkable. Once, when his children were taken ill, he humbly remarked, "I am an obstinate child and God is whipping me."

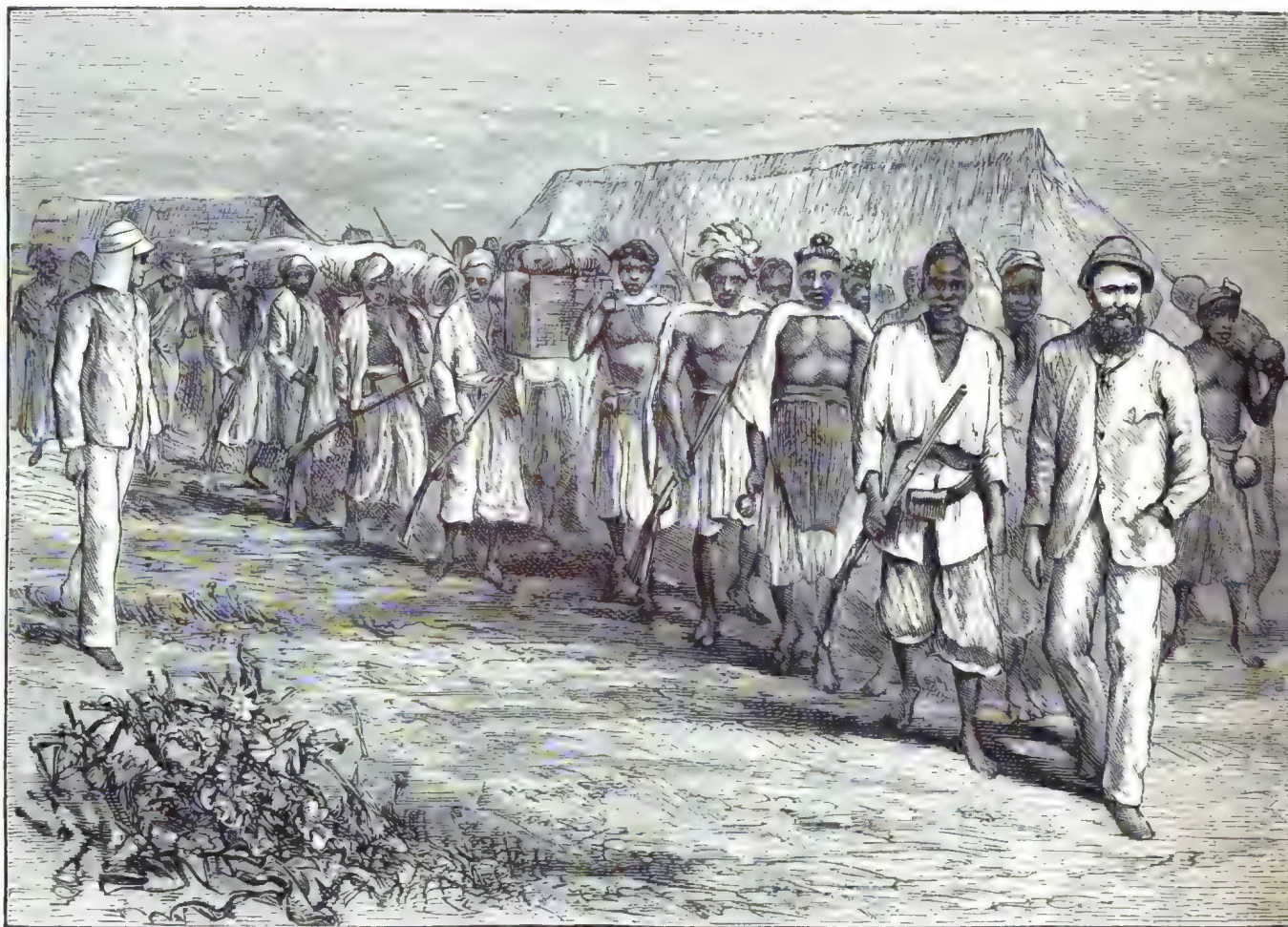
One of those baptized by Mr. Marsden during this visit was once a poor sickly, stupid-looking slave-girl, who received the name of Betsy. Good food, kind treatment, and careful training had transformed her into a valuable servant, and after the baptisms of Taiwunga and his companions, she went to her teacher, Miss Davis, and told her that she could delay no longer, she must give herself to God at once, entreating that she would plan some time in which to talk to them of the exceeding love of Christ in dying for sinners. One can imagine how joyfully the

missionary's daughter complied with this request, and the poor girl's growth in grace was remarkable. She ultimately died in consumption, and during her last illness showed the deepest concern for the salvation of others. Over one whose indifference grieved her, she would weep and say, "Oh, Tuari, Tuari, it will not be long before I am gone from you, and why do you not believe? Do you think God will not listen to your prayers? Yes, He will, for His love is great, it lasteth for ever. If you go the right way to find Christ, you will love Him too well to leave Him again. He will hide your sins in His sepulchre, He will wash your heart in His blood; and when you are washed from your sins you will be happy, but not till then." She would reprove vain or trivial conversation, saying, "These things will do you no good when Jesus comes to judgment. When I think of my former sins, it makes my heart very dark and miserable; but then I pray, and God hides my sins from me, and puts His Spirit into my heart, and that makes it light again. My pain is great," she answered once, in reply to some expression of sympathy, "but it is nothing to what my Saviour suffered. I feel happy; Christ is waiting at the end of the road, I want to go." Thus the cannibal chieftain and the dying slave-girl alike manifested the fruits of the Spirit.

A spirit of earnest inquiry was at this time poured out on very many. Hitherto the people had passed their leisure in dancing, singing, or sleeping; now they met together in little bands to read or pray, and visited the missionaries to obtain further instruction. Mr. W. Williams wrote: "The interest formerly manifested by a few has become almost general, and the cry, as soon as evening prayers are over, is, 'May we not come to you and talk?'" Indeed the evenings of all the missionaries at Paibia were taken up in conversations with the newly awakened. Sometimes twenty or thirty would come together for general instruction; others would seek a private interview to converse with more freedom about their own state of mind. The evidence given by one and another that the Spirit of God was really at work in their hearts was most cheering. Some could speak of their strong desire to give up their hearts to God, others expressed the same desire, but with sorrow that as yet it was so feeble. One came to pour out his gladness in the light that had visited his soul, while another grieved over a season of backsliding, the result of intercourse with heathen relatives. Here is one amongst the many notes handed to their teachers:—

"Brother of Mr. Williams, I think much of Jesus Christ. His love to my heart is very great. I am a very bad man. My sins were lately very many, but they have been taken away by Jesus Christ. His love does not disappear. The affection in my heart towards Him is very great. I cannot hide the affection of my heart. The joy of the Holy Spirit in my heart is very great. Because I have a great heart I write to you. . . . This letter is written by me, Wakaraé."

Before Mr. Marsden left, he arranged with the missionaries for the establishment of a new settlement, and Waimate, Hongi's former residence, was fixed upon as the most desirable locality. It was a good situation, bounded on one side by a beautiful river, and less depopulated than other districts, as it was long since its fierce inhabitants had suffered any to attack them. Now, however, a change was passing over them. At a meeting held in order to complete the purchase of land, an old chief arose and said, "Be gentle with the missionaries, for they are gentle with you; do not steal from them, for they do not steal from you; let them sit in peace on the ground they have bought, and let us listen to their advice, and come to their prayers. Though there are many of us, missionaries and natives, let us be all one, all one, all one. This is all I have to say." His excellent counsel was followed. This station was spared the trials which had attended the commencement of the others. There were no rude attacks, or attempts at plunder. Though it was months before they could have locks upon their doors, &c., their property



UYUI, CENTRAL AFRICA: MISSION CARAVAN STARTING.

remained untouched. The name Waimate means "water for the sick," and is given to the district because there is a healing spring near by. The fountain of living waters was now unsealed for its thirsty people, and they were not slow to drink and live. Before many months had elapsed there were 135 under regular instruction. Three years after, and the missionary could testify, in describing a Sabbath at this station, "Long ere the morning service begins, you see the natives collecting in little groups round the chapel, reading or listening to the Word of God. Often the chapel is filled five minutes after the door is opened, and many are generally obliged to stand outside. The rest of the day corresponds to this; all is order and silence, except that you may occasionally hear the voice of praise ascending from the little cottages, where perhaps two or three families have met together for this purpose." God's people had waited on Him for the blessing, and it had surely come, it had not tarried. E. D.

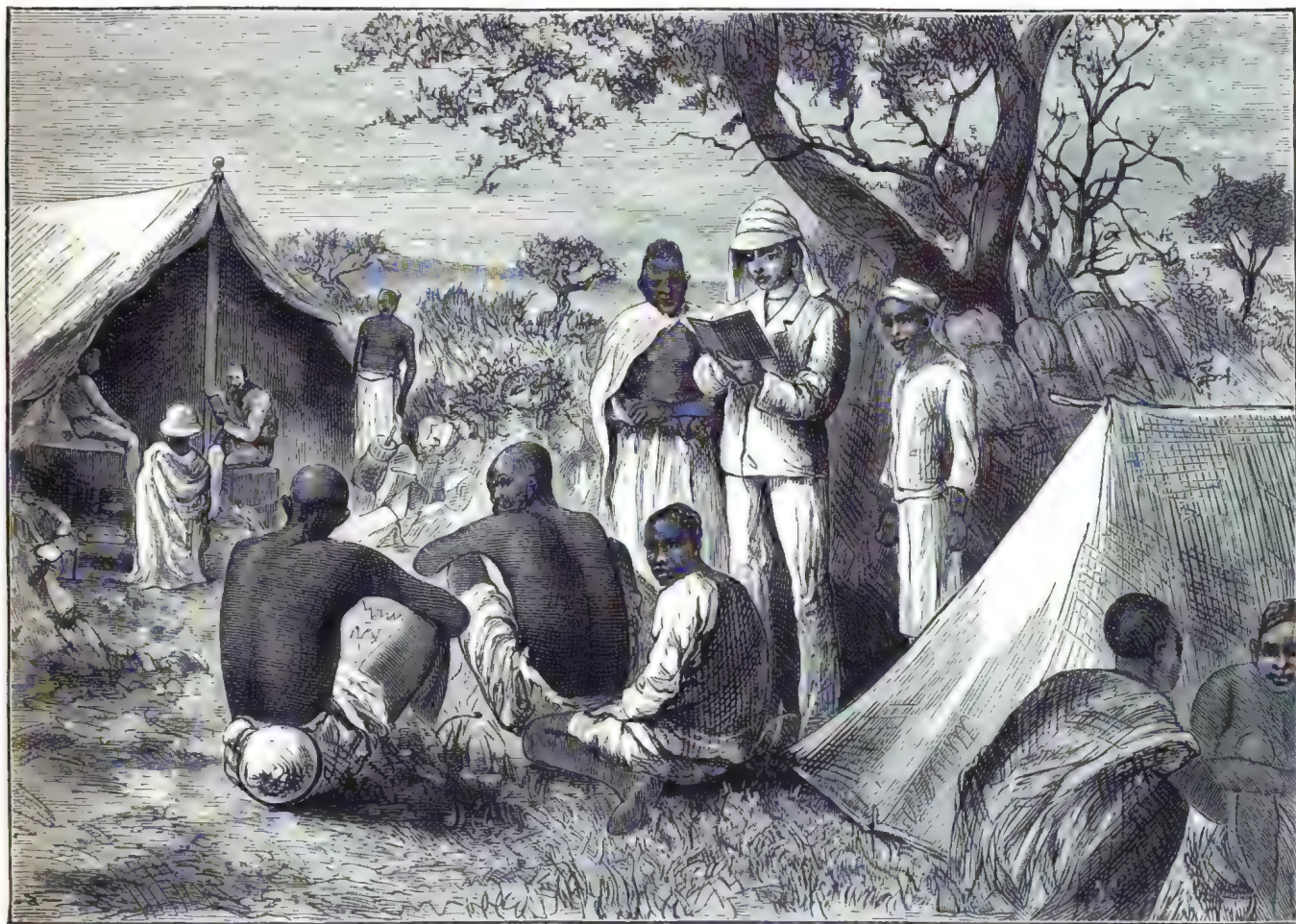
UYUI, CENTRAL AFRICA.

IF our readers will turn back to the GLEANER of April, 1881, they will find a very clear map of East and Central Africa, made at that time expressly for their use. That map shows the *intermediate stations* of the Victoria Nyanza Mission. This Mission, as our friends know, is a Mission to Uganda, the country of King Mtesa; but from the beginning it was felt that if our missionaries were to plunge 800 miles into the heart of the Dark

Continent, others would have to be stationed at two or three places on the road, so that communications might be kept up and one party help the other. The Society has now three (and hope by this time four) such stations between the coast and great Lake, all of which are marked on that map: first, *Mboia*, nearly 200 miles up the country; then *Mpuapwa*, a fifty miles further; then *Uyui*, 300 miles on towards the north-west; lastly, 150 miles to the north, a station at Kagei, or some other place at the south end of the Lake. Then the Lake is to be crossed (nearly 200 miles) and we are in Uganda.

UYUI is a collection of villages about twenty miles north of Unyanyembe, the great centre of trade in that part of Africa familiar to all readers of African travels. The country here, a very large one, is called U-Nyamwezi, and the people Wa-Nyamwezi.* The chief of Uyui is Mayembe-gana, which means "Hundred Spades." The place was first visited by Lieut. Stanger in 1876, and afterwards by the Rev. C. T. Wilson, both of whom recommended it for a station. On Oct. 6th, 1878, Mr. C. Stanger and Mr. A. J. Copplestone arrived, built a house, and established a depôt for stores. They had, however, to go on to Uganda, but from thence they afterwards returned, and on Oct. 1st, 1877, Mr. Copplestone took up his abode permanently at Uyui, and there he has laboured patiently and prayerfully until this year, when he has come home to rest and recruit after more

* As we have mentioned before, in most East African languages the fixes *U*, *Wa*, *M*, *Ki*, denote respectively the country, the people, an individual, and the language. Thus, *U-Gogo*, the country; *Wa-Gogo*, the people; *M-Gogo*, one of the Wa-Gogo; *Ki-Gogo*, the language of U-Gogo.



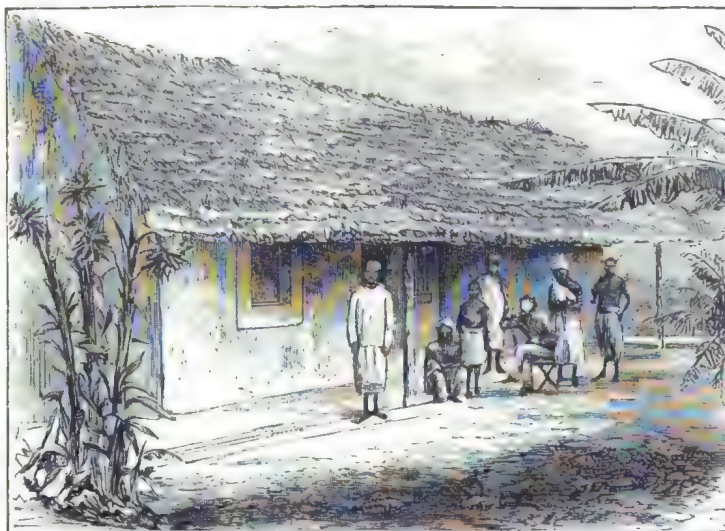
MISSION CAMP AT THE FIRST STAGE BEYOND UYUI.

five years in Africa. Most of the time he was alone; but the Rev. G. Litchfield was with him for some months in 1880; and on Sept. 2nd last year, the last new Nyanza party arrived, two of its members, the Revs. J. Blackburn and W. J. Edmonds, being commissioned to strengthen the Uyui Mission. But although man proposes, God disposes; and while Mr. Copplestone is in England, news comes that Mr. Edmonds also is coming home sick. Mr. Blackburn, too, had already been obliged to come down to the coast to take care of Mr. Hannington, the leader of the whole party, who was dangerously ill; but he, we trust, is back again by this time.

Is it not a sure sign of God's favour and blessing that, notwithstanding changes and disappointments like these, the Nyanza Mission, both in Uganda itself and at these intermediate posts, is still carried on in faith and patience,

and not without fruit? So far, Uyui has been the most unpromising of the stations. The chief, though not personally unfriendly, will not allow the children to come to school; and the people are truly "of the earth, earthy." But so much the more reason for perseverance and prayer. For the souls of the Wanyamwezi the Lord Jesus died; and from them assuredly shall some jewels be chosen for His crown.

Our pictures are from photographs sent by Mr. Edmonds. The first represents a mission caravan starting from Uyui, Mr. Stokes leading the van. The large shed behind is Mr. Blackburn's house, and the smaller one the store and kitchen. The second picture shows the caravan halting, and the camp pitched, at Magangati, nine miles north of Uyui; the tent on the left being that of Mr. Ashe, one of the party for Uganda. The small picture shows Mr. Copplestone's house.



UYUI: MR. COPPLESTONE'S HOUSE, BUILT BY HIMSELF.

THE MONTH.

WE were sorry to go to press last month without the announcement of the appointment of the Rev. A. W. Poole to the Japan Bishopric; but we could not put it in print until the Archbishop's official intimation had been received, and this came just too late for the GLEANER, though in time for the *C.M. Intelligencer*. An article on the subject, with a portrait of Mr. Poole, will be found on another page.

THE Duke of Marlborough, whose sudden death on July 5th caused such general regret, was a Vice-President of the C.M.S., and had been so since 1856.

ON July 3rd, the C.M.S. Committee received Bishop Caldwell, the veteran S.P.G. missionary in Tinnevely, and superintendent of that society's missions there. He gave a most interesting account of the progress of the Gospel among the Tamil population. Referring to his brother Bishop, Dr. Sargent of the C.M.S., he said, "We have worked together, walked together, prayed together, but never quarrelled with each other." He bore high testimony to the C.M.S. educational institutions, particularly the High School at Palamcotta formerly carried on by Mr. Cruickshanks, the blind old master who was instrumental in the conversion of Mr. Sathianadhan and others, and expressed a hope that the new S.P.G. College at Tuticorin would be carried on upon the model of that school and of the Noble High School at Masulipatam.

ON the same day, Governor Havelock, of Sierra Leone, attended the Committee, and gave valuable information regarding that colony and its Christian population, particularly as to the education provided, towards which the Government are now going to give grants-in-aid.

AT the same meeting, the Rev. J. Hannington was received on his return from Central Africa, and touched all hearts by his simple recital of his journeys, trials, and sufferings. Dr. Downes, of Kashmir, was also present, and gave a full account of the Medical Mission there.

ON July 9th, the Committee received Archdeacon Farler, of the Universities' Mission in Usambara, East Africa, who gave an interesting account of his own work, and spoke very warmly of several of the C.M.S. missionaries.

DR. E. J. BAXTER, of Mwapwa, is in England for a short time, and gives an encouraging account of missionary prospects in Usagara and Ugo. The Rev. J. S. Doxey has also arrived from the Punjab; the Rev. V. Faulkner from Yoruba; and Archdeacon Crowther from the Niger.

THE Rev. J. Hamilton, the Society's Association Secretary for Hants, Berks, Bucks, and Oxon, and formerly missionary at Sierra Leone, has gone out to the Niger as English Secretary, in the place of the Rev. T. Phillips, who has come home ill. He is accompanied by a young medical missionary, Dr. Percy Brown.

THE meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on June 25th was an interesting one from a C.M.S. point of view. The paper read was written by Mr. Last, our missionary at Mambois, East Africa (see preceding page), and described his visit to the Masai, the powerful and much-dreaded tribe which occupies a large stretch of country between Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza, and which has hitherto prevented all advance in that direction. The paper was read to the meeting by Sir John Kirk, the British Political Agent at Zanzibar. Dr. Baxter, of Mwapwa, was also present, and spoke of his visit to another section of the same people. Archdeacon Farler, of the Universities' Mission, followed, and then Mr. R. N. Cust, a member of the Geographical Council and also of the C.M.S. Committee, spoke, referring sympathetically to Mr. Last's recent loss of his wife. The Chairman, General Rigby, who was formerly Consul at Zanzibar, concluded with some personal reminiscences of Rebmann, the C.M.S. missionary who was for so many years alone in East Africa.

THE Bishop of Lahore has been visiting Persia on his way from India to England. At the request of the C.M.S. Committee, the Bishop of London gave him a commission to exercise episcopal functions in that country; and he confirmed 67 Native Christians of Dr. Bruce's congrega-

tion on May 18th, and on the 20th admitted the excellent Arme assistant, Minarakan George, to deacon's orders. This is the first Anglican confirmation and ordination in Persia; and it will cause much joy to many friends in all parts of England and Ireland who have listened to Dr. Bruce's fervent appeals for that "wilderness" and "desert," and was so fond of calling it.

THE *Henry Wright* steamer had a successful voyage as far as Aden, but between that port and Zanzibar her progress was so impeded by monsoon that at length her coal was exhausted, and it being impossible to sail southward against that wind, she had to put back to Aden in a few weeks.

It is reported that King Mtesa is dead. Our latest letters from Uganda are dated Feb. 28th, and he was then as usual. Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Mackay were well, and things generally prosperous. Visitors inquirers were numerous, and one priest of the *lubari* (spirit of the L) had cast off his charms and ornaments, and avowed himself a believer in Christ. Mtesa and the chiefs had been much excited by the news of the English campaign in Egypt. The reinforcing party had been delayed by many difficulties; but Mr. Ashe was leaving Kagei for Uganda in Mte canoes on April 4th.

THE Punjab Native Church Council held its annual meeting at Christmas, not, as usual, in the city of Amritsar, but in the village of Jhandiala, where Miss Clay, the devoted honorary missionary of the C.E.Z.M.S., has her head-quarters, and also the itinerant Native missionary employed by the Council, the Rev. Mian Sadiq. The Bishop of Lahore was present, and preached the opening sermon. The subjects of readers of papers were—Village Schools, by the Rev. Mian Sadiq; Ordination and Examination of Catechists, by Mr. Chandu Lal; Evangelistic Services, "with singing, and possibly with instrumental music," by the Rev. Imad-ud-din and Mr. Mya Das; What is the best way to make the Church independent? by Mr. (now the Rev.) T. Edwards.

THE work among the Pabaris of the Rajmahal hills, Bengal, has given the Rev. A. Stark much encouragement. In November six whole villages renounced idolatry and placed themselves formally under Christian instruction. In January of this year some of the more advanced were baptized, including the devil-priest himself, who, on being asked what he had done with his demons, replied, "I have buried them, and told them to come near me no more." "What did they say?" "Say," he exclaimed, "what can stones say?" The Pabaris, Mr. Stark says, are "a people more ready to receive the Gospel than any I know in India, or it may be in the whole world." There are 95,000 of them, according to the Census of 1881. They are "a savage and uncultivated race, immersed in drunkenness and almost every other vice," yet "a very simple and trusting people with unbounded confidence in the goodwill of the English."

THE C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London has held a series of resting monthly meetings from January to July. On the last of these occasions the Rev. A. H. Arden gave a most graphic description of Hindu idolatry, and the Rev. W. Allan an animated account of his recent visit to the C.M.S. Missions in Palestine. The number of members of the Union is now 160, and several are actively preparing to give lectures and addresses to Juvenile Associations and in Sunday-schools.

A LADIES' Church Missionary Union has been formed in Norfolk. Its objects are: (1) to promote the general interests of the C.M.S. by reading about its Missions, by giving towards its support, by working for it, and by praying to God for a blessing on its labours; (2) to afford opportunities for meeting periodically to receive information on the work of the Society at home and abroad; to create a bond of union between the friends of the Society, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of others; to counsel together as to the best means of deepening and increasing interest in missionary work." The Dowager Lady Buxton is President, and Miss Buxton Secretary; and there will be a lady secretary for each of the thirty-one deaneries in the county. The idea is an admirable one, and we should rejoice to see it followed in other counties.

RECEIVED:—Thank-offering for Egypt, 10s.; for the *Henry Wright* steamer from "A sometime school-girl member of his congregation," 2s. 6d.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 1st 2.14 p.m.
F. Q. 9th 6.38 p.m.

September.

F. M. 16th 9.41 p.m.
L. Q. 23rd 12.51 p.m.

THE FAITHFULNESS AND TRUTH OF GOD.

- 1 S A God of truth, Deu. 32. 4. The faithful God, Deu. 7. 9. [Is. 25. 1.]
- 2 S 15th aft. Trin. Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth, M. 2 Ki. 18. 1 Cor. 12. 1-23. E. 2 Ki. 19. or 23. 1-31. Mk. 6. 1-14.
- 3 M Bp. Bowen con., '57. O send out Thy light and Thy truth, Ps. 43. 3.
- 4 T 1st freed slaves rec. Frere Town, 1875. That they might know
- 5 W I am the Truth, Jo. 14. 6. [Thee the only true God, Jo. 17. 3.]
- 6 T The only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, Jo. 1. 14.
- 7 F Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, Rev. 1. 5.
- 8 S When the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all [truth, Jo. 16. 13.]
- 9 S 16th aft. Trin. This is the true God, and eternal life, 1 Jo. 5. 20. M. 2 Chr. 38. 2 Cor. 1. 1-23. E. Neh. 1 & 2. 1-9. or 8. Mk. 9. 30.
- 10 M A good thing...to show forth Thy faithfulness every night, Ps. 92. 1.
- 11 T French and Stuart sailed for India, 1850. Lead me in Thy truth,
- 12 W Mercy and truth shall go before thy face, Ps. 89. 14. [Ps. 25. 5.]
- 13 T All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, Ps. 25. 10. [5. 20.]
- 14 F 1st bapt. in N. Z., '25, and on Niger, '62. In Him that is true, 1 Jo.
- 15 S God is faithful, by whom ye were called to the fellowship of [His Son, 1 Co. 1. 9.]
- 16 S 17th aft. Trin. Ember Wk. I will walk in Thy truth, Ps. 86. 11. M. Jer. 5. 2 Cor. 8. E. Jer. 22 or 35. Mk. 13. 14.
- 17 M The King of heaven, all whose works are truth, Dan. 4. 37.
- 18 T In Thy faithfulness answer me, Ps. 143. 1.
- 19 W Bp. Crouther captured at Idda, 1867. Let Thy truth continually
- 20 T His truth shall be thy shield, Ps. 91. 4. [preserve me, Ps. 40. 11.]
- 21 F St. Matthew. Faithful is He that calleth you, 1 Th. 5. 24.
- 22 S Bps. Stuart and Sargent's 1st ord., 1878. I have not hid Thy [truth from the great congregation, Ps. 40. 10.]
- 23 S 18th aft. Trin. I will not suffer My faithfulness to fail, Ps. 89. 33. M. Jer. 38. Gal. 2. E. Ez. 3, or 13. 1-17. Lu. 1. 24-27.
- 24 M J. T. Tucker d., 1866. I have declared Thy faithfulness, Ps. 40. 10.
- 25 T Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me, Ps. 119. 75.
- 26 W Bp. Wm. Williams ord., 1824. With my mouth will I make known
- 27 T Thy word is truth, Jo. 17. 7. [Thy faithfulness, Ps. 89. 1.]
- 28 F 1st C.M.S. bapt. in China, 1851. Sanctify them thro' Thy truth, [Jo. 17. 17.]
- 29 S St. Mich. and all Angels. (The angel) saith unto me, These are [the true sayings of God, Rev. 19. 9.]
- 30 S 19th aft. Trin. There hath not failed one word of all His good [promise, 1 K. 8. 56.]
- M. Ez. 14. Eph. 1. E. Ez. 18, or 24. 15. Lu. 4. 16.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

VIII.—Our Daily Difficulties.

"Touched with the feeling of our infirmities."—Heb. iv. 15.



RELIGION does not alter temperament. The grave will not grow gay, nor the gay grave, because of the new-felt influence. And yet to awake to the truth and beauty of life is to experience a change as great and striking as that between new and old, between light and darkness, or even between life and death. Allowing this, how is it that times pass over us when our day grows dark and dreary? Why do causes so trivial trouble the spirit's peace and mar the health of the countenance? Let us search out some of the reasons for our nameless depression. It should be discouraged. It clogs the soul and belies our best resolutions. To discover the extent of an evil is also to define its limits.

To many, the weather is a spell more powerful than they care to allow. Pitiless rain, impenetrable fog, drifting snow, make their heart weary and their hands hang down. They then take refuge in any excuse for petulance or moody listlessness. Yet our command is—Rejoice in the Lord alway. It may help us to remember how the rain is rejoiced over in the Bible, as one of the Lord's choicest blessings. Without it, where would be the merry streams, the freshing fountains, and the glassy lakes? Is it not pleasant to reflect that all things wherein is life may drink of the crystal drops of the River of God, which is full of

water? In the arid desert or the parched pasture-land, traveller and shepherd would give much for the good gift which is making us querulous and sad. Again, our "rainy day" in the physical or the moral world is, to multitudes, a day of sunshine. While we sit brooding within, children are chasing gay butterflies among sweet flowers, and happy birds sing as they soar through the cloudless ether. Let us look more on "the things of others." A light of duty shines on every day for all. Let us look up for guidance; back to count our Ebenezers; around to see into whose life we can pour salve, or send a ray of help and comfort; let us, especially, look forward, for to us the end of all things is at hand, and in the grave there is no more work for head or heart. A cheerful temper is a constant hymn to God, and "He meeteth him that rejoiceth" amid circumstances the reverse of enlivening. Once we believe our Heavenly Father to "know best," our daily difficulties will vanish as dew. If things went smoothly, where would be life's discipline?

For some of us it may be found in the trying tastes and tempers of those who dwell with us and whom we dearly love. When no tender cause draws out our real feeling, how apt we are to forget that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and that grievous words stir up anger. There is a Divine Peacemaker who loves to make men to be of one mind in a house. To Him let us open our grief. Is one of our senses impaired—one of our limbs fractured? Has some keen personal affliction brought us very low? The "all things" which work together for our good are of many a shape and hue. Let us contrast the trials of others with our own. "How much worse it might have been" is true philosophy. And we shall find "cheerfulness and gratitude to God unfailing avengers of mischiefs." We shall wish by-and-by that we had trusted Him more and grieved His Spirit less. How easy to preach, how hard to practise!

The difficulties of the Gospel missionary must be legion, his trials well-nigh overwhelming. Yet there is *always* help in looking up. Those who are strong in the Lord and in the power of His might shall overcome. Every formidable stone of hindrance shall be "rolled away" just at the right moment. Who could enumerate life's difficulties, or number the ways and means by which they are conquered? Enough has been said to enable us who sympathise to grasp the right hand of fellowship, and cheer each other as we breast the rugged hill. It is "to him that overcometh" that every grand gift is promised. Let us take courage; let us lessen our troubles by sweet humility. And hereafter, we, who understand the loving kindness of the Lord, shall have learnt how to praise Him even for our difficulties.

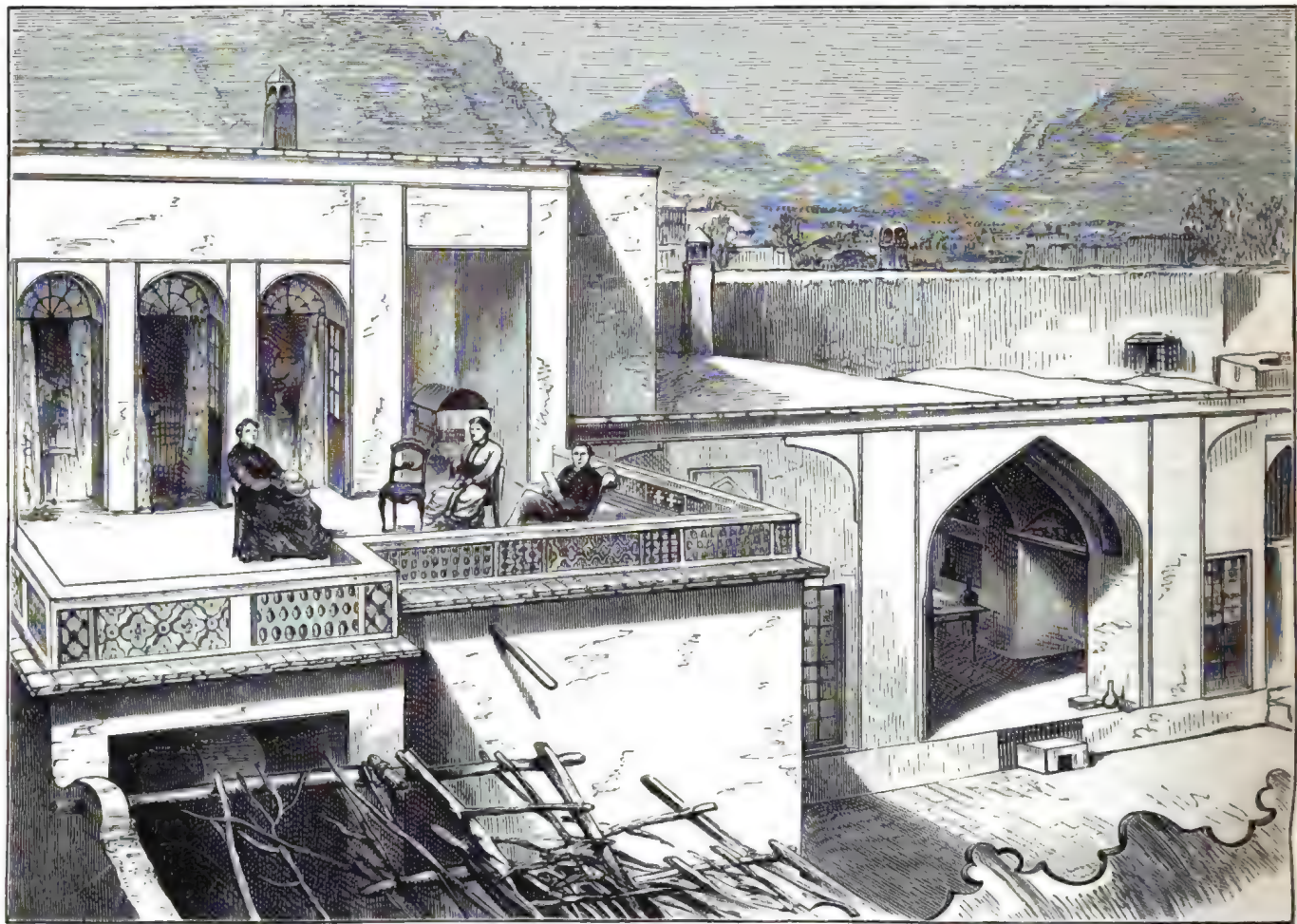
A. M. V.

THE BISHOP OF LAHORE IN PERSIA.



IN the GLEANER of July last year there was a deeply interesting narrative, by Dr. Bruce, of the C.M.S. Mission in Persia. We should like our readers to look back to that number and refresh their memories; and then we are sure they will rejoice to read the letter we now print from Bishop French, of Lahore, describing his recent visit to that country.

Members of the Church of England in foreign countries where there is no Anglican Bishop are regarded as under the episcopal care of the Bishop of London. It is he, for instance, who licences English chaplains at Paris and other places on the Continent. The Church Missionary Society, therefore, being aware that the Bishop of Lahore was about to come to England, and having ascertained that he would be willing to pay a visit to



PERSIA MISSION : DR. BRUCE'S HOUSE AT JULFA, ISPAHAN.

Persia on the way; applied to the Bishop of London to give him a commission to perform episcopal duties while there for the C.M.S. Mission; and as the Diocese of Lahore is the nearest Anglican diocese to Persia, its Bishop seemed the most suitable man for the purpose. The Bishop of London readily concurred, and Dr. French accordingly went from Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus, to Bushire on the Persian Gulf, and thence by Shiraz and over the mountains to Ispahan. Dr. Bruce and Dr. Hoernle, our two missionaries, are at Julfa, the Armenian suburb of that city. Bishop French writes as follows:—

I spent full sixteen days in Ispahan. The visit to our beloved friends and brethren has been most refreshing and cheering to myself, though it coincided with an outbreak of rather unusual opposition on the part of the great Sheikh, who has naturally been alarmed and aggravated by finding that the disposition grows to hear and receive the Word of God—especially in the way of purchasing books—and he has tried to presume on his importance and ecclesiastical rank by attempting to forbid the sale of Bibles, as well as that of Dr. Pfander's books. He has, however, acted beyond his power in this matter; moreover, Islam itself is not united in the opposition to the Bible, and even in Ispahan city, men of not less rank and influence than the Sheikh will take no part in stopping Bible sales, as likely to tend rather to bring Mohammedanism to disgrace and discomfiture.

The work among the Persians at Ispahan in the way of conversation and discussion was not so interesting as at Shiraz, perhaps. Mullahs and inquirers came; in twos and threes sometimes; but not, as is sometimes the case, in swarms. There were Jews, Babis, Mohammedans, whether Soofies or others.

Dr. Bruce is, for the present, declining to receive inquirers to baptism till he has fullest proof of them that they will not deny Christ, if cross-questioned. The whole history of the Babi sect, as well as that of the

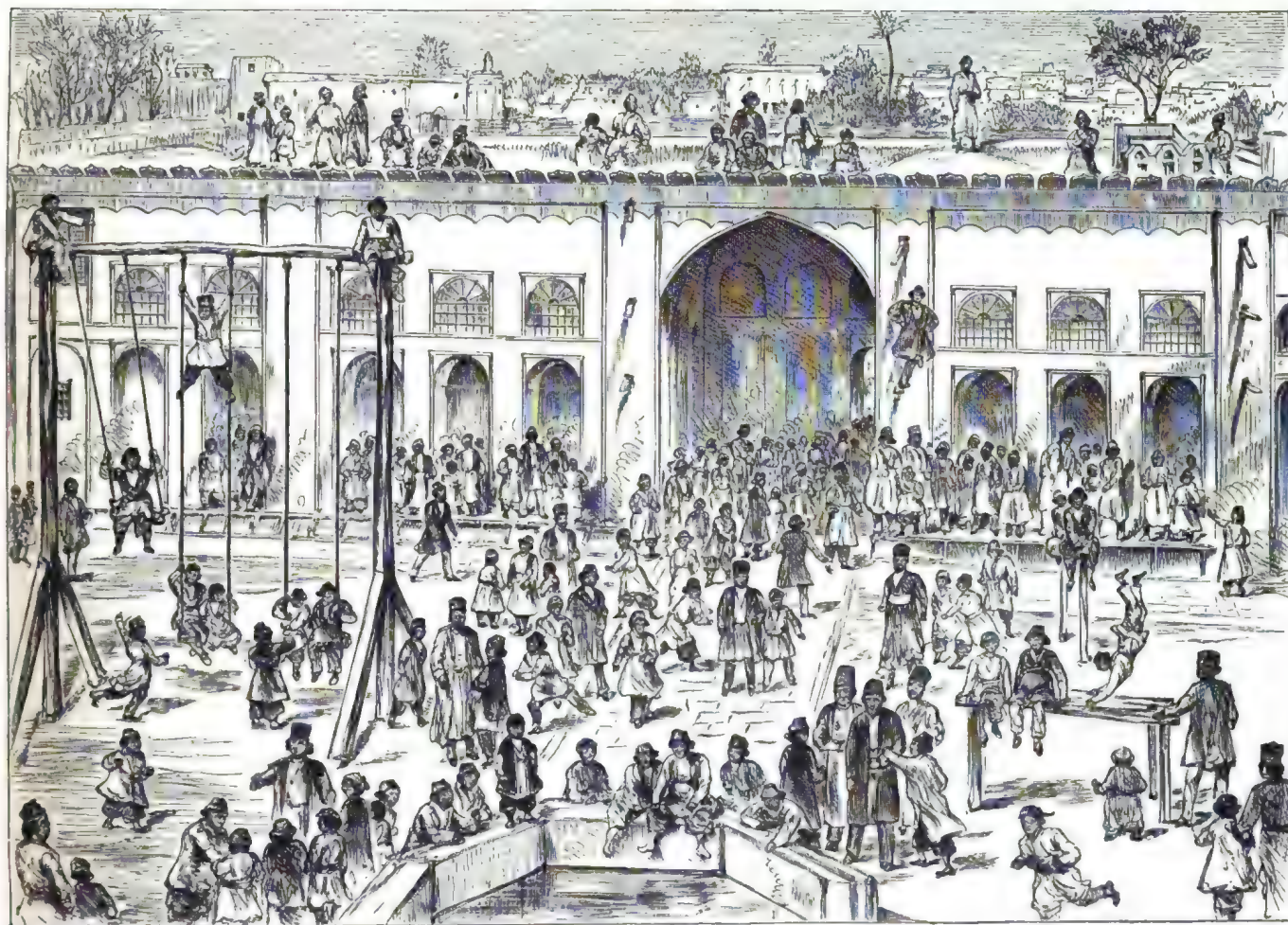
early Persian Church, shows that perhaps no people is better able to stand to the martyr-rolls, if conviction be deep and strong enough, and one feels assured that time, and God's grace, and the tendency of the Government to yield to the growing cry for religious liberty, will solve the knotty question by degrees, and we must wait on in faith and patience in prayer and steady labour.

Meantime, inquiry appears to me almost more genuinely alive than in India. More mullahs and moojtahids seem nearer to yielding their hearts to the Saviour than I have seen in the same space, and much longer space of time, in India. The sale of Bibles I have seen, and feel less, open acceptance of them, by mullahs especially, has astonished me.

Dr. Bruce thinks that my visit to Ispahan has made, for the present at least, a marked difference in the relations of the Armenian bishop and priests to our Church Missions. The Bishop and some of his brethren were most courteous and civil. We dined at the Bishop's, and he dined with us; and many interesting questions were started as subjects of conversation. I tried, in preaching and otherwise, to explain the position which, in the main, your Society and our Church at large (the late Armenian bishop, among others) have desired to see maintained among these Churches and people.

The confirmation of sixty-seven persons was held on Friday, May 18th, before a large congregation; and the ordination of Minas to the diaconate on Trinity Sunday, before a crowded church. The interest felt was clearly great. I preached on both occasions at length in Persian; and can only praise God that my long and never-discontinued studies in Persian, from my first entrance on the missionary work in India, have qualified me, beyond my expectation, to preach and converse in the language. I owe yourselves and the Committee, under God, more than I can express, for furnishing me with this privileged opportunity of being the Church's representative and yours,—my Master's, I trust, more of all. All along the road from Bushire to this place God has been pleased to meet me, and put a word in my mouth to speak for Him.

I have a very excellent catechist with me, in the Bible Society's employ.



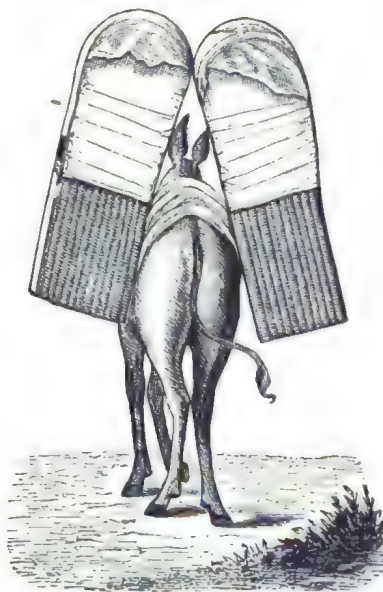
PERSIA MISSION: THE BOYS' SCHOOL. (Photographed on the spot.)

who is never weary of gathering audiences to speak his heart out to. Another of their agents (George) is most promising, and hopes diligently to read for holy orders. Minas is not a highly educated man, but preaches impressively in Armenian, and may be said to have "purchased to himself a good degree" by his various helpful efforts in school and pastoral work ever since the Mission was started.

Our two larger pictures speak for themselves. The small one is from a sketch by Miss Read, of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, who went out with Dr. and Mrs. Bruce last autumn. She writes thus in the *Female Missionary Intelligencer* :—

Mrs. Bruce travelled in a *kajavah*, half-swung, half-balanced on a mule, and Miss Bruce and I took it in turns to sit in the opposite *kajavah*, and to ride a pony. *Kajavahs* are the most uncomfortable things imaginable. Miss Bruce and I both thought we should be sea-sick for the first hour or two we were in it; but, when we got accustomed to the motion, and to some plans for stowing our legs away, we got on much better; I even went to sleep for a while, one or two hot days.

I took a rough sketch of the *kajavahs*, as they appeared when perched up on the mule one day, when we were waiting to get in. They are so difficult to get into, that they must certainly have been invented by some Persian frogs, or grasshoppers, in Antediluvian times!



HOW LADIES TRAVEL IN PERSIA.

PRIZE DAY AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

THURSDAY, July 19, was Prize Day at the Missionaries' Children's Home, and a large company assembled at the Home in High-bury Grove. Sir John Kennaway presided, and the special address to the children was given by the Rev. F. A. C. Lillingston, Vicar of St. Barnabas', Holloway. The Revs. Prebendary Wilson and S. Gedge also took part, and the Rev. J. Allcock, of Ceylon, spoke as representing the parents, his son being the head boy in the school. The chief prizes were taken by him, and by Beatrice Cowley, Ethel Bruce, and Adelaide Sheldon. The Report, read by the Rev. A. J. P. Shepherd, the Director, gave a highly favourable account of the recent examinations, and of the general character of the children; and mentioned that some response had already been made to the appeal for leaving scholarships. A Hoare scholarship is to be competed for next year; and another gentleman has given a sum equivalent to the value of a scholarship lately gained by his son elsewhere. Mr. Sydney Gedge has given the Home his nomination to Christ's Hospital. There are now ninety children in the Home; and none who are interested in them or their parents can fail to be grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd for their efficient and loving care of the little ones.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRETT.

CHAPTER IX.—THE "SHADOW OF DEATH."



SASIE took some time in making up her mind as to whether she was willing to give up her Sunday afternoons to teach the infant-class, about which Mr. Bennett had spoken.

In order to help her to come to some definite conclusion, she argued over the subject several times with Netta. "It must be such a tie," she said one Sunday as Netta stood for a moment by the fire, putting on her gloves, before venturing out into the cold.

"Of course it is, but so is everything that you undertake to do regularly and conscientiously."

"I believe you really enjoy your class, Netta, and never wish to stay at home when the time comes."

Netta turned her eyes from the bright fire by which Sasie was kneeling, and looked out at the cold wintry sky with a smile.

"On snowy and rainy days I must confess often to have looked somewhat longingly at the fire, and have sometimes felt utterly disinclined to turn out. But I would not give up my class for anything; you have no idea, Sasie, what an interest and pleasure it is. And I expect everything that is worth doing costs one a little trouble."

"Well, anyhow, I am glad I'm not in your shoes to-day," remarked Sasie, as she poked the fire into a pleasant blaze. "It would take a great deal to make me turn out on a day like this; and yet it is no use undertaking to do any work unless you mean to persevere in it through thick and thin. I should despise myself if I were to stay away from a class just because it was wet or cold."

"It is not much to do or to give up for such a Master," said Netta, thoughtfully. "I am ashamed to think that I ever feel disinclined to do His work."

"And yet how astonishingly difficult even small acts of self-denial are—at least they are to me," said Sasie. "Even being asked in the middle of one of Beethoven's sonatas to look for aunt's spectacles last night irritated me. In fact anything that is not exactly according to my taste at the moment I find a real effort to do."

"I know how difficult it is myself."

"Well, if you do, you manage at all events to hide it; perhaps I shall find it easier by-and-by. But——"

"Well?"

"I was going to say that I don't believe I am good enough to undertake any special work, or have the right to think of doing it; it is not as if I were good or consistent in my home life."

"As for not being good, why none of us are, and the person who considered herself so would, I should think, be the last one fitted to teach. I think we teach because we have learnt something of the sinfulness of our own hearts, and something of the Love of God that cleanseth us from our sin, and alone can give us strength to resist it, and want others to know it too. The knowledge of sin in ourselves makes us long to tell others in Whom we have found help and forgiveness."

"But would it not be setting myself up as better than other people? It would be almost saying, 'I am better and wiser than you, and I feel myself fitted to teach you.'"

"No, Sasie, it is as much as saying, 'I am weak and sinful like you, and have found out how impossible it is to fight against sin and Satan in my own strength; but God, Who has helped me, will help you.'"

"I see; but, unfortunately, the world in general does not look at it in that light."

"I don't think that matters, so long as God sees our motives and approves of them."

"But then, Netta, as I said before, I am not consistent in my home life, and it seems so hypocritical to preach what you do not practise."

"Yes, but you will not lead your class to think you are perfect. I think it helps them to know that you have the same temptations as they have, and that you are fighting in the same battle side by side with them, instead of merely standing by and looking on. And I expect you will find that teaching will help you to live a more consistent life. The thought of my Sunday-class has often helped me to resist sin. Mrs. Lancaster would be pleased to think of you teaching, Sasie," added Netta after a pause.

"Oh, don't talk of Nona," said Sasie, giving the fire a vigorous poke. "I want to get the thought of her out of my head, so that I may teach from a right motive, and for God alone. But," added Sasie, with a sigh, "it seems as if it would be such a dreadful responsibility, and, as you know, I can't bear responsibility of any kind."

"Yes, the thought of that weighs upon me sometimes very heavily. But then you know, Sasie, the mere fact of living is a responsibility, and whether we care to look it in the face or not, we cannot get rid of it. I think we often forget this; we turn away from work which we would have us do, because we dread the responsibility of undertaking it when probably the responsibility is increased tenfold by refusing it. I think what we need to remember is that we are not working alone, but that the Lord Jesus shares the care with us."

"I don't believe that I ever realised till this moment that life itself is a responsibility," said Sasie, thoughtfully. "It seems to me that I have been living in a dream all these twenty-one years."

"It was just the same with me," said Netta. "I had imagined the world to be a kind of fairyland, where we might spend our days in as much pleasure as we could manage to secure, and I fancied that every one lived as happily and comfortably as I did myself in our dear little village. I awoke to find it was anything but the fairyland I had imagined, and that all around there were people hungering for human sympathy, while I had been too engrossed in my own dreams to think of them."

"Netta," said Sasie, after a pause, "I am rather ashamed of saying so, for I know how utterly selfish it is, but I almost dread to find my fairland vanishing, and would much rather shut my eyes to all that is sad and sinful. Now I know that people who try to do a little good in the world see and hear things that I would rather not know or think of."

"Yes, you cannot go about the world blindfold, any more than a doctor can go through the wards of a hospital without seeing the suffering of the patients. Those who want to do God's work must, I think, be prepared for that, and willing to suffer. What would have become of our sick in body and soul in our Lord's time if He had refused to attend to their cry for healing, because of their pain and misery making Him sad? And yet being holy, what agony He must have endured at the sight of them! But I must be going, or I shall be late."

That afternoon Sasie came to a decision, and determined to see Mr. Bennett the following day to tell him that she would gladly take the class of infants he had spoken of. And from that day Sasie became willing to let her day-dreams vanish, and prayed that God would give her the love and sympathy with others, that would enable her, at whatever cost, to

"Stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea."

Sasie learnt afterwards that the joy of helping one such wrestler was worth all her happy day-dreams put together.

She felt far happier when she had come to the above decision, and after seeing the rector, made her way to Mr. North at a brisk pace.

On entering the baker's shop she saw at a glance that something had gone wrong. Two or three neighbours, with Mrs. Caston, were standing round Jessie, who was sobbing with her apron up to her eyes.

"Is any one hurt, or ill?" asked Sasie, anxiously.

"Why yes, miss; I'm sorry to say that Miss Venning has had a dreadful accident. Thrown out of the carriage, Jessie tells me, and taken up for dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Sasie, turning pale.

"Speak up, Jessie, and tell Miss Ogilvie about it. She saw it happen, you see, miss, and it has unnerved her. We could hardly get a word out of her at first, she was all of a tremble, that she was. But you look to yourself, miss; take a chair, won't you?"

Sasie, to whom the shock had been great, was only too thankful to avail herself of the offer.

"Tell me which Miss Venning it is?" she asked of Jessie, whose eyes were growing less.

"Miss Ella, miss. I was in High Street when I saw Dr. Venning's phaeton coming down the hill and Miss Ella in it, looking as pale as death. The horse looked just mad, and as it passed the chemist's wheel caught in a lamp-post and Miss Venning was thrown out."

Sasie covered her eyes with her hand and inwardly groaned. T

thought of Ella Venning being called away to meet her God so suddenly without the slightest preparation was an awful one.

"And they say she was picked up for dead," added Jessie with a sob.

"I must go down at once to the house to hear if it is all really true," said Sasie, rising quickly as a faint hope crossed her mind that the report was exaggerated.

The door was opened by the young housemaid, who looked scared and pale. "Come in, miss. Oh, yes, it's all true. It's been an awful accident, and Miss Ella is lying between life and death."

"Still alive? Thank God," murmured Sasie. "How did it happen?"

"Miss Venning drove with the master this morning to Little Oaks, and as they were coming home he went in for a moment to see old Mr. Minton, who is taken bad again. And Jacobs the butcher boy, who saw it all, says that one of them steam-roller things was coming slowly up the lane behind. They did not see that master's carriage was so near, or that the noise was exciting the horse, but he got restive, and though Miss Ella tried to hold him in, off it bolted all the way home, and Miss Ella was thrown out just across the road. Poor dear mistress seems as if it had downright stunned her."

The servant said truly; Mrs. Venning not only looked stunned, but felt it, and no one knew what she suffered during the next few days while her pretty Ella lay between life and death. She wandered up and down the house with pale lips, and with a look almost of agony in her eyes, for her child's broken sentences, which reached her distinctly in the little dressing-room which opened out of Ella's bedroom, almost broke her heart.

Mrs. Venning was more often in the dressing-room than with Ella, for in her times of consciousness the girl seemed to cling to her sister rather than to her mother.

"Wasted, wasted," she would hear her murmur. "Oh, Bea, if I die, mind you *live*; don't have the agony of a wasted life to think of. How can I meet God?"

Beatrice, hoping to comfort her, reminded her of her Sunday-school class. "You were much better than I," she said with a sob, "for you yielded at once to mother's wish about it, while I rebelled, and the Bible says, 'God is not unrighteous that He will forget your work, and labour that proceedeth of love.'"

"Ah! but that is just it. There was no love in the work; I simply undertook it to avoid an argument on the subject, and I imagined all the while that I was very good and unselfish. I ought never to have undertaken the work. Mother should not have asked me; I wasn't fit."

"Dear Ella, don't talk like that."

"Oh, but I must. When one is near eternity everything looks so different. I see now what a hypocrite I have been. I wish I had been told——"

"Told what, dear?"

"Why, that of all things it is important to be true, and that God's work cannot be done by just any one. How could I teach when I had not learnt? But mother—oh, poor mother! she little knows what harm she has done me, and she must *never* know."

But she did know, for sitting in the dressing-room every word had reached her, and pierced her heart like an arrow. She saw now how she had begun at the wrong end—expecting the fruit before the plant had even taken root. She felt another word would break her heart, and so was rising to go when once more she heard Ella's restless voice.

"I think, Bea, we should have been taught to love before we were expected to work; but I don't remember mother ever telling us of God's love, only of our duty to Him."

Mrs. Venning covered her face in her hands and groaned. A moment's pause and the faint voice began again.

"What have I done with my life? I can think of nothing but hours spent in mere selfish pleasure. I have not been living, but dreaming. Oh, Bea dear, don't dream your life away too. Pray God to teach you to live and love."

The following day Beatrice wrote to Mr. Bennett, saying she intended to give up her class. "I feel," she wrote, "that I must learn myself before I can teach others."

WILD FLOWERS FOR C.M.S.—At a recent meeting for C.M.S. at Stanton Drew, near Bristol, a poor woman handed in 17s. 8d., the proceeds of one month's sale of wild flowers.

SOMETHING ABOUT KRISHNAGAR.



KRISHNAGAR is a town and district in Bengal, sixty miles north of Calcutta. There are two remarkable places in the district: Plassey, where Clive won the famous battle from which dates the British supremacy in India, on June 23rd, 1757; and Nuddea, an old seat of Hindu learning, sometimes called the Oxford of Bengal. But its missionary history is more interesting to the readers of the GLEANER. The C.M.S. planted a Mission there in 1831, and, two years after, thirty persons were baptized. Although they were much persecuted, many others joined them; and in 1838 the benevolence of Christian people to the sufferers from a famine led to an extensive movement in favour of Christianity. Some 3,000 persons placed themselves under instruction, and when Bishop Daniel Wilson of Calcutta visited the district in 1839, no less than 900 converts were baptized on one occasion. But these people were mostly poor labourers, and with but little knowledge; and as that generation passed away it was followed by another consisting largely of people who had been baptized in infancy, and were only Christians in name, just like so many thousands in England. In after years many excellent missionaries laboured among them, such as the late Rev. C. H. Blumhardt, and the Rev. A. P. Neele (now of Liverpool); but there was little true spiritual life to be seen. When the late Rev. J. Vaughan took charge in 1877 he found much to sadden him, but he threw himself into the work of revival with prayerful energy, and God blessed his efforts. The Christian community, which numbers 6,128 souls, has distinctly improved in the last three or four years.

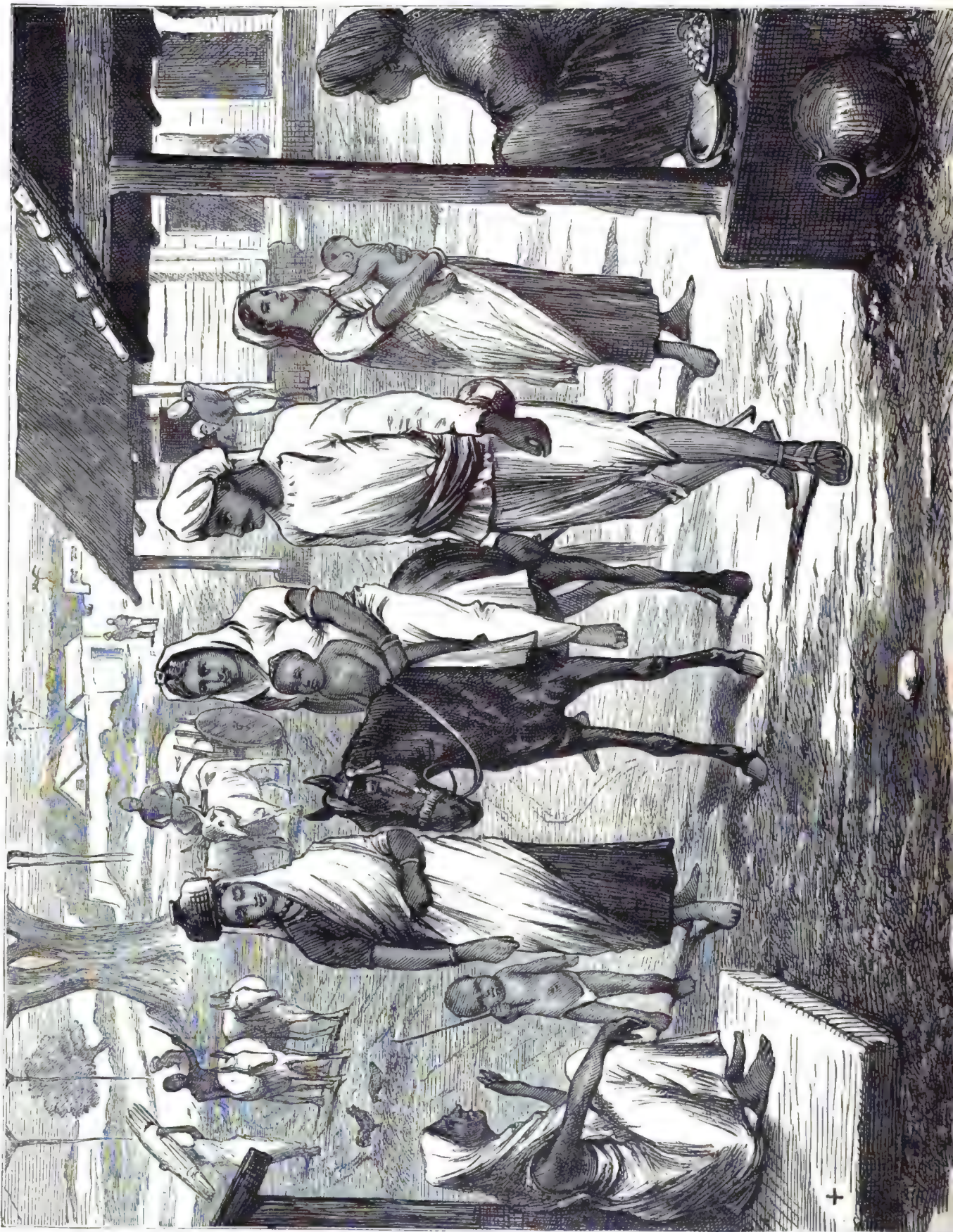
Among other difficulties in Mr. Vaughan's path was a sudden aggression by a Roman Catholic Mission, whose agents, instead of going to the heathen, tried to draw away the Christians. Romish chapels and schools sprang up as if by magic close to those of the C.M.S.; little brass crucifixes were distributed widely among the Christian women to wear as charms, and one of the priests openly said, "In six months not a vestige of the Protestant Mission will remain." Another, being asked by a Native why he did not seek the perishing heathen, replied, "Because we think they may possibly be saved by the light of reason; but we are sure that you Protestants must perish soon, so we try and save you." Their success was alarming for a time, but the people they drew away soon found out their mistake, and have almost all come back again. This year the report is, "In several places the priests have shut up their schools, and withdrawn in despair."

Since Mr. Vaughan's lamented death, the Rev. A. Clifford has had the principal charge of Krishnagar; the Rev. H. Williams is an evangelistic missionary, and itinerates from village to village all through the cold season; and the Rev. J. W. Hall has the Training Institution for Native teachers.

Mr. Williams' itinerating work is very interesting and hopeful. The district specially allotted to him has an area of 627 square miles, and contains 620 villages, with a population of 335,000, which gives the very high figure of 534 souls per square mile. For five months last winter he was out in camp, preaching from village to village, and in that time visited 122 villages. Three months also, in the rainy season, he spent in travelling by boat. In the winter tour, Mrs. Williams accompanied her husband:—

She was able to do much for the women. It was her practice to go each evening, with a Bible-woman, into the village near the tent. An invitation to sit down at one of the houses was, with hardly an exception, quickly offered, and soon a large congregation of women assembled. Indeed, the difficulty she had was the great number of listeners. The women must bring their children with them, and such an audience is difficult to manage. She was much encouraged by their reception of the truth.

A mission to the women is as necessary as to the men. An anecdote will illustrate this. A boy in one of our schools was explaining the



Parable of the Sower; I asked him to which of the four classes he belonged. His answer was, "We are the stony-ground hearers; because in the school we learn the truth, and believe it, but when we go home our mother, aunt, and sisters laugh at us, and taunt us for becoming Christians, so we quickly give it up."

The Mohammedans, who are three-fifths of the population in this part of Bengal, are showing a readiness to hear the Gospel; and we are thankful to say that it has pleased God to call out some converts from among them. Mr. Williams writes:—

In November, 1881, a very respectable and fairly well-educated Mussulman came to us for baptism. He was well spoken of by Nasr-uddin, the man baptized by Mr. Vaughan three years ago, and who has nobly held his own while living all alone among his Mussulman relations. He had an intelligent knowledge of Christianity, and the points of difference between it and Mohammedanism, and was ready to go back to his own village without throwing himself upon the Mission for support. A fierce persecution ensued, and he yielded and fell. The Mussulmans throughout the district raised a shout of triumph. They confidently began to boast that there was now no fear of any others coming forward for baptism.

But their triumph was short-lived. In July, two men, a woman, and a child were baptized. They are all relations of the man who had fallen away, and they had been witnesses of the sufferings he underwent. The most determined efforts were made to prevent their baptism. Two nights before it took place, the enraged Mussulmans set fire to the house of one of the candidates. The inmates were aroused in time to save the house. Two days after, in the presence of a large crowd of Mussulmans, the four were baptized. One of the men has not yet had his wife restored to him. They, with Nasr-uddin, now form a little church in the village of Tertulberia, and are commending the Gospel to their neighbours and relations by word and example.

Moslem bitterness is often encountered. The Rev. J. W. Hall relates an incident which illustrates both this and the meek spirit of some of the Christian agents:—

Manick, who was acting as our *dak* (messenger) between Bollebpore and Tertulberia, had left us in the morning; but long ere he reached the Bhairub (a then swollen river, and consequently dangerous to cross) night came on, forcing him to seek shelter until dawn. Going to the house of a Mussulman he asked for a lodging (which, I may say, is never or seldom refused). The Mussulman, however, turned a deaf ear to his request, on the ground that his masters were up in Tertulberia making Christians of the people. "You are a low, mean lot, you Christians," said the man. "Ay," replied Manick, "I own we are a poor despised people." When the man found that his thrust had not gone home, he said, "Nay, you are a great people." "True," replied Manick, "we are a great people; we are the sons of the living God;" and the angry Mussulman turned him out into the dark night.

Mr. Williams, in addition to his evangelistic work, superintends the village schools of the Krishnagar District as best he can. "What," he asks, "would be thought at home if a mission preacher were to become, not only inspector, but sole manager, of forty-three schools, scattered over two counties, and numbering 2,177 scholars (500 girls and the rest boys)?" Nothing, surely, could better illustrate the burdens of our missionaries, and their need of sympathy and help.

ARCHDEACON A. E. MOULE.



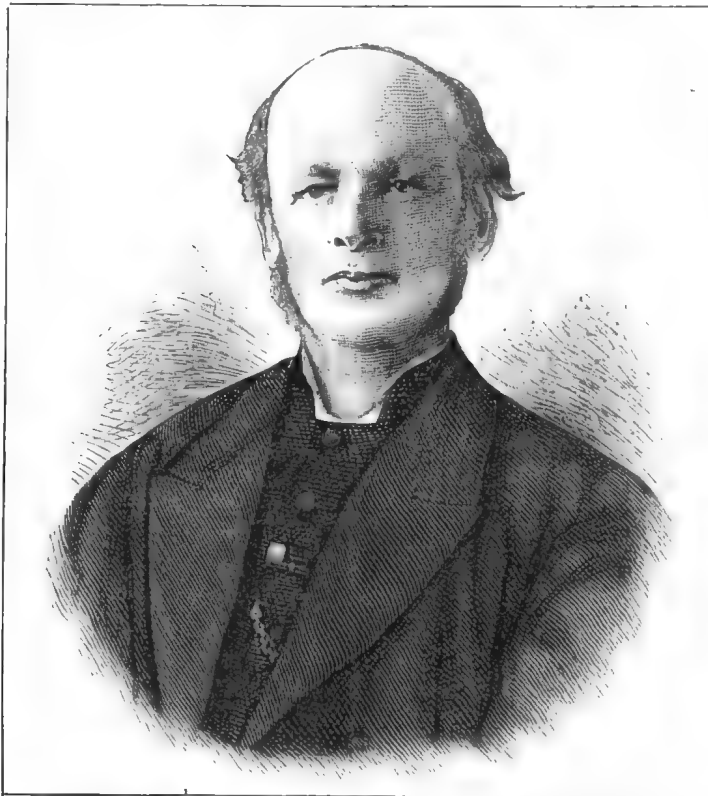
THE name of MOULE has been counted worthy of double honour in the annals of the Church Missionary Society. Two members of the missionary-hearted family of the late Rev. Henry Moule, Vicar of Fordington, Dorchester, are numbered among its missionaries. One of them, George Evans Moule, has been spared to labour in and for China through twenty-six years; the other, Arthur Evans Moule, through twenty-two years. Both are still in their original field, Mid China. One is now Bishop; the other is now Archdeacon. Of the other brothers one was Senior Dean of Trinity, Cambridge, and is now Principal of Ridley Hall; and another is Tutor of Corpus Christi.

Arthur Evans Moule was born in 1836. He and his brothers were educated at home. In 1856 he was for a short time at the

Malta Protestant College.

From 1857 to 1859 he was at the C.M. College at Islington; and at Christmas, 1859, he was ordained by the Bishop of London (Tait). On April 22nd, 1861, he sailed for China.

Mr. Arthur Moule joined the Ningpo Mission in troublous times. The great Taiping rebellion was then at its head, and a large part of Mid China was in the hands of the insurgents. A few months after his arrival, the city of Ningpo itself fell, and the missionaries were more than once in imminent peril. Ultimately, however, by God's mercy, peace was restored; and through many years evangelistic work was assiduously carried on both within the walls and in the surrounding country, as described in Mr. Moule's own most interesting book, *The Story of the Cheh-Kiang Mission*. Subsequently, from 1876 to 1879, he was at Hang-Chow; and it was during his period of



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON ARTHUR E. MOULE, OF MID CHINA.

service there that the remarkable work in Great Valley began, which has been several times noticed in the GLEANER in recent years. He has also taken an active share in the training of Native evangelists and teachers; and his Chinese lectures to them on the Thirty-nine Articles have been published. Both in Chinese and in English he has been prolific as a writer; and the GLEANER has frequently been privileged with his always bright contributions in both prose and verse.

On Mr. Arthur Moule's return to China last winter, after a period of rest at home which had been lengthened against his ardent wishes by the doubtful state of his health, he was appointed Archdeacon of Ningpo by his brother the Bishop. He is now at the great commercial port of Shanghai, where the work of the C.M.S. is on a small scale, but where the presence of so large and wealthy an English community makes it important that the Society should be well represented. He is not only missionary in charge there, but also Secretary of the whole Mission.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

IX.



THE climate of New Zealand being remarkably favourable to European constitutions, the trial of broken health is one from which our missionary band labouring there has been wonderfully sheltered. For twenty-three years, from 1814 to 1837, their numbers were untouched by death; at that date Mrs. Davis, truly a mother in Israel, mother now of two missionaries' wives, as well as (spiritually) of many Maori converts, received the call to "go up higher," and her loss was keenly felt. But God was carrying on His own work, in some cases, independently of human aid. In one of his Sabbath visits to a place called Mawi, Mr. Davis was asked to go and see a poor sick man. Tupapa was an aged chief, and his locks were grey, his countenance was elaborately tattooed, but the eminently handsome features seemed already fixed in death. Alas! what could the missionary do, summoned thus only at the eleventh hour? He bent over the sufferer in deep sorrow of heart, and spoke to him of the Saviour, whose arm is mighty to save even at the solemn moment when life is ebbing away. The dying man tried to answer, but his pale blue lips refused to utter a single word; again he tried, making a stronger effort, and this time succeeded. Intelligence and joy beamed in the features which had seemed already stiffened in death, as raising his feeble arm, he let it fall upon his breast and exclaimed, "My mind is fixed on Christ as my Saviour." "How long have you been seeking Christ?" "Since I first heard of Him," he replied, "Christ is in my heart, and my soul is joyful." Mr. Davis urged him to keep fast hold of Christ, and to beware of the tempter. "I have no fear," he answered, "for Christ is with me." Mr. Davis read part of John xiv. to him, and prayed with him, after which Tupapa told him how he blessed God for sending His messengers to teach him what he must do to be saved, and that now he longed to depart. "Oh," he said, "I shall die to-day; this is the sacred day." The missionary could not adequately describe his own feelings. He thought he had come to witness the hopeless end of an ignorant savage; he found he was kneeling beside one of God's dear children, who was resting trustfully on His Almighty arm, even in the midst of the river of death.

At Waimate the work was spreading with such rapidity, that Mr. Davis could speak of receiving there 90 inquirers on one day, and on another 161, and Mr. Clarke tells us that his house was "beset" with people actually before daybreak, earnestly inquiring what they must do to be saved. The same thing went on at Paihia. Their pastors seemed literally to be able to find time for nothing but conversation with inquirers, so numerous and so importunate were they. The natives, finding the missionary staff insufficient for their needs, in several places established schools of their own; and you might not unfrequently see a chief sitting under a tree and reading the Word of God, or observe a copy of the New Testament half hidden in his mat.

We must not, indeed, run away with the impression that all these presented satisfactory cases of heart-conversion, or that the work of God here was free from the hindrances and drawbacks which have always accompanied its progress. The case of Tohi-tapu was one which caused deep sorrow to his Christian friends. After being among the fiercest enemies of the missionaries at Paihia, he had become their steadfast friend, and laying aside his own love for war, had often acted the part of mediator between hostile antagonists. Mr. Williams' influence over him was unbounded. In the early days of the mission, Tohi-tapu had been terribly excited by the misconduct of one of his wives. He talked of killing himself, as one way of shortening his misery,

for he could not eat, and he was sure he should be starved; and reproached the missionaries with his sufferings, saying that had it not been for them all would now be well, for he should have killed and eaten a slave, and his heart would have been at ease! Mr. Williams soothed him, and after a while he retired, somewhat calmed. It was only for a time, however; the next morning he returned in still greater agitation, brandishing the hatchet he held in his hand, with which he observed he had already sent sixteen persons out of the world, and declaring he should otherwise die of hunger, protested that nothing could satisfy him but killing and eating some one. After pressing him in vain to partake of the breakfast, at which the family were then seated, Mr. Williams insisted on being heard, told him of the wickedness of his devices and purposes, and how the Evil One was seeking to obtain possession of him, till Tohi-tapu was fairly overcome. He threw the hatchet from him, promising it should never again be used for murderous purposes. He kept his word. He even went so far as to refuse an offer from the natives of Kororarika to make him their chief; though they offered him money and muskets, if he would but put himself at their head, he steadily declined all inducements which would have separated him from the missionaries. He replied to his Maori tempters that he cared not for muskets, and if they sent any he should make them into rafters for his house. Yet those watching anxiously for the turning of his soul to God could trace no signs of a real change within; and later on, falling under the influence of ungodly traders, he turned against the missionaries; they visited and pleaded earnestly with him in his last illness, but, alas! he died, as he had lived, a heathen.

The work at Whangaroa Bay, where the crew of the *Boyd* had been massacred and devoured, and the Wesleyan settlement burnt to ashes, had features of especial interest. Some lads from this place went to school at Keri-Keri, and three or four of the least promising amongst them grew restless after a while, and returned to their heathen friends and customs. But when, after a while, a converted Maori, named Porotene Ripi (whose own history is full of interest, did time and space allow of our going into it), visited these villages, pleading with the people to care for their own souls, the remembrance of former teaching seemed to revive with these boys, and they began to try and teach others. A general desire for instruction was awakened. A commodious chapel was erected amongst them by Tupe, one of the leading chieftains, and with a son of Hongi (his namesake, but a very different man to his father), he urged the missionaries to come and settle amongst them. His letter ran as follows: "Mr. Kemp, this is my saying to you, I am sick for you to be a father to me. I am very sick for a white man to preach to me. I will never cease contending with you. I am very good for you, Mr. Kemp, to be a father to me, and to Rewa-Rewa, and to Tupe. This is all my speech. By Hongi."

These entreaties could not be refused, and Mr. Shepherd took up his permanent abode at Whangaroa; he found that some of the chiefs had already been baptized, amongst whom Tupe took a prominent place as a "Christian indeed."

Our readers are familiar with the honoured name of Mr. King, among the first missionaries to the island. He had moved his residence about two miles from Ranghi-houa, Ruatara's home, but continuing his labours for the entire district, saw the blessed work steadily growing and spreading among the people. Many of the young men he had baptized, constituting themselves evangelists, went out into the neighbouring heathen districts, to offer to others the good tidings which had filled their own hearts with rejoicing, and the chief, who had at one time been a bitter opponent, not only became a friend, but gave abundant evidence of having truly given his heart to God. A translation of some writing found in the fly-leaf of a book belonging to a Maori boy gives an interesting idea of the nature of the work going on in

their hearts. "Oh Jesus," thus it runs, "we cannot perfectly believe in Thee. Bound by the evil spirit, he will not let our hearts go, lest we believe in Thee, oh Christ! lest we also be saved by Thee, oh Jesus, Thou Son of God! Oh Jesus, how great is Thy love to us! Thou camest down from heaven, when Thou didst understand the love of Thy Father to all mankind. They were going to the place of torment, they were not going to Him. Thou saidst, I go to the natural world to be slain as a payment for their sin. I will purchase them with My blood."

The darkness was passing for New Zealand, the true Light was now shining indeed.

E. D.

BELOW AND ABOVE.



HERE 'ER a fair and spreading tree is found,
That is not all its life which meets the eye;
A fibrous network stretching underground
Sustains each verdant bough that waves on high.
Deep down within the soil, unheard, unseen,
The busy roots are working night and day;
The hard opposing stones they wind between,
Through cleft and figure gently force their way.
With a selecting instinct well they know
What will afford them fittest nourishment,
Where hidden springs of precious moisture flow,
What juices best for each soft filament.
And as they work, they grow; by spreading, thrive;
Their vital power is by its increase shown.
So is it in the souls of all who strive
To make the tidings of salvation known.
They work not for reward; free service theirs;
Yet, by a law which through creation reigns,
The earth he tills the labourer's strength repairs,
Who bless are blessed, and every giver gains.
The glorious sunshine, the refreshing rain,
The healthy fanning breeze, the nightly dews,
Give vigour to the leaves, and these again
Down through the furthest roots new strength diffuse.
O wondrous interchange! O tides of life,
That flow and ebb from each extremity!
O rival powers! wrestling in friendly strife,
Which shall do most to vivify the Tree?
O busy roots! slack not your loving toil;
Stretch deeper, wider, through your lowly sphere;
Still draw nutrition from the darksome soil—
The distant, outmost, topmost boughs to cheer.
Spread wider, higher, O ye branches fair!
Through cold and heat, frowning or favouring skies;
Your goodly fruits let hungering nations share,
And pluck, while yet on earth, foretastes of Paradise.

Q.

ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER: PREACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



FROM the Rev. T. J. Lee Mayer, our missionary at Bannu, on the Afghan frontier, comes the following very interesting account of bazaar preaching in the midst of fierce Mohammedan fanatics. The occasion was in February last, and the Bishop who was with him was the Bishop of Lahore, Dr. French. In the GLEANER of September, 1880, a full account was given of the work at Bannu, written by Mrs. Mayer:—

We have had a visit from the Bishop and the Rev. R. Clark, who have refreshed our spirits and cheered our hearts. It was only a flying visit, but the Bishop gave a most interesting address to a fairly-filled meeting on "Home Influence," and another to the schoolboys, besides confirming the daughter of the Scripture teacher, Masih Dyal, and Abdul Masih's two sons, Ummed and Mirh Masih, who came in from Esa Kheyl on purpose. They both promise, I think, to follow their father, and gave me much pleasure in examining and preparing them for Confirmation. We had our usual stormy meeting in the bazaar—a glorious listening crowd, again broken up by the bitter hostility of the mullahs (Moslem priests)

and the violence of their disciples; however, I was very thankful the Bishop was not hurt. There were three or four thousand people in the bazaar, and they rather lost their heads, as they generally do when excited by fanatics.

To-day, I had rather a quieter day, thanks to two policemen, who kindly prevented my books and person from being seized—which is all one wants. I don't at all mind a row, because I can generally get them quiet for a few moments, and put in the whole Gospel plan when once I get their attention; but when five or six fellows are tugging at one's clothes, and shoving one about like the crush at a football-goal, it becomes rather difficult to keep one's footing, to say nothing of the thread of one's discourse.

A few Sundays back, I was preaching on Paul's conversion, when a mullah, a very old and bitter opponent whom I had once or twice brought to a standstill in his arguments, again came up and began cursing me as usual, and hissing out the "Kalima" in my face. [The Kalima is the Moslem creed, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet."] I took hold of him by the sleeve and showed him to the people, and said, "Paul was once such an one as our friend here, ever speaking against the Way, the Truth, and the Life, but when God revealed Jesus Christ to him, he became a changed man, and went about preaching the truths he once destroyed, which God grant you may do, old man." It is not a thing one would always do, but I had the Christians, Benjamin and Masih Dyal, with me, and I invited them to pray for him, and taking off my hat before the crowd, simply asked God to change his heart and reveal Jesus to him. He seemed completely dumfounded, and, repeating the Kalima, at once withdrew, nor have we seen him since.

The illustrated lecture, with the diagrams of the Religious Tract Society on the MSS. of the Holy Scriptures, was a perfect success. I held it in the schoolroom, which was densely crowded, and had powerful lamps put behind, which showed up the character to perfection. Several people were unable to get in, and I trust many have profited by the instruction given. It gave me an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to many who would perhaps never hear it in any other way. The officers (Native) of the regiments also attended, which was a great step in the right direction.

EXAMPLES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Letters to the Editor.

A Girls' Working Party.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers would like to know of a plan we have found successful in our parish in interesting the young people in missionary work.

We have a fortnightly working party formed of young girls from nine years old upwards. We make scrap-books, work-cases, balls, pincushions, &c., and dress dolls to send out as prizes to one of the mission schools, from which we receive letters saying how glad they are of our gifts. We also prepare work, such as patchwork, wool slippers, mats, &c., for the native women and girls to finish. This plan utilises the energies of these young people, whose work would hardly be good enough for sale, as the members almost exclusively consist of the working classes in a manufacturing village. We obtain our materials through asking various friends for any odds and ends of wool, canvas, or scraps of silk, print, &c., and the girls often bring these themselves. A box is placed on the table for any contributions in money. Occasionally we have a tea-party, when the profits go towards buying dolls, &c., and we invite some one interested in missionary work to give us an address. Of course the attendance at the working parties varies greatly, but on the whole the interest keeps up well, and we are constantly adding new members.

M. E. M.

How to Increase the Society's Income.

SIR,—Lord Cairns in his speech delivered in Exeter Hall, at the Anniversary Meeting of the C.M.S., said:—"£200,000 or £220,000 a year, a goodly income no doubt; but what is that for a nation which spends every year £120,000,000 or £200,000,000 in the purchase of those intoxicating drinks which no one would consider a necessary of life, and which most of us here look upon as the pernicious bane of our country?" Weighty and solemn words! Would it be possible for the friends of the C.M.S., if not prepared wholly to become teetotallers, at least to halve their wine and spirit bill, and to give the half thus saved as an additional offering to the cause of God?

A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

On the Notice Board.

ONE of our Hampshire Honorary District Secretaries has fastened on the Notice Board in his church porch a copy of the coloured Diagram of the Religions of the World, called "A Plea for Missions," and thus has aroused considerable interest in the parish, and it has led many of the people to make inquiry about it, and to ask for an explanation. Might not this plan be adopted in other places?

J. H.

A Reason for a Larger Subscription.

SIR,—I enclose five shillings worth of stamps for the Church Missionary Society. I have a raise of five shillings a quarter, so I think I must try and send another shilling than usual.

L. D.

WORK AMONG THE BEDOUIN.

AMONG other places visited by the Rev. W. Allan during his recent tour in Palestine, was Salt, the ancient Ramoth-Gilead. There he saw a C.M.S. Native evangelist, who goes among the wandering Bedouin, the descendants of Ishmael. Mr. Allan writes:—

I was greatly interested in Mr. Behnam's accounts of his work among the Bedouin. Here there is a glorious field open to the C.M.S. Several are most desirous of sending their children to Salt to be taught. Some have solemnly promised to give up thieving, &c., and assure Mr. Behnam that they are keeping their promise. One man was taught by Mr. Behnam to use Mr. Bickersteth's short prayer ("O



A BEDOUIN OF THE SYRIAN DESERT.

God, for Christ's sake me Thy Holy Spirit having learned it "Shall I tell you that I have been in the using?" Of course reply was, Yes. "O God, lead me as thou wilt." Does not dedicate one taught Spirit of God, one for the light?

Of Salt and Gilead rally, Mr. Allan writes.

The work on the Jordan is profound resting, and offers the fullest sense an opportunity so far as such a thing is possible in the Turminions. The people peculiarly docile and minded, and reminding all one reads of the American Indians. It is evident that the has taken root, and villages the ground ready for the seed may be sown to germinate.

A BRIGHT DAY AT RÂGHAVAPURAM.

LETTER FROM MRS. STONE.

RÂGHAVAPURAM, S. INDIA, 14th April, 1883.

LAST Monday, the 9th April, was a wonderful and most interesting day for us, and for all the Christians in Râghavapuram, and the surrounding district; for on that day the foundation-stone, or as I should say, the very first stone of the church was laid. For many miles around there is no church; indeed the nearest is between sixty and seventy miles away to the east, and on the north there is none between this part of the Kistna District and Hyderabad.

At five o'clock that morning most of the Christians were up and astir, some making flags, others decorating the gates leading into the church compound, partly with garlands, and partly in the usual native way of threading leaves together at the stalk and letting them hang downwards. Below these were arches of wood with verses illuminated on them—"The Lord is a great God"; "This is none other than the House of God, this is the gate of heaven"; also the words, "Alleluia, to God be glory, honour, and power." These were painted by a teacher in the village.

At this time of the year the heat is so great that we shut up the house at eight o'clock in the morning to keep it as cool as possible, but there was plenty of work to occupy all the spare time inside, for there were flags to be made, and also one large banner. As St. Mark the Evangelist's day is the only Saint's day which comes in the month of April, it was settled that his name should be given to the church. On the banner, with the help of Domatatti Stephen, catechist, but now reading with a view of being ordained as pastor to this place, the name of the church was painted in brightly coloured large letters. This banner was nailed up on two bamboos, and at the top of each was tied a large bunch of leaves.

Meanwhile, Mr. Stone was busily engaged in many ways, one important one being, preparing the document and coins to place in a bottle in the foundation-stone. This contained an account of the number of Christians and catechumens in the District at this time, also the names of the catechists, and members of the Church Council. To this were added words mentioning the efforts made some years ago by the Rev. T. Y. Darling to collect a large sum for the building of the church, which enables us to begin it now. The coins added were one rupee, one eight anna piece, one half anna, one pie, also an English threepenny piece, which was the only English money we could find, and one or two were anxious that it should be added!

At four o'clock our boarding girls were ready to go down to the Prayer House. Each girl had a little flag in her bunch of ferns, so they

all looked very bright as they went away. We soon followed them on nearing the Prayer House, were greeted with the sweet sound of beautiful hand-bells, which the boarding boys were ringing. They had been doing so at intervals for half an hour to call the people to service.

The Prayer House outside was decorated with some flags made by Christians, on which were marked the day of the month, and there were also palm leaves which we had given, tied here and there. The whole place was crowded from end to end, and not only the corner of the verandah filled, but there were palmyra mats on the outside, which were covered by people. Some Native Christians had in bandies (or country carts) from a distance, others had walked or indeed hundreds made an effort to come from all the district around.

Service began at half-past four with a hymn on "Heavenly home." Then the sub-catechist read the Litany. After this, we quietly took our places to make a procession through the village church compound, the large banner being carried at the head, and older members of the congregation going first. The agents in the district, men and women, boys and girls, all followed, bearing palm flags, and plantain leaves, and as we went along we all sang a hymn of joy. The heathen flocked out to see this new sight. At the gates of the church compound some members of the Native Church Council were waiting to receive the offerings.

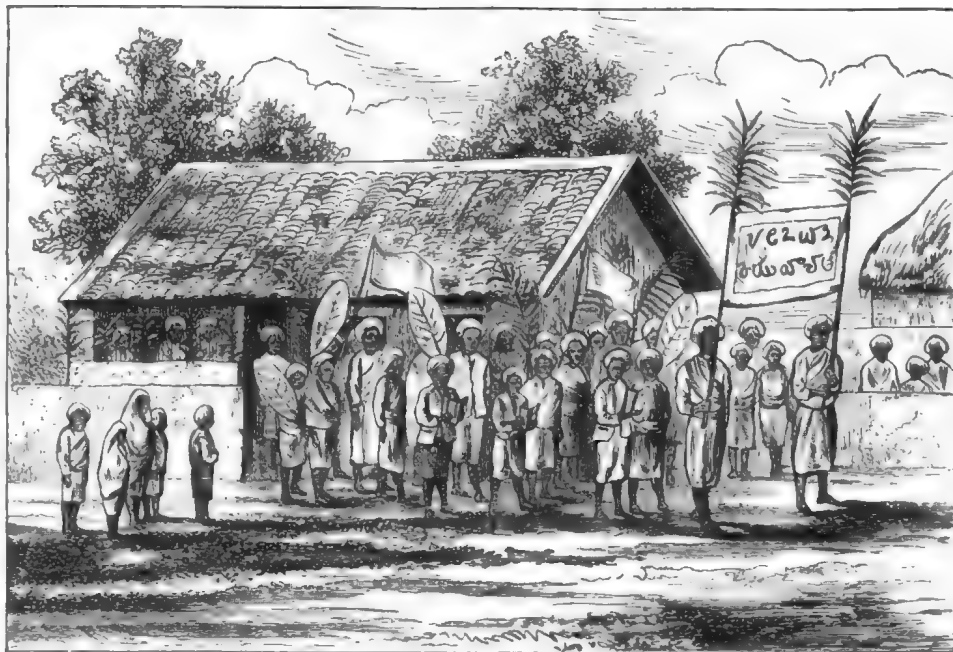
Having passed through the gates the great company had been arranged. There were great mounds of earth thrown up, from the foundations. On these mounds the people stood up, but with the help of some men most of the children were lifted down into the trenches for the foundations, so that many of them stood around the stones to be laid. One mound of earth was especially left for the heathen caste people, who gladly took their places to watch us. Then Mr. Stone put up his hand as a token for silence, which was immediately received, so that every word spoken, or read, could be distinctly heard. We sang a hymn on "Lift up your heads, O ye gates." Then he read some suitable prayers and collects. Next the catechist read Ps. lxxviii. "His foundation is in the holy mountains," &c. It was my privilege to lay the stone, and this I did with the help of old Venkayya, who was the first man who became a Christian in these parts. As soon as the stone was laid, Mr. Stone declared the stone to be laid, saying these words in Telugu, "With true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we lay the first stone of this church, to be called St. Mark the Evangelist."

A hymn followed, and afterwards Kâliyâna Ramen Garu (C.M.S. on the Walter Jones Fund), who is working amongst the caste people at Jaggipett, gave a short address. The verse he took was from

11, "And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." He spoke also about the spiritual building up that would be assisted by the services held in the future church, of which we had just laid the foundation-stone. Our service was then ended by prayer for a blessing on all the work by D. Stephen, and Mr. Stone gave the benediction.

The evening sun in all its golden glory, which is so peculiarly beautiful in this climate, had now sunk, and it was getting dusk. Friends gathered in little groups to talk; some wandered all round the foundations to see what the size of the church would be; others crowded around the boarding boys, who had struck up a peal with the hand-bells, as soon as the service was over; and so the time passed for about half an hour, when it became quite dark and the stars shone out. Through the kindness of Colonel Phelps (a friend of ours in Masulipatam), a large gift of fireworks had arrived to be sent off at the end of this day. There were coloured lights, sky rockets, and pots to be placed on a stand, containing stars and coloured balls, and a whole blaze of brightness came from them on being set fire to. The Christians had raised a little money to procure torches also, so that when we had all been fully satisfied with the fireworks, there still was light to guide us here and there. Some of the agents had brought fiddles and native musical instruments, also native bells, and they began singing again. It was nearly 8 P.M., and time to be going home, so we made our way through the remaining crowds, who one after the other made "salaams" to us, and we all felt that a day had just ended which would be treasured up in our memories during the remainder of our lives.

Through the efforts of the Rev. T. Y. Darling the greater part of the money required for the building of this church was collected about ten-



RAGHAVAPURAM, APRIL 9TH, 1883: THE PROCESSION.

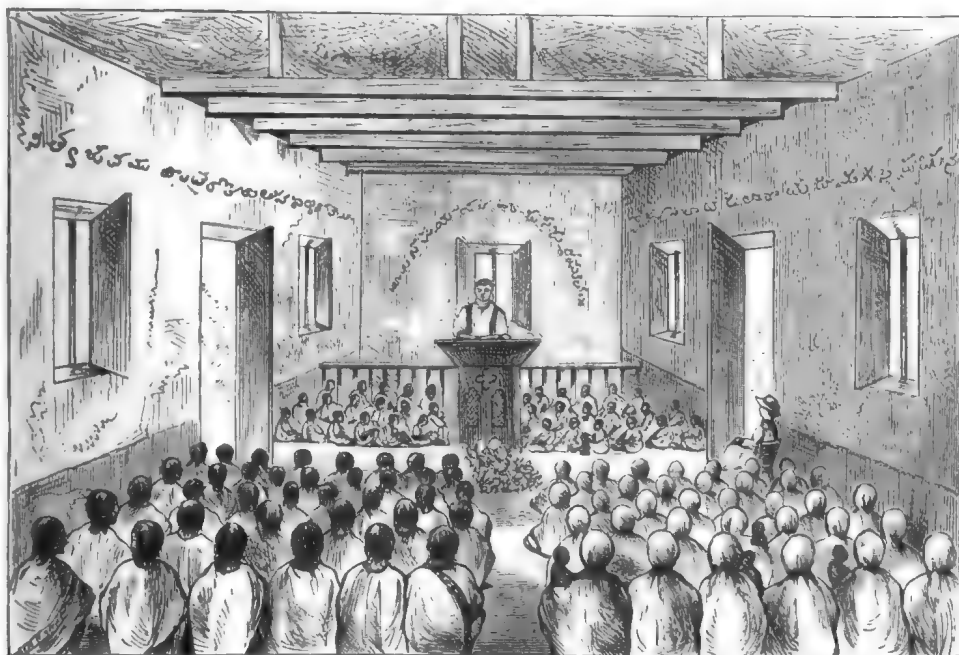
or twelve years ago, and although for the last five years we have been looking forward to commencing it, yet with completing the bungalow, and building the Girls' Boarding School, we have not been able to do so till now. Perhaps one of the most interesting events of the day was counting the money collected, after our return home. The collection consisted of rupees (2s.), 30; half rupees (1s.), 13; quarter rupees (6d.), 23; one-eighth rupee (3d.), 30; half annas (1d.), 231; one quarter of an anna (1½ farthings), 197; a pair of ear-rings, a slip of paper giving a young buffalo, and a good many pieces of paper with promises of various sums. A few Christians and some heathen gave their contributions afterwards. The total collection will amount to about 80 to 85 rupees (or £8 to £8 10s.). The number of small coins will help to show the

large number who gave, and the hearty interest shown in the event by all classes of the Hindu community, both Christian and heathen. In this collection was included four rupees, the last contribution of D. Stephen towards the 40 rupees (£4) he has saved by care and self-denial in order to make the church site a freehold. A considerable sum more will be needed for the completion of the edifice and the duly fitting it up with reading-desk, communion rails, &c.

In conclusion, we commend it to Him who can supply all our need, trusting that the building may not only be a witness to the heathen around, but that in God's own good time it may prove to be to them "the gate to heaven."

ALICE CAMERON STONE.

[We have great pleasure in adding that the money required has since been supplied; indeed it had already been raised when Mrs. Stone wrote. It was collected in England by the Rev. A. W. Poole, formerly of the same Telugu Mission, and now Bishop-designate for Japan. A sum of £110 reached Mr. Stone on Whit-Sunday, and £50 more has been sent since. It was quite unexpected, and was received with great thankfulness.—Ed.]



RAGHAVAPURAM, APRIL 9TH, 1883: THE SERVICE.

THE MONTH.

THE Valedictory Dismissal of missionaries is fixed for Monday, Oct. 1st, at the Vestry Hall, Kensington. Among those returning to the field will be the Rev. J. B. Wood, to Lagos; the Rev. J. W. Handford, to Frere Town; Mr. C. Stokes, to Central Africa; the Rev. C. T. Wilson, late of Uganda, now going to Palestine; the Rev. G. Litchfield, late of Uganda, now going to the Bheel Mission, North India; the Rev. T. R. Hodgson, late of North India, going to Baghdad; the Rev. F. A. P. Shirreff, to Lahore; the Rev. W. J. Richards, to Travancore; the Rev. A. R. Cavalier, formerly of Ceylon, to Tinnevely; the Rev. J. D. Valentine, to Mid China; and probably three or four others; besides several new men whose appointments have been mentioned before.

THE Rev. J. H. Horsburgh, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter, B.A., of Merton College, Oxford, and the Rev. E. W. Elliott, B.A., of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, whose acceptance by the Society has been previously mentioned, have been appointed respectively to the Mid China Mission, to St. John's College, Agra, and to the Rugby-Fox Mastership at Masulipatam.

WE ought before to have mentioned the appointment of the Rev. C. A. Blackburn to Mauritius, and of Mr. J. B. McCullagh as a lay missionary to the North Pacific Mission. Both sailed in June.

It is with special pleasure that we announce the appointment, by the Church of England Zenana Society, of Miss Marion Gray, daughter of the Rev. W. Gray, Secretary of the C.M.S., to the head teachership of the Alexandra Christian Girls' Boarding School at Amritsar. This important school belongs to the C.M.S., but is conducted by ladies of the C.E.Z.M.S.

THE same society has accepted Miss Gough, daughter of the veteran C.M.S. missionary in China, the Rev. F. F. Gough, as a missionary to the Chinese women of Fuh-Chow. This is an important move forward on the part of that society, which has hitherto been confined to India; and it is partly due to the efforts of Mrs. Fagg, the writer of the interesting articles in our pages entitled "Listen."

THE Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society has appointed as its Clerical Secretary the Rev. A. H. Lash, late C.M.S. missionary in Tinnevely, who is so well known to our friends for his work in connection with the Sarah Tucker Female Institution.

THE Telugu Mission has had many losses of late years. We cannot grudge the Rev. A. W. Poole to the Japan Bishopric; but we are truly sorry that the Revs. W. Clayton and W. G. Baker are forbidden by the Medical Board to return to a tropical climate. The former has been appointed to act as Association Secretary of the Society for the counties of Hants, Berks, Bucks, and Oxon, during the Rev. J. Hamilton's absence in West Africa.

THE Bishop of Saskatchewan has appointed the Rev. J. A. Mackay, one of the C.M.S. missionaries in his diocese, to the office of Archdeacon.

By the death of the Rev. James Abner Lamb, at Lagos, on July 1st, the C.M.S. has lost one of its most faithful and whole-hearted missionaries. He was a solicitor before devoting himself to missionary work, and had been educated at Cheltenham College. On his offer of service to the Society being accepted, he spent a few months at the Islington College to read divinity, and was then ordained, in September, 1861. In November of that year he went out to Lagos as Secretary of the Yoruba Mission, which then included in its ranks veterans like Townsend, Gollmer, and Hinderer. In 1870 he was transferred to Sierra Leone, and acted as Secretary there; but in 1873, his health failing, he returned home, and was soon appointed Vicar of Hoyland, in Yorkshire. This was a valuable living, but in 1876 he gave it up to go out to East Africa, to succeed Mr. Price at Frere Town, where he laboured most earnestly for two years. In 1879 he was again sent to Sierra Leone as Secretary for West Africa; and only last spring he left England for the sixth time to go back to his old post, Lagos. In fact, he has always been a man for an emergency. Again and again the Committee invited him to fill special vacancies; and

he and Mrs. Lamb were ever ready to sail in any direction where he could serve the cause they loved. His loss just now, when there are few missionaries on the West African coast, seems to our eyes irreparable. But He who has taken His servant to Himself will not forsake the cause. Mr. Lamb was buried in the churchyard of Christ Church, Lagos, the church he himself built fourteen years ago. The Governor of the colony attended the funeral, and an immense concourse of Native Christians

THE Rev. William Johnson, Minister of Christ Church, Madras, died suddenly in that city on July 13th, had been a C.M.S. missionary for eleven years in Travancore, from 1866 to 1877. He was, indeed, connected with the Society in many ways. His father was a Travancore missionary, and died there in 1846. His mother (who survives) was daughter of Henry Baker, sen., and sister of Henry Baker, junior. He himself was born at Cottayam, educated at the C.M. Children's Hospital, and prepared for orders at the C.M. College; and he married a sister of the Rev. E. C. Macdonald, for some years C.M.S. missionary at Madras. He was the author of a Catechism of Sacred Geography, and a translation of Bishop Wilberforce's *Agathos*, in Malayalam.

OTHER recent deaths must also be mentioned with deep regret in these pages. Mrs. Sargent, the excellent wife of the venerable Bishop of Exeter, who superintends the C.M.S. Missions in Tinnevely, entered into her rest on June 19th. She will be greatly lamented and missed by the Tinnevely Christians. Canon Battersby, of Keswick, who died on July 23rd, was an Hon. Life Governor of the Society, and had done much for its influence in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Professor Birks also died on July 23rd, an old and hearty friend. He delivered a remarkable speech at the Anniversary of 1859. The Dean of Exeter, Dr. Boyd, preached the Anniversary Sermon at St. Bride's—one of great power and eloquence—in 1861, and he frequently presided at the large meetings which are held half-yearly at Exeter.

THE death of the venerable Dr. Robert Moffat removes the patriarch of the English missionaries. He went out to Africa in 1816, the very year in which the C.M.S. began its Mission in Sierra Leone; so that almost the whole of the Society's vast work has been accomplished, not during his lifetime merely, but during the missionary career, of one man now almost from our midst. All Christendom should honour the apostle of Africa and the father-in-law of Livingstone.

THE third Annual Meeting of the Bengal C.M.S. Native Council was held on May 9th and 10th, at Calcutta. There was a Communion service at Trinity Church at 7.30 A.M., with a sermon by the Rev. Kristo Bose "on true Christian liberty as distinguished from that which is only a liberty of the flesh." Often passes under the name of independence, but is in reality a slavery to the carnal nature." During the meetings reports were presented from the various pastorates; and papers were read, followed by animated discussion, on missionary work among non-Christians, and on education of Native Christian children. The Rev. W. R. Blackett presided. Among those present were the Rev. Piari Mohun Rudra, Secretary; Omesh Chunder Dutt, Treasurer; the Revs. Modhu Sudan Seal, Biswas, and Sartok Biswas; Messrs. H. H. Sandal, P. M. Mukerji,

BISHOP SARGENT is appealing for help to restore, and almost to rebuild, the church at Kadatchapuram, Tinnevely, where the Rev. Mr. Devasayagam formerly ministered. Mr. Devasayagam was the first clergyman in South India, and was ordained in 1830. He died in 1878, and is universally respected. One of his sons, the Rev. Jesudasen John, is a minister at Palamcottah, and another, the Rev. Samuel John, is a missionary to educated Hindus at Madras. Mrs. Sathianadhan of Madras is his daughter. Bishop Sargent wants about £500, of which the Christians on the spot will raise £100. There are 1,259 Church members in the Kadatchapuram district, of whom 442 are communicants.

THE Rev. G. Maunsell, our missionary at Opatiki, New Zealand, has made, at the request of the Bishop of Auckland, a Maori version of Norris's *Key to the Acts of the Apostles*. He had previously translated the *Key to the Four Gospels*.

RECEIVED.—M. P., Sale of Plants (all now sold) £2 12s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. 1st 5.54 a.m.
P. Q. 9th 10.30 a.m.



October. P.M. 10.45 a.m. | L.Q. 22.11.30 p.m.
N.M. 30th 11.57 p.m.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

- 1 M God is love, 1 John 4. 8. [Jo. 3. 16.
- 2 T God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,
- 3 W God commendeth His love toward us, Ro. 5. 8. [the end, Jo. 13. 1.
- 4 T *Rebmann d.*, 1876. Having loved His own, He loved them unto
- 5 F *Bp. Russell d.*, 1879. The Lord loveth the righteous, Ps. 146. 8.
- 6 S *Bp. Cotton drowned*, 1866. Who shall separate us from the love
[of Christ? Ro. 8. 35.
- 7 S 20th aft. Trin. Our Father, which hath loved us, 2 Th. 2. 16.
M. Ex. 34. Phil. 1. E. Ez. 37 or Dan. 1. Lu. 8. 1-26.
- 8 M He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, Jo. 14. 21.
- 9 T *Bp. Hadfield consec.*, 1870. His love is perfected in us, 1 Jo. 4. 12.
- 10 W *Price sailed for E. Africa*, 1874. O continue Thy lovingkindness,
- 11 T How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, Ps. 36. 7. [Ps. 36. 10.
- 12 F It is a good thing...to show forth Thy lovingkindness, Ps. 92. 2.
[utterly take from him, Ps. 89. 83.
- 13 S *Miss. expelled fr. Abeokuta*, 1867. My lovingkindness will I not
[midst of Thy temple, Ps. 48. 9.
- 14 S 21st aft. Trin. We have thought of Thy lovingkindness in the
M. Dan. 3. Col. 3. 1-18. E. Dan. 4 or 5. Lu. 11. 29.
- 15 M *D. Fenn d.*, '78. Thy lovingkindness is better than life, Ps. 63. 3.
- 16 T Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, Heb. 12. 6.
- 17 W *Noble d.*, 1865. I love them that love Me, Prov. 8. 17.
[kindness, Ps. 103. 4.
- 18 T St. Luke. Healeth all thy diseases...crowneth thee with loving-
- 19 F *Mrs. Crowther d.*, 1880. In His love He redeemed them, Is. 63. 9.
- 20 S I have loved thee with an everlasting love, Jer. 31. 3.
[hath to us, 1 Jo. 4. 16.
- 21 S 22nd aft. Trin. We have known and believed the love that God
M. Dan. 3. 2 Thess. 1. E. Dan. 7. 9, or 12. Lu. 15. 11.
- 22 M *Ragland d.*, '58. *Bp. Barclay d.*, '81. More than conquerors thro'
- 23 T I will love them freely, Hos. 14. 4. [Him that loved us, Ro. 8. 37.
- 24 W To know the love of Christ, wh. passeth knowledge, Eph. 3. 19.
- 25 T He will rest in His love, Zeph. 3. 17. [love, Cant. 2. 4.
- 26 F *Townsend sailed for W. Africa*, 1836. His banner over me was
- 27 S 1st Stone Childr. *Homs*, 1851. The Father Himself loveth you,
[Jo. 16. 27.
- 28 S 23rd aft. Trin. SS. Simon & Jude. *Bp. Moule consec.*, 1880. Christ
[loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, Eph. 5. 25.
M. Hos. 14, or Is. 28. 9-17. 1 Tim. 5. E. Joel 2. 21, or 3. 8, or Jer. 3. 12-19.
- 29 M 1st Sikh ord., 1854. Continue ye in My love, Jo. 15. 9. [Lu. 19. 28.
- 30 T We love Him because He first loved us, 1 Jo. 4. 19.
- 31 W If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another, 1 Jo. 4. 11.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

IX.—Our Daily Blessings.

"All His benefits."—Ps. ciii. 2.



OUR daily blessings! How much does that short epitome contain! It is the much in little of bounteous benediction. According as our temperaments differ, so does one or another of the Christian graces seem to us the more attractive. The young, beaming with hope, will take Joy to heart, and long to see much of it gushing forth among the ransomed of the Lord. The aged asks only to be permitted to lie down in Peace with God and man. Woman finds rest for her yearning sympathy in the endearments of home Love; while man, panting for conflict, grasps the strong shield of Faith. Long-suffering is perfected in the ailing and the evil-entreated; while Temperance braces the healthful and sends him onward with elastic footstep.

But the lovely grace, wherein all others take root and flourish, is GRATITUDE. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is a stirring exhortation continually needed by our sluggish souls. With meek, heaven-gazing eye and onward-pressing step, the sweet spirit of thankfulness is always within call. She is our best helper and friend, the unobtrusive guardian of all things lovely and of good report. Perhaps we have neglected to invoke this kind angel when clouds obscured the ever-during sun. We have grieved her and made her weep, as we passed, in cheerless despondency, amid the countless gifts of

the All-Bountiful. It may help us to enumerate some of what are apt to call "common" mercies, because they come so many. And, when we pause to reflect, what have we that have not received? Think of the perfection of our marvellous body, and how all its magic machinery goes on, without our care or forethought. How unbearable should we find such responsibility, even for one hour! The pliant hand, the sensitive eye, the brain with its fairy network—can we help standing in awe. Shall we not consecrate all we are and have to our Creator's service? When we awake refreshed each new morning, let us say, I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me. As we step over the threshold of the chamber which has heard our grateful, trustful outpourings, let us be joyous and brave, quite sure the Lord's good gifts will meet us at every turn. Each happy circumstance is undeserved; each sorrowful one might be sadder. Candour will readily admit that Gratitude never out of season. If we delight to record God's mercies, they will spring up for us on every side, for a thankful heart, like a true philosopher's stone, turns seemingly adverse combination to pure gold.

Let us open our eyes and see; may the Lord open our lips, that they may show forth His praise. Even our special needs and tastes are tenderly noted and gratified. And how much do earthly benefactions brighten our daily life! Suppose we adopt the beautiful expression of Oriental gratitude: "I thank God for thy goodness to me." There is too little counting-up of our mercies, too much murmuring, fretting, and anxiety. Come not our every experience from the appointment of a pitiful Father? Shall not He, the Judge of all the earth, do right? The whole day takes its colouring from the thoughts of the morning hour; the whole life, from the blossoms of the spring-tide. Those who are labouring, in whatsoever place or capacity, to spread the glad tidings of Salvation, specially need to gird themselves continually with the invincible panoply of gratitude. Their poor hearts must often be so weary; their frail flesh so willing, the fainting spirit so weak. Let them make gratitude their constant companion. Let them, when in danger of losing courage, "set their foot on the lost Ebenezer" in their journey, and "give a spring." The effort shall be rewarded. Sudden brightness shall illumine the dark and dreaded passage, and with the happy confidence of obedient loving children, they shall own what a joyous and pleasant thing it is to be thankful.

A. M. V.

THE DIOCESE OF SASKATCHEWAN.

[The pictures in the present number are all illustrative of this article.]



ANY of our readers have heard some of the always vigorous and interesting speeches of the Bishop of Saskatchewan. We give some pictures illustrative of his Diocese, and take the opportunity to add a brief summary of C.M.S. work in it.

The see was founded in 1874, as part of the wise and far-seeing plan formed by the present Bishop of Rupert's Land, Dr. Machray, for dividing his then enormous Diocese into four dioceses of Rupert's Land, Moosonee, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan. To Moosonee and Athabasca two C.M.S. missionaries were appointed, Dr. Horden and Dr. Bompas; and Saskatchewan a clergyman who was helping Bishop Machray at St. John's College at Winnipeg, Dr. Maclean. The four dioceses form an Ecclesiastical Province, of which the Bishop of Rupert's Land is Metropolitan.

The Diocese of Saskatchewan, speaking roughly, lies between



SASKATCHEWAN: THE CATHEDRAL, PRINCE ALBERT.

lat. 49° and 55° , and between long. 105° and 117° . It is bounded on the south by the boundary line between British America and the United States, on the north by the Diocese of Athabasca, on the east by the Diocese of Rupert's Land, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains.* It is about 700 miles square, and comprises an area of nearly half a million of square miles. When the Bishopric was founded in 1874, this vast country was peopled by some 80,000 heathen Indians, a small number relatively to the extent of territory occupied, but larger than that of the Indian population in the other dioceses of the North-West put together. There were a few small settlements of white people; but there was not a single missionary in the Saskatchewan territory proper, though there was *one* on English River, in a remote corner of the diocese. "There were," as the Bishop has lately said, "no endowments, no missionaries, no churches; everything had to be begun as far as the Church of England is concerned."

These words are quoted from the Bishop's address at the first meeting of his Diocesan Synod on August 31st, last year, when he was able to report that he had sixteen clergymen on his list, of whom eight were C.M.S. men, six S.P.G., and two supported by private contributions. The eight of the C.M.S. were Archdeacon J. A. Mackay, the Revs. J. Hines, T. A. Clarke, S. Trivett, J. Settee, J. Sinclair, and D. Stranger, together with another, who was expecting to go out last autumn, but has been prevented by the illness of his wife. Another, however, one of this year's Islington men, the Rev. J. W. Tims, has started in his stead. Of the seven above named, Mr. Settee, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Stranger are Indians; and Mr. Mackay also is a native of the country.

Meanwhile, English immigrants are pouring into the Saskatchewan territory; the Canadian Pacific Railroad is being laid down at the rate of *four miles a day*; and the Fertile Belt, as a large part of the country is called, promises to become in a few years the home of a mighty people. To provide for their spiritual wants is not the work of the C.M.S.; but we may rejoice that other Societies are able in some degree to supply the need, and that the indefatigable Bishop has been enabled to do so much for the development of the Church of

England in the Diocese during the last years. But it is of the greatest importance that the Indians should be brought at length under Christian ministrations before the influx of immigration fills the land; and this Society may thank God for the part it is permitted to take in spreading the Gospel amongst them.

The first principal C.M.S. station after we leave the eastern boundary of the Diocese and move westward is PRINCE ALBERT, on the North Saskatchewan river, a little above the confluence of the two great branches. Here the Bishop resides, and here are located Archdeacon Mackay and the Rev. J. Settee. The latter venerable Indian brother—writes, "Give my Christian love to the Committee, and tell them I am now an old man having served the beloved Society 52 years"—has charge of the Cree congregations at South Branch and Nepowasset.

comprising together 344 baptized Native Christians, of whom 110 are communicants. The latter district, including Sturgeon Lake, has been dignified by the Bishop with the title of a rural deanery, and Mr. Settee is the first rural dean. Mr. Mackay acts as Secretary of the Society's Saskatchewan Mission, and also Cree tutor in Emmanuel College, the training institution of the Diocese. This college, though quite in its infancy, has thirty students; twelve in the college classes, and the remainder in the collegiate school. Six students have been ordained since it was opened, and five others are employed as catechists and schoolmasters. The Society maintains four Indian students in the college, and that number have been sent out into missionary work during the past year, one of them being the Rev. D. Stranger. Mr. Mackay is also engaged in linguistic work, in Cree and Sioux. In the former tongue he has prepared a volume of family prayers, of which 4,000 copies have been printed by the S.P.C.K. for the use of Indian families.

At BATTLEFORD, higher up the north river, is stationed the Rev. T. A. Clarke. There are 280 Christian adherents connected with this post. A local newspaper, the *Prince Albert Times and Saskatchewan Review*, in its issue of December



SASKATCHEWAN: EMMANUEL COLLEGE, PRINCE ALBERT.

* Since the above was written, we find that the Provincial Synod has somewhat modified the boundaries.

last, has the following account of the Indians of the neighbourhood :—

Six Indian reserves have been located and surveyed in the neighbourhood. These are inhabited by the Cree and Stoney Indians, who are cultivating their farms extensively, and have made for themselves comfortable homes, through the liberality of the Dominion Government, which assists them largely in every way. As an instance of the progress they are making in farming pursuits, we may mention that one of them at Eagle Hills has raised this summer 630 bushels of grain, and about 200 bushels of potatoes. There are about 450 of the latter, and 800 Crees. Schools have been established on three of the aforesaid reserves, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society of England. The native children exhibit a great aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and it is gratifying to see the wonderful progress they have made in the various subjects taught them. The Rev. T. A. Clarke superintends the schools, visits the reserves alternately on Sundays, and conducts an English service in Battleford every Sunday evening. He has been greatly encouraged in the work by the success which has attended his humble efforts to disseminate the glorious Gospel amongst the aboriginal tribes. Although a noble work has been achieved by the Church, yet the majority of the Indians are still heathen, and much still remains to be done.

In the still wild country north of Prince Albert and Battleford is the station of ASISIPPI, which owes its existence to the untiring labours of the Rev. John Hines. Mr. Hines was on a visit to this country during a large part of the year, and the newly-ordained Native clergyman, the Rev. D. Stranger, has been in charge. There are 159 Christian adherents, of whom 35 are communicants. (See GLEANER of Sept., 1881.)

Nearly 200 miles to the north-east of Prince Albert, as the crow flies, is STANLEY, on English River, which is almost at the point where the three dioceses of Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca join. There are here, and at the out-stations of Pelican Lake and Lac la Ronge, 550 baptized Indian Christians, of whom 140 are communicants. The Rev. John Sinclair, a Cree Indian trained at Emmanuel College, is the pastor. In June last year the Bishop and Mr. Mackay visited this station, the journey thither, by boat, occupying a fortnight. At Stanley 75 converts were confirmed, and 19 at Pelican Narrows.

The remaining C.M.S. station is FORT MACLEOD, in the extreme south-west corner of the diocese, on a branch of the South Saskatchewan, almost at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and more than 400 miles, as the crow flies, from Prince Albert. Near Fort Macleod is a large reserve for the Blood Indians, a branch of the great Blackfoot nation; and among them the Rev. Samuel Trivett is earnestly labouring. He has also visited the Crees at Cypress Hills, 150 miles to the east, and the Blackfeet proper on Bow River, nearly 100 miles to the north. It is for work among these latter that an additional missionary is now being sent out.

"I am not a Dog."

THE opposition of the Buddhists in Ceylon to the preaching of the Gospel is very bitter, and is being constantly stirred up by the influence of the American Agnostic, Colonel Olcott. This gentleman is most active in his antagonism to the Mission. He warned the priests in the Baddegama district that "Mr. Alcock (the missionary) was like a spider, and his village schools like a spider's web spread over the district to catch the little Buddhist boys and girls." An ex-priest who had embraced Christianity he tried to persuade back into Buddhism. "I am not a dog," said the convert, "to return to my vomit." The Colonel offered to show him 145 falsehoods in the Bible. "If you could show me one," was the reply, "I would renounce it. Pray spare your pity. If you can believe there is no right, no wrong, no God, no judgment, no soul, no responsibility, no conscience, you need for yourself all the pity you possess, and more."

ARCHDEACON J. A. MACKAY.



THE Rev. J. A. Mackay, who has lately been appointed to the office of Archdeacon by the Bishop of Saskatchewan, is a native of Moosonee, and of mixed Scottish and Indian descent. In his younger days he was a pupil of Mr. Horden, now the Bishop of Moosonee, and was afterwards employed as a catechist at various missionary posts on the shores of Hudson's Bay. He was afterwards a schoolmaster at Red River, and in 1862 was ordained by Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land. For many years he laboured at Stanley, on English River; but when the Bishop of Saskatchewan began to organise his new diocese, and founded Emmanuel College at Prince Albert, Mr. Mackay was moved thither in order that he might be the Cree-speaking tutor in that institution, where (as above mentioned) young natives are trained for missionary work. Prior to this, however, he paid his first and only visit to England, in the summer of 1876, when he laid before the C.M.S. Committee the plans which have

since led to a considerable extension of the Society's work in the Diocese of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Mackay has taken an active share in translational work. He helped Bishop Horden in his version of the Four Gospels and the Prayer Book in the Moose Cree dialect; and he has prepared in the Cree language a Manual of Family Prayers, a Hymn-book, a Catechism, First Books for Children, a translation of Bishop Oxenden's *Pathway of Safety*, &c.



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON J. A. MACKAY,
Of Saskatchewan.

BISHOP HORDEN'S CONFIRMATIONS.

THE Bishop of Moosonee, who returned to his Diocese last year, writes as follows :—

On August 27th, after due examination, I confirmed forty-five young Indian men and women, and subsequently three others, the whole of whom had been carefully prepared by Mr. Vincent. Except two, whose knowledge did not satisfy me, these were all the persons of the Indian congregation of a suitable age for confirmation. Our Indian congregation there is composed of the entire Indian population, excepting such as are attached to the English congregation. The conduct of the candidates at the time of the service was marked with

deep solemnity, and I could not but feel assured that the prayer at the imposition of hands was, in many cases, fully realised.

Then, on November 26th, I confirmed all the English-speaking young people, half-caste and Indian, between the ages of fifteen and twenty. There was not a single exception; and during the preparation for the rite, which extended over many weeks, scarcely one was ever absent from the class. They came, too, from many quarters—from Moose, Albany, New Post, Matawakumma, and East Main; all spoke English fluently; all could read their English Bibles; all were well acquainted with the Church Catechism; all appeared deeply impressed with the gravity of the step they were about to take. The number was seventeen.

Another would have been present, but he had already "come to the company of just men made perfect." He was a young Indian, Benjamin Sutherland by name, who received his education at our Mission School. When old enough he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was sent into the interior, whence he returned to Moose last summer in feeble health, and when I first saw him he was confined to his bed. There I confirmed him; there, too, I administered to him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and within a few days he passed away in peace, firmly believing that for him, individually, Christ had poured out His blood on Calvary.

Besides those confirmations, I held one at Albany on the last Sunday of the year, when I confirmed twenty-three candidates.

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT.

CHAPTER X.—“FOUND WANTING.”



IFE and death, joy and sorrow, side by side they travel on this earth, and sometimes mingle strangely.

The days that followed Ella Venning's accident, though so full of anxiety for Sasie, were also days of great happiness for her. Leith Lancaster had one day suddenly arrived at Inglesby, to his mother's surprise, and when asked the reason, he told her his appearance was owing to a letter of her own, in which she had happened to mention some good news about Sasie.

"I should have spoken long ago," said Leith, "had it not been that I knew Sasie and I disagreed on the subject of religion, and that she made no profession of being one of God's children; but when I received your letter telling me that she was altered, I felt I could not stay a day longer in suspense. Anything is better than suspense."

"I have had my suspicions for some time," said Mrs. Lancaster, "and may God bless you, dear boy."

So the dreaded time had actually come! But it was not quite such a blow to Mrs. Lancaster now as it would have been had it happened before the Missionary Meeting.

"For," she thought to herself, "now that Leith is going to be married of course he will settle in England."

Leith had always been a favourite with Mr. Ogilvie, and it had been a secret wish of the latter that the two should marry; still he made several objections on the score of age, &c., when Leith with an anxious face urged his suit. Sasie was far too young to think of marrying: better wait another year or so, and if then Leith liked to speak to her, well, he would not stand in the way. It was better not to put any such notions into the child's head as yet. Let him keep his own counsel and wait patiently for a little time.

The fact was, that Mr. Ogilvie was not going to let Leith have his bright little daughter too easily, though there was no other man he knew to whom he would so willingly part with her. But the idea of losing his child was not a pleasant one, and he made it evident to Leith that parting with Sasie was to lose a good deal of joy out of his life and home. However, at last he gave his consent to Leith to speak to Sasie, and the former left his study with a pale, anxious face in search of her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lancaster, feeling in too restless a state of mind to wait patiently at home for her son's return, put on her bonnet, and started off to inquire after Ella Venning.

The maidservant had had injunctions to ask Mrs. Lancaster in should she call, so she was shown into the drawing-room, which, though a small fire was burning, looked cold and gloomy on this winter afternoon. Mrs. Lancaster sat waiting for some little time; the unnatural quiet of the house felt almost oppressive, and it was a relief when at last the door opened, and Mrs. Venning entered.

"It is good of you to come," she said, holding out her hand; and then as their eyes met, her lips trembled, and she added, "I felt I should like to see you."

"How is Ella?"

"She is better, I am thankful to say, but—I hardly know whether I wish her to live—nor how to break the news to her."

"You mean——?"

"I mean that if she lives, my pretty girl will be a cripple for life."

There was such a ring of pain in Mrs. Venning's voice that might have touched the hardest heart. She had taken a chair by the fire and sat looking at the coals with a sad drawn face, and her fingers nervously interlacing one another. "But," said Mrs. Venning, after a pause, turning her eyes upon Mrs. Lancaster with so dreary an expression in them that her heart ached, "that is not all the burden I have to bear; it is the sense of failure on my part. I feel that I have neglected the most important part of the work God has given me. I have failed as a mother."

It was a comfort to Mrs. Venning to unburden her heart to this tender, sympathising woman, whom she felt instinctively would not judge her harshly. She never remembered hearing Mrs. Lancaster pass a sweeping censure on any one, and when she herself had often severely condemned

some poor sinner, entirely forgetting the injunction, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted, how often had Mrs. Lancaster put in some tender word of pity and compassion, reminding her of the love of which at such times she felt conscious of lacking, the love that covereth all sins. Mrs. Venning felt that she could trust Nona Lancaster.

"I can't tell you what these days have been to me," she continued, "the thought of my poor Ella dying in the state she is has been almost unbearable, and it has added to my grief to find how little I have won her love or gained her confidence. I see what it is now. I have never taken the trouble to sympathise with the girls in anything that has interested them, and yet have thought hardly of them for not sympathising with me. I have expected from them what I had no right to expect. How could they work, poor children, when they have not learnt to love? I have never put the bright and happy side of religion before them, and consequently they have been repelled instead of attracted. Mrs. Lancaster, it is a terrible thing to learn from your child's own lips that you have utterly failed, and have helped to drive her away from Heaven."

"But——"

"Ah, no, there is no excuse for me, I am only telling you the truth. I have sickened them of religion by constantly talking of my work and my doings, instead of pointing them to the Lord Jesus Himself and His beauty. If only they had learnt to love Him first, they would soon have begun to follow His example, 'Who went about doing good,' and work would have become beautiful in their eyes from very love of Him, and because it was His work, not mere parish work. My poor children!"

Mrs. Venning did not unload her heart in vain. She found Mrs. Lancaster even more sympathising than she had expected, and was comforted by her. "May God bless you for your kindness," she said, as she shook hands with her at parting; and then when the door was closed she knelt down and prayed earnestly for forgiveness for the past, and for strength to do her duties more faithfully in the future.

It had been rather a trying time for Nona Lancaster. True sympathy is by no means a costless gift; as a rule it takes a good deal out of the one who gives it. Mrs. Lancaster, while listening to the sad story, had mentally put herself into Mrs. Venning's place, and had suffered accordingly. Leith and his affairs had for the time been put in the background, and it was only on leaving the doctor's house that she remembered that she must prepare for quite a different scene, and be ready probably to obey the command "Rejoice with them that do rejoice." Many find it considerably easier to sympathise with those that are in sorrow than those in joy. Perhaps the reason is that the world being so full of sin and suffering our hearts are more tuned to sorrow than to joy.

But notwithstanding the sorrow that Nona Lancaster had tasted during her life, she knew well how to rejoice in the gladness of others. The lesson had been hard to learn, but she had set her heart and mind towards learning it, and had succeeded in doing so better than most people; but to-day, after leaving Mrs. Venning's house, she felt utterly unprepared to rejoice, and so decided to delay the moment when she would be called upon to do so by taking a longer way home.

It was not an inviting afternoon for a walk: nature looked grey and desolate, too much in tune with Mrs. Lancaster's own sad heart to be of any comfort to her. Life looked lonely in prospect as she recollected that from that day she would no longer be Leith's first thought.

"It will be different," she kept saying to herself, as she looked back at the past and forward into the future. "Everything will be changed now." Suddenly words which have comforted many a one who feels tossed to and fro by the manifold "changes of the world" came into her mind, and, like a sunbeam in a dark, cold room, brought warmth and hope into her sad heart.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The words brought rest with them, and comforted her. Nona had reached the garden-gate by this time, and as she opened it she heard eager footsteps behind her, and in a minute Leith's arm was round her waist.

"Little mother," he said, "here is another child for you."

LADY PREACHERS AT A HINDU FESTIVAL.



KANGRA is a town in North India, at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. There was a picture of the famous castle there, on its impregnable rock, in the *GLEANER* of January, 1875. It is a C.M.S. station, and is superintended by a lady, Mrs. Reuther, widow of the former missionary there. She sends a most interesting account of the effort made by herself and her daughters to preach the Gospel to the crowds of pilgrims attending a celebrated *mela* (festival) held yearly at Kangra :—

The great autumn *mela* in honour of the goddess Parbatti was held here in October for ten days. Whilst Mr. Matthews, accompanied by a retired catechist, preached in the bazaar, my daughters and myself, with Sarah, the schoolmistress, went out every morning and afternoon to sing and speak to as many women as we could get to listen. As we do not possess a portable harmonium, we brought out the church harmonium, and took our stand not far from the city gate, through which most of the pilgrims pass on their way to and from the golden temple. The music soon attracted large crowds. We had intended to gather women only around us, but found it impossible, as the men who escorted them evidently were averse to letting them go out of their sight. Two-thirds at least of the crowds were men, who behaved so respectfully and listened so quietly and attentively that we could not object to their presence. The women listened, but said very little, whilst many men professed to believe in Christ in their hearts, and said they had no faith in their gods and goddesses; that they came to the *mela* only to escort the women, who were bent upon making the pilgrimages. We alternately sang and spoke to the people. After each hymn one of us addressed them and told them the Gospel story in a few simple sentences, such as they could easily understand and remember. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the Panjab, from Agra, Lucknow, Allahabad, and Benares, attended the *mela*, but comparatively few could hear the Gospel. What were the voices of two preachers, one of them a feeble old man, and of four women, among such immense crowds of pilgrims?

A SUBSCRIBING CRIPPLE.

[Have our readers ever seen anything so touching as the following account of a C.M.S. subscriber now living in a Gloucestershire village? Truly he "hath done what he could."]



M— is the son of a farm labourer, and was himself a labourer when he fell at the age of 19 from a loft on to a ploughshare. He received an injury which eventually deprived him entirely of the use of his legs. He is now 30 years of age and has been 11 years prostrate. For the first six years he was able to use his hands and arms, and although flat on his back, was able to work in many different ways. For instance, he learnt to crochet, and made cuffs, neckties, &c. He learnt to make Macramé lace, and did several pieces beautifully. He made himself a patchwork quilt, with texts printed in marking ink all over it. He also tried illuminating, and made frames of varnished cork. In fact he was never idle, always happy and busy; reading and writing as a relaxation. Then he had a most dreadful illness, incessant sickness, which after many weeks brought him to a state of complete insensibility, and he lay for sixteen weeks utterly unconscious, and perfectly helpless; all the nourishment he took was at first a little champagne, milk, and at last nothing but cold water. He was watched anxiously all these long weeks, and at last he seemed to suddenly wake up; he spoke in a whisper, and in a few more weeks was much the same as he had been before the attack, with one sad exception—he has entirely lost all power in hands and arms. He now can only move his head, and that in the very slightest degree from side to side; he never can lift it. His voice has returned now, and his intelligence is unimpaired. He turns over the leaves of his book when reading with a light cane which he holds in his mouth, and he was seized about twelve months ago with the idea that if he had a pencil and a paper fixed on his reading-desk he might write! He tried and did it, and from that he has gone on trying till he now *paints*, neatly and tastefully on cardboard, texts and mottoes. These he sells, and with the money he earns thereby he helps to support himself and his widowed mother, aged 79. They are a most delightful pair, so bright, happy, and full of sympathy with all, whether it is in sorrow or joy.

S— M— became a subscriber *again* to the C.M.S. when he found

he could earn any money. He had always subscribed, but was obliged to give up when his illness and the loss of power in hands took away all his means of earning. S— M— suffers at times from terrible pain in his head and back, so that he can only paint occasionally.

He has been a comfort and help to so many in this parish; his words of true sympathy would be sorely missed were he taken from us, as his is such a real Christian life and influence. C.

THE RUNNER.

By MRS. CLARK, of *Umritsur*.



THEY tell in Persian story of a runner swift and sure,
Whom from his steady onward course no pageant could allure.

The runner he was bidden to bear a cup of gold,
Brimful of sparkling water, from hidden spring and cold.

In haste to distant mansion, nor ever rest or stop,
Lest of the grateful water he should lose a single drop.

Saw'st thou the kingly retinue, in all its proud array?
Did'st mark the royal elephants in crimson howdahs gay?

What of the kingly retinue? What of the royal state?
I saw them not, nor tarried, for the runner might not wait.

Did'st hear the silver trumpets and merry holiday?
Did'st join the merry multitude that crossed thy weary way?

What of the merry multitude that thronged my weary road?
I heard them not; thou badest me unswerving bear my load.

O Christian! thou who here should'st bear salvation's cup of gold,
Yet oft art weary, now to thee the runner's tale is told.

Why heed the world's gay pageant, and all its empty show?
Why let thy footsteps tarry, oft so wearily and slow?

Why let Life's precious water-drop be wasted by the way?
Why lose its cooling freshness, through thy perilous delay?

O Christian! many are athirst, and many sorely need;
Run steadily and surely, and God thine errand speed!

THE OLD GREEN MISSIONARY BOX.

A FEW years ago, during a very happy period of my life spent in a small Wiltshire village, I read in the *GLEANER* a suggestion that a missionary box should be placed in the visitor's bedroom, in order that the visitor might be able to place therein a thank-offering to God for travelling mercies. Now visitors to our home were few and far between, therefore the suggestion in itself was of no value to me, yet it made me think. It was of no use whatever placing a box in the visitor's room, but I resolved to place one in the reception room where the poor of the village held audience with their good pastor. It was one of the little green collecting boxes that was placed there. I had it till very lately, when it succumbed from hard work, and on it was pasted a slip of white paper with the words "REMEMBER THE HEATHEN." That little box often had a penny or a halfpenny, yea, even a *farthing* dropped into it. There were very few rich people in the village, for most of the inhabitants were only agricultural labourers, so that those who placed money in that little green box must have been persons to whom every penny was a consideration.

Years have passed away since those happy days when I worked for the C.M.S. in that quiet village, and many changes have taken place there. Some of those who helped me have gone to a brighter and a better land, while others, like myself, have left the village and are settled in other counties. And I assure you, reader, that the best thing of all to remind me of my pleasant work there is the sight of an exact prototype of *The Old Green Missionary Box*. W. H. SWIFT.

A Child's Contribution Fifty-six Years Old.

IN the remittance last year to the Society from Godstone there was a very interesting item of 6s. 3d. The late Archdeacon C. J. Hoare, who was Vicar of Godstone, and through a long life a staunch friend of the Society, had a little boy named Henry Martyn Hoare, who died in 1826 in his seventh year. He was a child of great promise, and of remarkable piety. Late in life, he was turning out some old stores at Godstone Vicarage, the little boy's purse was found, containing six shillings and three pence; and this sum has been appropriated to the cause in which his father was so deeply interested.

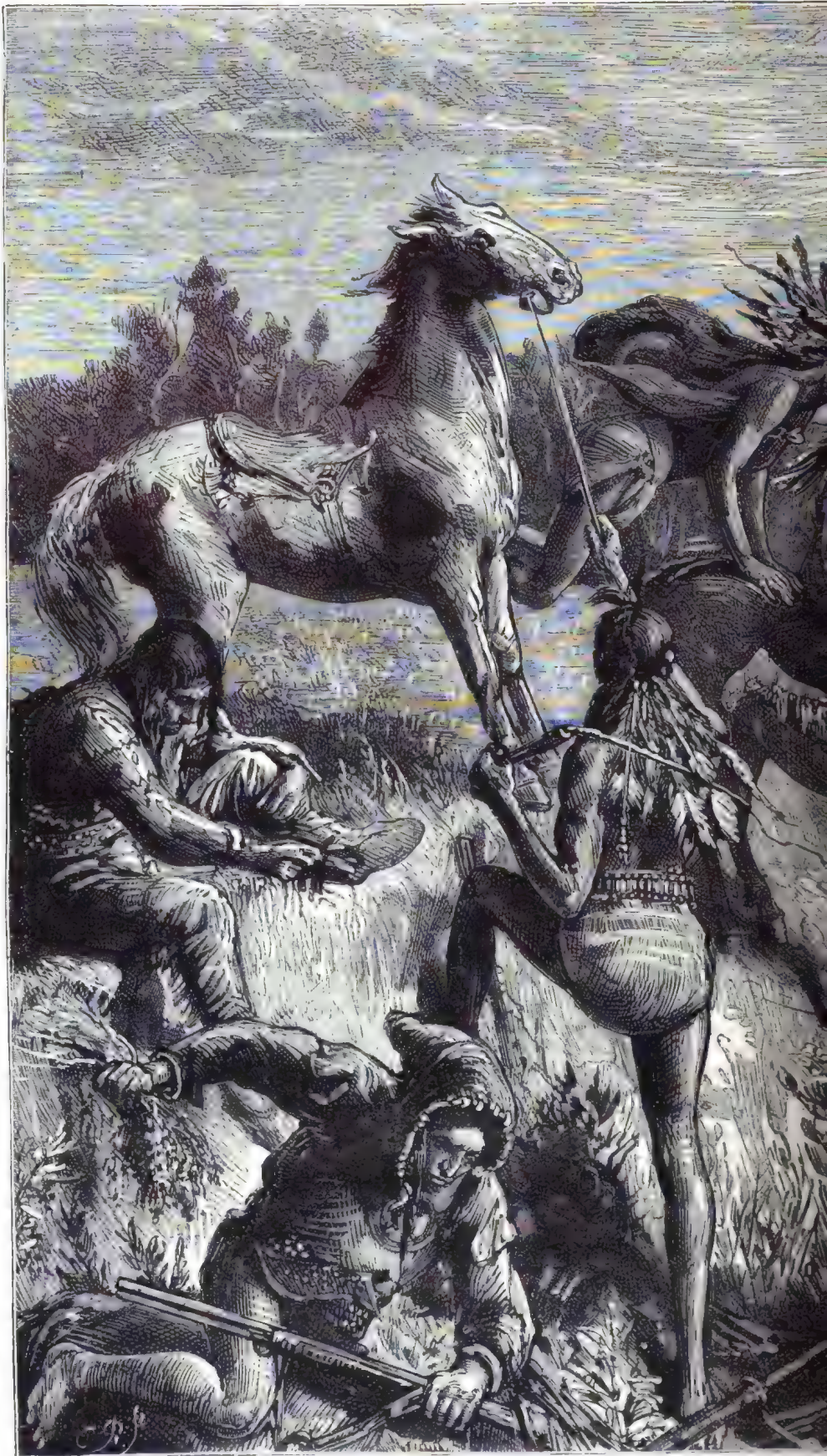
THE GOSPEL AND THE RED INDIANS.



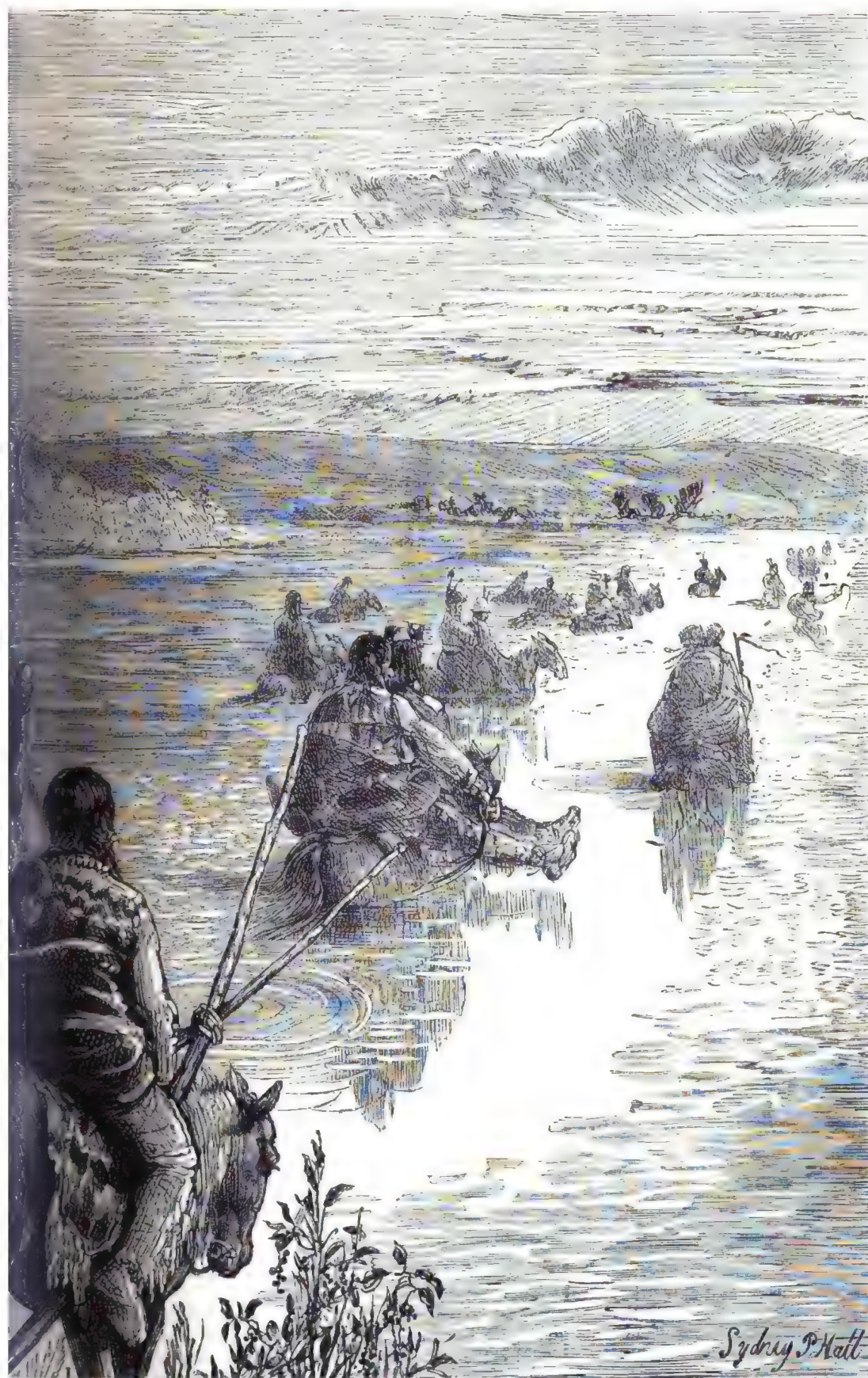
HERE are many cities in India and China and Japan with a population exceeding in number all the Red Indians in British North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the Eskimo of the Arctic Sea thrown in. Yet for more than sixty years the Church Missionary Society has devoted much money and many men to their evangelisation. The unmistakable leadings of God's Providence led a Society "for Africa and the East" into the Farthest West; and not one of the Society's Missions has received more unmistakable signs and seals of the Divine approval. In the Diocese of Moosonee, where the Indians and Eskimo number between 5,000 and 6,000, nearly all have now embraced the Gospel. In the Diocese of Rupert's Land, with about the same number, or more, the larger half are Christians. In the Diocese of Athabasca, out of perhaps 9,000, more than a third are Protestant Christian, an equal number being Roman Catholic. In the Diocese of Saskatchewan, the Indians are more numerous: the Bishop thinks nearly 30,000; and comparatively few of these are yet brought in, but missionary work is extending among them, and by God's blessing we shall soon see the Gospel spreading among the Plain Crees and the Blackfeet, as it has done among the Swampy Crees and Ojibbeways of Moosonee and Rupert's Land and the Chipewyans and Tukudh of Athabasca.

There are also the Indians of British Columbia, the Tsimshians, Kitikshians, Hydahs, Kwa-gutl, &c., &c. Probably there are 80,000 of these in the three Dioceses of British Columbia, New Westminster, and Caledonia. In Caledonia the C.M.S. is also at work.

In this present number of the GLEANER we give some pictures illustrative of the work in the Saskatchewan Diocese, and a short account of what is being done there.



DIocese of SASKA



INDIANS CROSSING THE BOW RIVER.

"AND THOU MAYEST ADD THERETO."

1 Chron. xxii. 14.

YE chief among the fathers,
 Ye princes of the tribes,
 Brave captains of your thousands,—
 Ye wise among your scribes,—
 Who, with a willing offering,
 With perfect heart will bring
 His treasure for the House of God—
 The palace of the King ?
 There shall be gold of Ophir,
 And silver ore refined,
 And onyx stones and jasper
 With glistening stones combined.
 Build ye the glorious Temple !
 Princes, arise and do !
 The people offer willingly,
 "And thou mayest add thereto !"
 O hewers in the mountains !
 A four score thousand ye,
 Your sturdy strokes are ringing,
 Steadfast, courageous be !
 The rugged mass, the costly stones
 Ye hew from quarries vast,
 Shall rise in stateliest grandeur
 In God's fair Fane at last.
 Ye burden bearers lowly,
 Ye patient rank and file,
 Ye shall not lack the guerdon
 Of Royal glance and smile !
 Nor faint in tribulation's hour,
 With glory full in view,
 The gain shall far outweigh the pain,
 "And thou mayest add thereto !"
 Sons of the forge ! the iron
 In rich abundance brought,
 Upon your ringing anvils
 With courage must be wrought !
 The planks must bear the strain of
 time
 With nails and joinings true,—
 There's strength in Zion's Sanctu-
 ary,
 "And thou mayest add thereto !"
 No citadel unguarded,
 No dream, the builders raise,
 Her walls shall be salvation,
 And all her gates be praise.
 The links of iron riveted
 For Zion shall endure,
 With treasures of the lasting hills,
 God makes her gates secure.
 Invisibly, but surely,
 The radiant walls arise,
 And noiseless by the perfect parts
 Are fitted—in the skies.
 Made ready, perfected, complete,
 Fashioned by patient care,
 Wrought for an end thus glorious
 They find their riches there.
 This day, the roar, the clamour,
 Through Lebanon may ring,
 And flames may leap, and at the
 forge
 The pond rous hammer swing ;
 The furnace and the crucible
 Inglorious metals fuse,
 And silver, seven times refined,
 May shine for Temple use ;—
 But ere another day may dawn,
 The toil of earth may cease !
 And He may reign whose right it is—
 The holy Prince of Peace.
 Then shall He fill His Temple fair
 With glory through and through !
 O careless one ! arise, and seek
 That "thou mayest add thereto !"
 CLARA THWAITES.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

X.



It must not suppose that our missionaries confined their efforts to the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands, where their first stations were established. *Kaitia*, the fifth Mission settlement, a few miles from the Western coast, was formed in 1834; eagerly the natives assisted by erecting a chapel, cutting roads through the woods, and throwing bridges over the rivers, to facilitate the movements of their teachers; and so many candidates crowded around them, to entreat the instruction preparatory to baptism, that great care and strictness were exercised to guard against its becoming an unreality. Pana, the head chief, joined the Christian ranks, and no sooner became a believer himself, than he earnestly sought the saving of others. He called his copy of the Word of God his new "weapon of war," and received a hearty welcome, for they observed they need no longer dread him, as they did when he sought to devour them like a dog. Tawai, Pana's greatest enemy and that of his tribe, had for long carried on the most bitter hostilities against them; but one Sabbath morning Mr. Matthews, the missionary (a son-in-law of our friend Mr. Davis), was told that the dreaded Tawai had suddenly appeared in the settlement. His heart misgave him, and hastening to see what it portended, he was amazed to find the lion had become a lamb. Tawai informed him that he must now salute him by the name of Moses, he had become a Christian.

The incidents which led to his thus being cleansed from the leprosy of sin almost remind one of the story of the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife. One of Tawai's slave-girls had some time before lived in one of the Mission families at Pailia, where she had received regular instruction. Tawai took her away to come and live with him, but he could not make her leave behind the teaching which had sunk into her heart. She continued to repeat the prayers and catechisms she had learned. Her master strictly forbade her doing so; but formidable as he was in his savage ferocity, she had learned to fear God rather than man, and she continued to pray on. Enraged, he now threatened to shoot her, but this made no difference: prayer had become dearer, more necessary to her than life. Perplexed and interested by her courage and perseverance, he now began to inquire into these doctrines, which wrought so mightily in those who received them. His slave-girl became his teacher, and God blessed the precious seed of the Word thus sown to his awakening and conversion. After baptism, it had been one of his first impulses to visit his former enemies, Pana's tribe, and carry them the good tidings. He had not heard of the work amongst them, and was equally surprised and rejoiced to find that the missionaries were there, and Pana, like himself, had become a Christian. It was a beautiful sight to see these two fine warriors, who had at one time desired nothing so much as chances of shedding each other's blood, worshipping that day together in the house of God, and when the services were over, passing the evening in relating to each other how God had led them both into the same narrow road. The next morning Mr. Matthews found them both at the school, standing in the same class, and reading together the first chapter of St. John's Gospel.

It was still earlier than this, in 1833, that earnest entreaties from the River Thames and the Bay of Plenty reached the missionaries for white men to come and dwell among them, that they too might "learn to sit still." Recently strengthened by help from England, they were able at once to respond, and in October, the same year, they started in a small vessel to seek a

favourable spot for a new settlement. The very desolation of the country through which they passed appealed with an eloquence more touching than words to the hearts of those entrusted with the "Gospel of Peace." In many places it was absolutely depopulated by war. Mr. Williams says, "It was melancholy to look around; all was perfect stillness—no vessels, boats or canoes, moving over the surface of the waters which spread like magnificent rivers among the numerous islands. Traces of former towns and villages were visible wherever we turned but all the inhabitants had been destroyed, or taken captive or had fled." Spending the Sabbath on one of these islands, now absolutely depopulated, nothing was heard but the songs of the birds, whose sweet and varied notes were distinctly heard mingling with the Christian hymns that now, for the first time, ascended to God from these lonely regions. How well we can enter into the feelings that swelled the hearts of His faithful servants during these consecrated hours. "I felt," says the missionary, "an indescribable sensation as I viewed the ground on which we sat. For many successive years this neighbourhood has been the seat of war in its most savage and infernal forms—but that the Lord has now here heard the prayers of His people is an earnest for good, and this place is, as it were, now consecrated to Him."

Wherever they went on shore they met with the most hearty welcome, and urgent entreaties to remain. "We keep the *Raupo*" (sitting still upon the Sabbath day), was the constant plea, "but we can do no more till a teacher comes." Many of the chiefs were tired of fighting, and seemed to think that if the missionaries would but come and settle amongst them, peace would follow as a necessary consequence. "I shall go on fighting," said one fine young chief, "till missionaries come and break my legs; then I will sit still and learn!" Another pleaded, "The Ngapuis have left off war because they have missionaries; but how can I learn—can the trees teach me?" There was something deeply touching in one question, repeated more often than any other, "Why did you not come in our fathers' time, then we should have learned better from our childhood?"

At Puriri the people, delighted to see them, crowded round to lead them to the most favourable spot for a future settlement, and did all in their power to make them comfortable. As the day was closing, the missionaries invited them to attend the evening worship they were about to hold with their own natives who had accompanied them, and in a few minutes between 150 and 200 had assembled. The shades of night were falling around them, several fires had been kindled, and the flames cast their uncertain brilliance over these children of the wilds, lighting up the graceful mats in which they enwrap their limbs, and their fine expressive features; it was a scene for a painter to delight in. Mr. Williams gave out the hymn, and what was his astonishment when not his own party only, but the whole assembly, joined in, in full chorus, words and tune all correct. The missionaries almost doubted the evidence of their own senses, but the wonder was enhanced when the loud Amen at the close of their petitions, and then the universal joining in the Lord's Prayer followed this singing of the hymn. The solution of the mystery only deepened their thankful amazement. Three lads who had formerly been taken captive in Hongi's wars, had lived for some time in one of the missionary families, and, afterwards escaping to their homes, had imparted to their countrymen the instruction they had received, entirely without books.

One can imagine there was no longer any hesitation in fixing on Puriri for a settlement, and the work thus remarkably commenced by the hand of God grew and prospered under His blessing. The "*raupo*" chapel (i.e., built with reeds interwoven and plastered with mud) was soon more than filled with

attentive worshippers, and at the school mothers and even grandmothers might be seen side by side with their own children, learning the first simple lessons of Scripture. The desire for instruction had spread for miles around. One day a chief from fifteen miles distance came for a slate. "What can you want it for?" was the natural question. "I want to write," he replied; "I have learnt from a young man in my own village, who was once in the Bay of Islands."

We must bear in mind that all this was going on in the midst of continual petty wars and bloodshed, among the surrounding tribes. They were perpetually shedding each other's blood, murdering and massacring, for the most trivial excuses, so that the time and strength of the missionaries was continually taxed to prevent an outbreak of fresh hostilities, or rescue some innocent victim. Indeed, hopeful as its commencement had been, it was found best after a while to move the mission settlement from Puriri to Hauriki and Maraetai, some miles lower down the River Thames. Here it was permanently established, and some six years after their first arrival amongst them the missionaries could report of nearly 1,000 natives taught to read, and eighty amongst them baptized, whose consistent lives testified to the reality of the work in their hearts. E. D.

BAIJNATH'S STORY.

The Autobiography of a Young Santál.*

[Translated by the Rev. F. T. Cole from the original account written down by Baijnath himself.]



At the time of the Santál Rebellion (1855) I was about seven years old. We were then very well off, and had plenty of land, flocks and herds, and wanted for nothing. I had one sister older than myself who used to stay at home whilst I amused myself out in the fields with other shepherd boys.

My parents were very kind to me, giving me plenty of sweetmeats and baked Indian corn.

We boys used to milk the goats, drinking the milk. At other times we would allow the milk to curdle and then eat it. We used to make walls of dirt and call them our houses, in these we placed heaps of sand which we called rice. The village girls used to play with us: they would stay in the house and pretend to cook the dinner, while we boys used to tie sticks together and pretend to plough the fields, choosing two small boys to act as oxen. At breakfast time the girls would bring us mud in plates made by themselves by tacking together several leaves with grass stalks. This mud we pretended to eat. Afterwards they brought us water with which to wash our hands and faces. After breakfast the girls would go to the fields which we had pretended previously to plough, and plant the rice, grass doing duty for young rice plants. Then we would build other houses, which were intended for the newly married. When the houses were completed we performed the marriage ceremony amidst great feasting and rejoicing. Afterwards we would go to the jungle with our bows and arrows and have a grand hunt. Sometimes we knocked over a sparrow or caught a rat. These we would roast and eat with great glee, dividing equally to all the hunters, and if any other boys or girls came, we would meet them with the Santál salutation and offer them some beer in a leaf cup. We had a large round stone which we called the beer jug, and from this we pretended to pour out for our friends. They would pretend to be drunk, and this we considered great fun. In this manner we used to pass our days.

One day reports reached us that some soldiers were coming to seize and eat us. We were terribly frightened, and our parents used to hide us in the fields of Indian corn during the day. The corn was very high then, and afforded us a capital hiding-place. By degrees the panic subsided, and again we acquired courage to play in the open air. Soon after this, reports spread that the Santáls were about to expel the Hindus and English from

the country. A secret order was sent by the leaders of the rebellion every Santál village to kill off every pig and fowl, and a threat that they refused to do so, they themselves should be killed in the insurrection. We had at that time a fine pig, which we killed and ate.

I have no recollection as to the quarter in which the rebellion began. This only I remember, that a number of Santál families came and settled down at the entrance to our village, and made for themselves small huts of branches, and they remained with us about a month. After this there was such a panic amongst the people that village after village became deserted, and the inhabitants with their flocks and herds hid themselves in the thickest parts of the jungles. We, seeing what others did, became so frightened, that we, one and all, forsook our homes and followed them. Some took off their belongings in carts, others tied them in bundles and took them away on the backs of oxen, while others again, having no other means of conveyance, carried their children on their hips and their bundles on their heads and fled. When we reached what seemed to be a place of safety, we halted and hid ourselves in the jungle, and never attempted to show ourselves by day, lest we should be discovered and killed by the soldiers. The children were not allowed to cry; the young ones to be kept quiet were nursed by their mothers, the elder ones were either bribed or threatened.

We remained crouching in the jungle for about a fortnight, and as at that time the soldiers had not made their appearance, the men and boys of our party ventured to go into the neighbouring villages to plough some Indian corn which was then ripening. I cannot say how long we remained in that place, but fresh reports having reached our ears, I thought it safer to go farther away; so we set off, and after resting at several places on the way, we arrived at Kusumba, a village near Dumka. Here most of our cattle died from exposure and wet. We moved on, a short distance from the village to a small hill; here we were beyond reach of the floods. By the side of the hill was a small cave: in this we crept and thus were saved from much cold and wet; our carts and cattle we were obliged to leave in the open air, and my father had to watch them day and night. In this cave we remained for some time in comparative comfort, whilst other poor creatures had to sleep under the carts, exposed continually to the rain; but we also were in danger from large snakes and wild cats, which often frightened us, so much so, that at last we preferred to live in the open air and endure the same privation as the rest.

Soon after this we moved on to Kusumba, and then built a small house for ourselves from the remains of the deserted village. We subsisted on Indian corn and jungle fruits. It was most distressing to see the amount of suffering, people and animals dying by scores. I well remember one morning passing four fat buffaloes feeding; in the evening when we returned they were all lying dead, having been left to take care of themselves and thus they perished from exposure.

Several weeks passed away, when suddenly cholera broke out amongst us. My eldest sister and other relatives were among the victims; numbers also of the villagers died. We were in such fear that we determined once to return to our old home and take the consequences. We could not but die; we might be saved. On our way home we were attacked with fever, and could not go on with the other villagers. They said, "Come with us," but my father answered, "We are all so done up with fever that we cannot move a step farther." So they went on without us, and that village we had some relations, but they had no pity for us, they would not give us even a night's lodging. After a time the fever left us, and we hired ourselves out as day labourers. Our food was all gone, so we were content to work all day for an evening meal. The goats brought with us were all stolen. We thought ourselves fortunate sometimes we got a meal of cooked leaves and roots; a plate of cool rice was indeed a luxury.

Again we set out to return to our home, but on the way my father was again seized with fever. We could do nothing for him; he lay all day in a field, and we feared he was dying. It was a most anxious time for strangers as we were, and far from home or friends. My brother and sisters were very young, and my mother tired and weak. However, towards evening my father, being slightly better, managed to drag his aching limbs to the nearest village. My mother carried on her head a basket, containing all our worldly goods, and my father, with the aid of

* We would remind some of our readers that the Santáls are one of the non-Hindu hill-tribes of India. See GLEANER, Jan., 1875; April, 1877; and Mr. Storrs's letters in the volume for 1879. "Baijnath's Story" gives a vivid picture of the actual life of a poor peasant in India, such as we very rarely get.

stout stick, managed to creep along to the village. We were very much frightened by its becoming suddenly dark, for there were many robbers about in search of plunder.

The next day we were going on to another village when we met two Mars (a race of Paharis who live in the plains). They said to my father, "Give us some tobacco." My father replied that he had none, and moved on. They said, "Stop, we wish to speak to you." My father told them that he could not stop, he must go on. Then one of the men struck my father on his back, but not enough to disable him. He turned round, and with his stick felled the man to the ground. A hue and cry was then raised by the other Pahari, upon which a number of Paharis came flocking to the spot. They seized my father and bound him, while I rushed behind a tree shrieking. Then he was bound with a rope that they found in our basket, and dragged away to their village. I need hardly say they appropriated all our belongings, leaving us completely destitute. Finding upon inquiry that we had relatives near there, they carried off my mother and us children to their village. One of the men was very kind to me, carrying me on his shoulder because he found I was

and every day he would appoint a different meeting-place lest he should be discovered. My mother when she went to him made a pretence of fetching firewood, and thus no one suspected her errand. This continued for some time, and it made my father so nervous that he said to me, "My boy, come and stay with me; I fear they will find and kill me one of these days. If you stay with me I shall be happier; it is so dreary all alone in the jungle. I see no one, I feel as if I had no one belonging to me. Come and live with me." I stayed with him, and we both used to visit mother and sisters every night, and creep away before dawn. In the day-time we dug up roots, and at night we took them with us to my mother, who would cook them and have them ready for us by the time of our next visit.

So we went on for some time, till my father at last said, "We are dying of hunger, and are in danger of losing our lives, let us leave the place." Our cows and buffaloes had been left with our relatives, and now we intended taking them away, but when we untied the calves there was such a noise that all the villagers turned out to see what was going on. Our relatives told us therefore to leave them with them for the present,

promising to return them to us after the rebellion was over. We managed, however, to take with us two buffaloes, and afterwards lent them to some friends, but we never saw them again, for they were overtaken by the soldiers, who dispersed them and left the animals to their fate. We used to travel by night for fear of the soldiers, and one night we were caught in a heavy rain, and I was so tired and hungry that I fainted, and became so stiff and cold that my father told my grandmother, who was carrying me, to throw me into the jungle, thinking I was dead. My grandmother told him that she would not give me up, but would carry me till it was light and then see. Thus we went on through the jungle until we came to an open spot, when my father said, "Wait here till I can find a place for you, there is a village close by, I will go and see if we can find shelter there." He soon returned, and took us with him to a distant relation's. I was placed before the fire and rubbed vigorously, and then I revived.

We reached our old home about July, and had nothing to eat and no money; but the villagers who had returned before we did helped us a little, though they, too, were in trouble. We found that our crops had been taken by others who

imagined we should not return. However, afterwards they restored the land to us, but being the hot season it was not the time for harvest, and therefore the land was useless to us. We were in great trouble, having no oxen for ploughing and no seed for sowing. So when the rents were collected we had nothing to pay. The man who had reaped the fields paid the rent and made use of the land afterwards, and when we wished to cultivate the fields he refused to give them up, saying the land had been given to him. Our relatives, too, behaved most unkindly to us; my uncle would not ask us to sit down when we visited him, nor did he ever show us the smallest kindness. Thus we were obliged to earn our dinner by working all day for it, and if no one would hire us we subsisted on leaves, and sometimes on the husks of rice. At harvest time we fared better, for we gained a good deal by gleanings, and lived in comparative plenty for about a month. My parents left us every day at dawn and returned after dark with the proceeds of their day's work. I being the eldest had to take care of my three brothers and sister, to keep them quiet and to wash them. I also cooked for them in the day-time and fetched wood from the jungles for my mother when she returned late in the evening. My mother afterwards told us what a joy it was to her, when they came



RED INDIAN ENCAMPMENT. (See page 114.)

tired. My father was left bound in the Pahari's house. A little rice was given him, but, as his hands were bound, he was unable to cook it. My grandmother visited him daily, and cooked for him. It so happened that one day he was not bound very securely, so he managed to get his hands free, and then he unfastened the other cords and escaped to the jungle. The Paharis then seized my mother and grandmother, and accused them of setting him free, which they denied, telling them that they did not know even where he was. The men determined to kill them, but God kept them from their purpose. They were allowed then to go to their relative's house.

The second day, in the middle of the night, my father secretly paid us a visit, staying only a few minutes. Every day the Paharis would come and ask my mother, "Has your husband returned? Do you know where he is?" When they could not find him they laid hands on everything that remained to us, we could keep nothing; we durst not refuse them. My father remained in the jungle, and when the villagers were fast asleep he would creep stealthily into the house. We gave him food, and he would appoint a meeting-place for the next day. Every day at noon, when people were resting, my mother would take him some food,

home, to find us safe and sound. Many during that trying year succumbed to famine: nearly every family lost one or more members from jungle fever and cholera.

About this time my parents quarrelled, which led to a separation. My father took me, and my mother took the other children; she went to live with an uncle. My father and I, after going far away from home, found work in a newly opened coal mine, which had been the bed of a river. My father obtained good wages in this employment, and we managed to live very well. I used to stay in the hut and collect fuel and fetch water whilst my father was working in the mine. One day a lump of coal fell on a boy who was working, and his whole body, in consequence, swelled and afterwards turned into sores. This circumstance so frightened the Santals that they left *en masse*; some returned to their homes, whilst others, and amongst them my father, went to work on a road then being made in the district. After working there for some time my father said, "Let us return home, I am tired of this life."

We then went on till we reached our village. The place was so much changed we could hardly recognise it. Of a number of beautiful pipal trees there was nothing left but the trunks. We heard that thousands of soldiers had been encamped there, and every branch that could be found had been cut down to supply their elephants and camels with food. The villagers told us how that they all cleared out as soon as they saw the red coats with guns and swords.

By this time my father and mother were again reconciled. We now lived with them again. As day servants they managed to save a rupee or two, with which they bought a young sow, who soon after presented us with some little pigs; these were entrusted to my care to shepherd. When they were grown up two of them were sold, and with the proceeds we purchased a cow. Not long afterwards we hired a pair of bullocks, with which we ploughed up a piece of land and planted it; we gradually acquired more land, one field at a time, till we were able to live quite comfortably on our own farm.

About this time a number of schools were established in the Santal country by the Rev. E. Droese. A teacher was sent to our village, and my father promised to send my younger brother to school. He, however, did not care to learn, and wanted to become a servant, so my father said to me, "Bajinath, would you like to go to school?" I jumped at the idea, and accordingly my name was enrolled. We used to sit in the open street for school, the ground being swept and smoothed, and we were taught to write large letters on the dry ground. We had no books at first, and were thought wonderfully-clever when we could read and write our own names. Our native teacher forbade us to eat animals that had died of themselves, as we had been accustomed to do. In consequence of this, many of the boys left the school. I was anxious to get on, so promised to do as I was bid in this matter, which made the boys very angry with me, and I was much persecuted in consequence. Our



INDIAN WOMAN OF THE FAR WEST.
(See page 114.)

teacher was very strict also, and as we Santals were not fond of being kept in order, he had no little trouble in dealing with us. He sometimes thrashed the boys; this soon thinned the school. He never thrashed me, but one day he twisted my ears most unmercifully for playing the truant. There had been a Hindoo feast held in a neighbouring village with sports; to this I had gone without leave, and therefore richly deserved what I got.

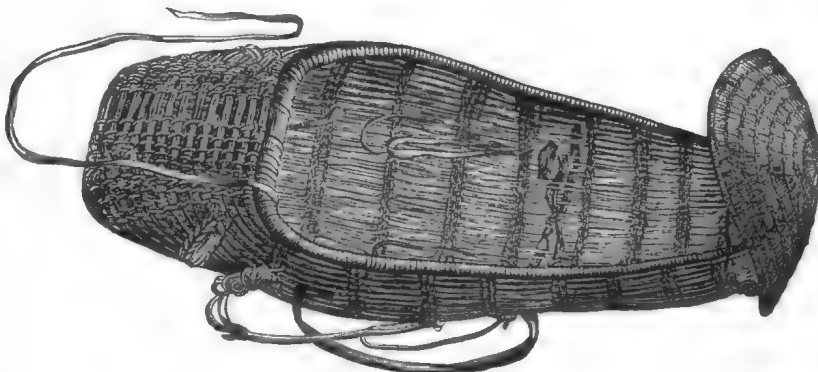
About two years I remained in this school. At the end of that time the Rev. E. Puxley visited the village schools, and examined us; seven of us passed, and he took us and our teacher to Taljhar for the purpose of training us as teachers. I was entered in the second class, and after a month was promoted to the first. I was obliged to stay at school longer than the rest on account of my youth. Mr. Puxley said to me, "I cannot make you a teacher, you are so short, the boys would not mind you," so I stayed on several years longer in the school. I well remember my surprise upon seeing some Santal and Pahari boys eating with the Hindoos; in our eyes this was considered a great sin. We seven Santal boys used to cook together, and were very careful that the other boys should not touch our food. One day a teacher took up our hookah and smoked it; we immediately broke it and threw it away, thinking that if we smoked afterwards we should lose our caste. It was very long before these prejudices were away; but seeing others, and reading in school, we became more enlightened, and gradually became lax in these matters.

The teacher tried daily to impress upon us the importance of becoming Christians; we read the Gospels, but they made no impression upon us; we were convinced of the truth of Christianity, but had no desire to become Christians. At length our parents believed and were baptized; this had much influence on me that I soon followed their example. The prominent thought in my mind had

been: If I become a Christian how shall I get a wife? (there being scarcely any Christian Santal women at that time)—and I shall not be allowed to dance or drink; all men, too, will snub me, calling me a Christian. I used to go to church, but did not understand the meaning of what I heard. The preacher told us to "ask our minds" (conscience). I said to myself, "How can my mind speak? I never heard a voice speaking in me. It is all nonsense thinking one's mind can speak." Before becoming a Christian I thought that if I believed that God saved me, and that Jesus died for me, surely I should never sin. I used to wonder how those who called themselves Christians could do so many

wrong things. Now I know by experience how very difficult it is to lead a holy and a godly life.

At the time when we were very poor, no one would invite us to their houses, or have anything to do with us, but God had watched over us and protected us from death and other evils. We have reason to thank and to praise Him for raising us to our present position. God's book is very true, and what I say He is sure to perform. He makes small things



A CASE FOR A BABY.

great men of the earth, and enriches the humble poor. He raiseth up the poor from the dust, and maketh them to sit in the high places. This I have seen in many cases. Those who used to employ us as day-labourers are now so reduced that they are glad to work for others; at one time they used to eat curds [which is a great luxury to the Santals], now they are content if they can get a little rice-water to appease their hunger. We have now sheep and oxen and fields, so that we can afford to have what many call luxuries. God has been very loving to us, and our former neighbours are astonished at our success. Day by day He is loading us with benefits; when I try to reckon them up, I entirely fail; they are like the deep waters. I cannot fathom or fully understand how much He has done for us. We were in the dust and the mire, having no clothes or oil for our bodies; the villagers so despised us in our poverty that they did not deign to cast an eye on us; no one would acknowledge us as relatives. Now everything is changed; our relations are only too proud to own us. When I consider the grace of God, I cannot help praising Him, and whenever high thoughts come into my mind, I remember the past and say to myself, "Friend, remember the days of old, and how it fared with thee then." God has done it all, He has made me great; yes, He gave His only Son for me, riches for soul and body. He has provided for me, and I try by His help to glorify Him.

I have written nothing but the truth about ourselves. God has indeed turned our mourning into joy. When we first became Christians we were much persecuted, and were the only Christians in the village: the head man tried to drive us out; we had hard work to maintain our rights. They would not allow our children to go near their houses, lest their food and vessels should become defiled by our touch. Our friends used to say we should get no wives for our sons, or husbands for our daughters; God has provided us with wives, and our sisters with husbands.

When we were ill no one would have anything to do with us. The native doctors said, "You have forsaken the gods, and our medicines are of no use without incantations, so we can't help you." We were raised up from dangerous illnesses without their help, which surprised them very much, for they thought there could be no hope for any who had forsaken their "bongas." They imagine that they are preserved from sickness only by offering sacrifices to propitiate the angry spirits; we had not done so, so we must die, they imagined. Gradually they altered their opinion, seeing we are not only preserved but prosperous. Many of the heathen say now, "You have done the right thing," and they no longer regard us as outcasts. The state of feeling has changed very much during the past twenty years.

[The sequel to *Bajinath's Story* will be given in our next number.]

THE MONTH.

BEFORE this number appears, the Rev. A. W. Poole will (D.V.) have been consecrated to the English Bishopric in Japan, the ceremony being fixed for Sept. 29th. We ask for special prayer on his behalf.

WE are sorry to say that, owing to the health of Mrs. Hutchinson, General George Hutchinson, the Lay Secretary of the Society, will be obliged to spend the ensuing winter abroad. During his absence, Colonel Touch, an active member of the Committee, who has also served on the Corresponding Committees both in Madras and in Calcutta, will be in charge of the Lay and Finance Department.

IN addition to the missionaries named in our last number, the following will be included in the Valedictory Dismissal on Oct. 1st:—The Revs. J. B. Panes, M. N. S. Atkinson, and E. W. Elliott, designated for the Telugu Mission; Rev. A. W. Cotton for Hyderabad; Rev. T. Holden for Peshawar; Rev. G. E. A. Pargiter for Agra; Rev. J. H. Horsburgh and Dr. E. G. Horder for China; Rev. T. Harding for Lagos; and the Rev. D. Wood returning to Ceylon.

THE Bishop of Sierra Leone lately paid a visit to Port Loko, the outlying station 50 miles inland from Sierra Leone, at the head of the river, where Mr. J. A. Alley works as a lay missionary, with Mr. S. Taylor, B.A., an African. The Bishop confirmed six candidates, and writes warmly of this little Mission. The natives of the country are Timnehs, but many Sierra Leone people are settled there as traders. (See *GLEANER*, Feb., 1882.)

IN May, a General Conference of Protestant Missionaries in Japan held at Osaka. The proceedings were of considerable importance and deeply interesting. Not only were the papers and discussions on various topics valuable, but the spiritual influences which by God's mercy accompanied the meeting were remarkable. All have seemed to have been stirred up to special prayer and renewed consecration to the Lord's vice; and both missionaries and Native Christians shared in the manifold blessing. A full account appears in this month's *C.M. Intelligence*.

MRS. RUSSELL, the widow of the lamented Bishop, still works in connexion with the Ningpo Mission. She writes:—

Being no longer young, I work mainly through my Bible-women, with influence on the wives of the clergy, and catechists, and the Christian women in general. When the weather is mild I visit the Christians in the out-stations, living in the boat (the mission-boat), or at Sanpoh, in a room set apart for the accommodation of missionaries; on these occasions always accompanied by one of my Bible-women. There is always a good deal of talking to the heathen, either in the homes of the Christians, where numbers would come to see the foreign lady, and hear her talk in the Native tongue, or in the boat, many as it could hold, several times during the day, or in the houses of friendly heathen, &c.

My mornings are fully occupied in studying the Word of God with Bible-women, and instructing others, women and children, of whom I have several. Several of them are very young. I give out medicines, supply catechists with what they and their people need according to my ability, assist them in procuring such medicines not in my power to give gratis, &c.

DURING last winter, Bishop Horden, of Moosonee, was busily engaged upon Ojibbeway translations, particularly the Acts of the Apostles. He was assisted by the Rev. J. Sanders, who is an Ojibbeway Indian, and has already himself rendered the *Peep of Day* into his mother-tongue. At the same time, Archdeacon Vincent was preparing a Cree version of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. "All," writes the Bishop, "is activity; everyone is at work; all feel how necessary it is to work while it is still day-to-day."

MR. SANDERS, whose station is Matawakumma, writes that he has four books in Ojibbeway, viz., St. Matthew's Gospel, a hymn-book, a catechism of Bible history, the Prayer-book nearly complete, and a hymn-book with 100 hymns. "Nearly all our people at Matawakumma can read, and like their books well, especially the hymn-book, as they are very fond of singing."

THE translations into the Pahāri language (Rajmahal hills, Bengal) of the Gospels of St. Luke and St. John, and the Church Catechism, by Rev. E. Droese, of Bhagalpur, have been printed in the past year. He has the revised edition of St. Matthew in Santālī. A Bible History in the latter tongue is ready for press, and the larger part of the Prayer Book in Pahāri.

THE Rev. T. R. Wade has passed through the press his Kashmiri translation of the Four Gospels, 1,000 copies of which have been printed, and also the Morning and Evening Services. The rest of the New Testament, and most of the Prayer-Book, are also ready for printing. Copies of the Gospels, nicely bound, were sent to the Maharaja of Kashmir and to his Vizier, and were very kindly acknowledged.

TWO more tried friends of the Society have been called away. Lieut.-Col. Buckle, the Lay Secretary of the Bath Association since 1855, and the Rev. Sydney Gedge, formerly C.M.S. Secretary at New Hampton. Mr. Gedge was an old and valued member of the Committee and an Honorary Life Governor. He spoke at the last Annual Meeting of the Society in Exeter Hall, and took part in the distribution of prizes at the Missionaries' Children's Home so lately as July. Mr. Gedge had gone with his family to Cromer where he contracted an illness which ended with his death on Aug. 29th. He was in his eightieth second year.

A LETTER from Cairo dated Aug. 13th informs us that all the Missionary party had been graciously preserved in health while the cholera was raging, many hundreds of persons dying each day while the epidemic was at its worst. Mr. Klein states that up to the date of this letter 15,000 had died in Cairo alone. The schools were of course closed, and public Arabic services discontinued, but Mr. Klein conducted an Arabic service in his house, and the Saturday evening prayer meeting as usual.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

		F. Q. 8th 12.4 a.m. F. M. 14th 4.57 p.m.	November.	L. Q. 21st 1.44 p.m. N. M. 29th 6.54 p.m.
THE HOLINESS OF GOD.				
1	T	All Saints.	<i>C.M.S. Jubilee</i> , 1818. One cried unto another and [said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts, Is. 6. 8.	
2	F	Thou only art holy, Rev. 15. 4.		
3	S	God sitteth on the throne of His holiness, Ps. 47. 8.		
4	S	24th aft. Trin. The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth	[keep silence before Him, Hab. 2. 20.	
5	M	Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? Ps. 15. 1. [mountain, Is. 56. 7.		
6	T	<i>J. Hart mart. at Bonny</i> , 1875. Them will I bring to My holy		
7	W	1st Tamil ord., 1880. Give thanks at the remembrance of His		
8	T	Holy in all His works, Ps. 145. 17. [holiness, Ps. 80. 4.		
9	F	Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness? Ex. 15. 11.		
10	S	<i>Hang-Chow occupied</i> , 1865. The Lord made bare His holy arm,	[Is. 52. 10.	
11	S	25th aft. Trin. <i>Ahmed Tewfik bapt.</i> , 1881. Holy Father, keep thro'	[Thine own name those whom Thou hast given Me, Jo. 17. 11.	
12	M	<i>Trin. Ch., Calcutta, op.</i> , 1826. An house for Thy holy name,	[1 Ch. 29. 16.	
13	T	<i>H. Baker d.</i> , 1878. Partakers of His holiness, Heb. 12. 10.		
14	W	<i>Price landed at Mombasa</i> , 1874. I am the Holy One in the		
15	T	The holy Child Jesus, Acts 4. 27. [midst of thee, Hos. 11. 9.		
16	F	Such an high priest became us, who is holy, Heb. 7. 26.		
17	S	In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, Heb. 4. 15.	[house, Ps. 93. 5.	
18	S	26th aft. Trin. <i>Elmalie d.</i> , 1872. Holiness becometh Thine	[M. Hab. 2. Heb. 11. 1-17. E. Hab. 3. or Zeph. 3. John 6. 1-29.	
19	M	Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, Hab. 1. 13.		
20	T	Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, Ps. 51. 6.		
21	W	<i>Lahore Coll., op.</i> , 1870. Be ye holy, for I am holy, 1 Pet. 1. 16.		
22	T	Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, Heb. 12. 14.		
23	F	<i>Nyanza Miss. resolved on</i> , 1875. We have trusted in His holy		
24	S	Holy and reverend is His name, Ps. 111. 9. [name, Ps. 33. 21.	[arm hath gotten Him the victory, Ps. 98. 1.	
25	S	27th aft. Trin. 1st <i>C.M.S. Miss. landed in China</i> , 1844. His holy	[M. Eccl. 11 & 12. Jam. 4. E. Hag. 2. 1-10, or Mal. 3 & 4. John 9. 1-39.	
26	M	<i>Krapf d.</i> , 1881. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall		
27	T	Glory ye in His holy name, 1 Ch. 16. 10. [see God, Mat. 5. 8.		
28	W	All that is within me, bless His holy name, Ps. 103. 1. [105. 42.		
29	T	<i>Gaza Miss. beg.</i> , 1878. He remembered His holy promise, Ps.		
30	F	<i>St. Andrew. King Ockiya bapt.</i> , 1879. They rest not day and	[night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Rev. 4. 8.	

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

X.—Our Influence.

"What have they seen in thine house?"—2 Kings xx. 15.



HE bountiful Father of the Universe loves best to accomplish His mighty works in silence. The thunders of judgment are His strange work. In the noiseless dawn, the refreshing twilight, the unfolding flower-bud, the trembling dewdrop, great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend; and by these He daily seeks to instil into our restless hearts the sweet lesson, that in Quietness and in Confidence shall be our strength. "These are My miracles," He whispers, when winter's icy chain melts before the balmy breath of spring-tide; when "Peace, be still," has made the storm a calm; or when the ruddy glow of health suffuses the cheek in whose hollow the pale lily had languished. But, too often, we are slow of heart to believe; we see no beauty in such simple teachings, that we should desire them, and so we pass them unheeding by.

The Lord of Creation also loves to work gradually. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." No haste, no hurry, no confusion. No waste of time or energy. "The mills of God grind slowly." What a contrast to earthly methods of procedure. When man sets about some so-called great undertaking, what excitement, what impatience, what publicity! What an absence of calmness, of dignity, of sublime self-repression!

Yet the Sovereign Lord will never be hindered. "That which I please" is still the impassable barrier to our eager striving. As in the physical world, so also in the moral, He works in His own way, at His own time. And the mainspring of all real power for Good or Ill, is that power of marvellous subtlety, gentleness, the woodland zephyr, yet strong as links of adamant, which we know by the name of Influence. We feel its effects, yet hard it is difficult to define what it is. It is constantly reversing our private decisions, and carrying us whither we would not. On the other hand, it startles us with the discovery, that through an unguarded word or deed of ours, another has been led to alter his line of conduct completely, causing thereby an entirely new crystallisation of interests, with all that this entails. What a thrill of grateful joy kindles our spirits when we accidentally find that some word in due season, dropped by the wayside in a long-ago wandering, was carried into the good ground of an honest heart by Him to whom nothing is trivial, and left there to fructify a thousandfold. But there is a reverse to this pleasant picture. There is a thrill of remorse at harm irreparably done through our Influence.

Let us consider these things and be wise. The spell which we wield over those around our hearths and homes is all too potent, because it is unconscious. Never man space like the Saviour; never was influence on earth like His. And yet was daily life ever more seemingly devoid of plan? Did we not do the duty that lay nearest, with His eye and heart fixed on His Father in heaven. "This one thing I do" was written on His whole bearing until He could send forth the triumphant cry, "It is finished." And what of ourselves? Poor fallible creatures that we are, we yet may humbly aim, as He did, at attaining the grand ideal of a truly consecrated life. If we truly aim and persevere, we need trouble little about the effect of our Influence. As we are busy here and there, fulfilling our God-given and therefore delightful tasks, we shall, with no special effort, be "doing good." It cannot be otherwise, whether we are permitted to see this or not. By our words, spoken or written, by our actions, at home or abroad, by all that makes up what we are after "long patience," those who see us will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

Is not this a cheering thought for those of us who long to be Light Bearers, and who fear they are doing little for their Master? Let us keep very close to Him; let us follow His dear teachings simply; let us tell Him our love, our labour, and our longing; and see if some glad surprise do not soon meet our cup with blessing. After all, we may be working "together with God," and while we sadly imagined our toil was vain, perhaps we were accomplishing great things in the priceless souls whom we would die to benefit, through the quiet irresistible force of holy Influence.

A. M. V.

THE NATIVE CHURCH IN MADRAS.



ACCEPTING the Mission to Mohammedans, the whole of the Church Missionary Society's work in and around the great city of MADRAS, the capital of Southern India, now done by the Native clergy and laity. The readers of the GLEANER will like to know something of the progress concerning which so unique a fact can be stated, and something too of the work itself; more especially as, during the whole ten years that the periodical has existed, not a single article or picture illustrative of missionary work in Madras has appeared!

Madras is not an ancient city. Fort St. George, as it was formerly called, was one of the earliest settlements of the old East India Company in India, being built in the reign of Charles I. The modern Madras

the third city in India, with a population of 406,113. It extends nine miles along the sea-coast, with an average breadth of three miles, and consists really of twenty-three towns or villages, with parks and gardens intervening. Speaking roughly, it may be said that six-eighths of the population are heathen, one-eighth Mohammedan, and one-eighth Christian: the latter section including Europeans and persons of mixed descent, and a large number of very ignorant Native Romanists, descendants of the old Jesuit converts. The Native Protestant Christians number between 6,000 and 7,000.

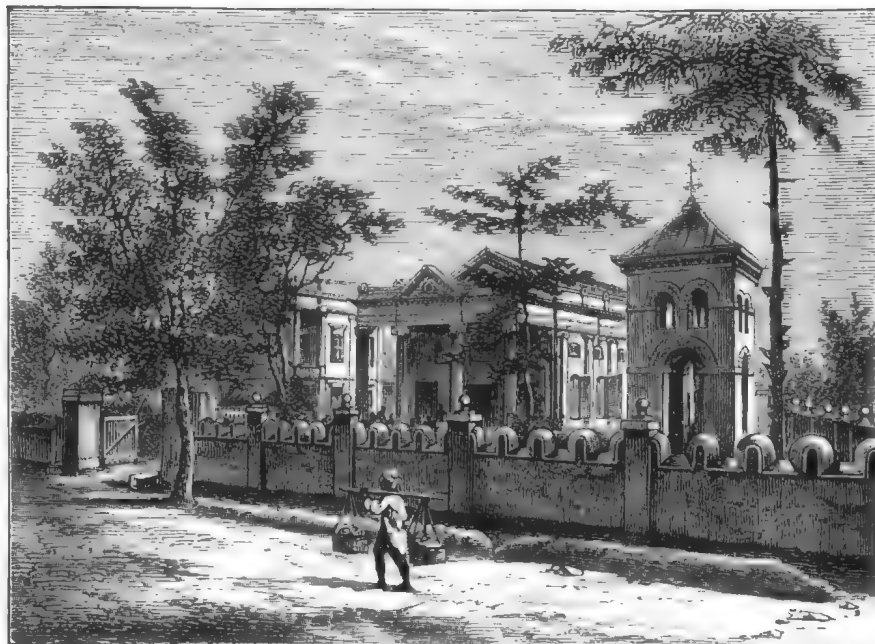
Connected with the Church Missionary Society there are two Native congregations, one in "Black Town," and the other in "Chintadrepettah," of which the Revs. Vedhanāyagam Simeon and William T. Saththianadhan are the pastors. The two pastorates are combined under one Church Council, of which Mr. Saththianadhan is Chairman. This Council has also lately taken charge of some small village congregations in the outlying Palaveram District. Altogether, there are connected with it 1,543 Native baptized Christians, of whom 659 are communicants. The last Annual Reports of the Council and its work occupy more than fifty pages in three numbers of the *Madras C.M. Record*. There were 61 baptisms last year, of which 17 represented accessions from heathenism; and 20 Romanists were received into communion. The contributions of the Christians amounted to 2,346 rupees, or more than £200. There are 22 schools, with 1,122 scholars. The Native agents of all kinds working under the Council number 70. One of these is a "servants' missionary," and is mainly supported by English families with a view to his giving Christian instruction to their Native servants. The separate reports of the pastorates describe in detail the services, classes, missionary meetings, mothers' meetings, communicants' meetings, day and Sunday schools, open-air preachings, public lectures, committee meetings, &c., &c., and will bear comparison with any parochial report in England. The Sunday-schools, which meet from 6.30 to 7.30 A.M., have 430 scholars. "When the Sunday-schools close with prayer," writes Mr. Saththianadhan, "it is interesting to see the children march out in order through the public streets singing a Christian lyric, thus affording a testimony to the influence of Christianity to the heathen around."

Another Native clergyman, the Rev. Samuel John, a brother of Mrs. Saththianadhan, is employed by the Society as a missionary to the educated Hindus. He describes his work as threefold, viz., (1) house to house visitation and individual conversation, (2) addressing Hindus collectively at public meetings, (3) publishing lectures on religious subjects. He has friendly intercourse with Native officials connected with public departments, such as the Supreme Court, the Bank, the Municipal Offices, &c., as well as magistrates, lawyers, merchants, &c., and with many Native graduates and undergraduates of the Madras University. Very many of this class have cast off idolatry and become avowed infidels; but Mr. John has been much encouraged by the interest manifested in the Gospel message.

There is also an interesting institution called the Chintadrepettah Christian Association, of which Mr. P. T. Tharyan, B.A., is Secretary.

It is a Literary Institute on Christian principles for educated Christians, with the reading-room, library, lectures, and discussion so familiar to us in England; but the Madras Society sets us an example by the character of its public lectures, if we may judge by the titles of them in one of the courses—"God," "Man," "Revelation," "Atonement," "Death," "Resurrection," "Judgment." "The lectures," the Report signed by Mr. Tharyan, "were eminently calculated to earnest seekers after truth."

We must not forget the admirable work of that excellent Christian lady, Mrs. Saththianadhan, whose visit to England with her husband in 1878 will be remembered by many of our readers. She is a devoted zenana visitor, and has access to some eighty private houses, where she teaches the Hindu ladies. She has also seven important girls' schools, three supported by the C.M.S., and four by the C.E.Z.M.S., in which 500 girls are taught. Mr. Saththianadhan has sent us an interesting printed account of the proceedings at the last anniversary of these schools, which was held on Feb. 27th in the Napier Park School, a building presented to the Native Church by Lord and Lady Napier, when the latter was Governor of Madras. We give a short extract:—



ZION CHURCH, MADRAS: REV. W. T. SATHTHIANADHAN, PASTOR.

"The Napier School—itsself a building—was very fully decorated for the occasion. Festooned flowers were arranged to form a canopy over the little girls who were to receive prizes, and were seated in live expectation in the centre of the room, or the court that formed the centre of the building. Their own prettily jewelled heads, adorned with flowers with which the hair of most of the girls were adorned, were kept with the heaviest of the decorations of the building. Before the main building of the afternoon came they were allowed to relieve their feelings by rising and pouring out hearty 'salams' to each new arrival of the visitors. At the close of the day Mrs. Carmichael has more than once performed a similar duty at the various assemblies, arrived on the side. Miss Gell, Warlow, Mr. and Mrs. Dumergue, the Hon. Rajah G. N. Gajapati, M.R.Ry. Vijiaranga Moodeliah, M.R.Ry. Ramaswamy Naidoo, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. Sell, Mrs. Billing, and many other friends of the cause were present.

"The proceedings were commenced with prayer by the Rev. Goldsmith, after which a Tamil lyric was sung. Miss Saththianadhan presided at the harmonium. The Report was then read by the Rev. W. T. Saththianadhan. This was followed, after due applause, by a Tamil lyric, and then came the distribution of the prizes. Work-boxes, dolls seemed to be the chief articles given away; Mrs. Carmichael gave a kind word for them as she gave these away, and soon each of the prize group was laden with a prize. Then came an English hymn—"There is a land that is fairer than day"—which was well sung. The Rev. Mr. Tharyan then rose and proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Carmichael for her services. On behalf of Mrs. Carmichael Mr. Dumergue next read as follows:

"Mrs. Carmichael has asked me to return her sincerest thanks for the expressions with which she has been received. She desires me to say that great pleasure it has given her to preside on the occasion. It is very gratifying to learn from the report just read the results that have rewarded Mr. Saththianadhan's toil and painstaking in the good work. The report we now heard is particularly satisfactory where it alludes to the home teaching which the girls receive after they leave the school. This Mrs. Carmichael considers is a most important matter; and to hear what is being done in this direction will, she knows, be good news to Lord Napier. Mrs. Carmichael feels the more pleasure in presiding to-day, when the prospects of the cause are so bright, as this may be the last occasion on which she will have

pleasure of so presiding. Mrs. Carmichael wishes to leave to the schools under Mrs. Saththianadhan's kind and fostering care her best and earnest wishes for its future prosperity and ever increasing success."

Mr. and Mrs. Saththianadhan have the happiness of being well supported in all their good work by their children. Miss Annie Saththianadhan should be especially mentioned. She does much zenana work; and she carries on a society of Christian children called the Juvenile Association, the meetings of which are very interesting and profitable. Many friends will be interested to hear that the two sons were both married on July 6th. One of them, Samuel, is a graduate of Cambridge, where he took double honours, in Mathematics (junior optime) and Moral Science.

It is an interesting evidence of the position of the Native Church in Madras, that the Government have lately appointed Mr. Saththianadhan a Fellow of Madras University, which makes him a member of the Governing Body. The Church, indeed, though but small in numbers, increases more and more in strength, and has, we doubt not, a great future before it. If there were no other result of our work in India but what we have now briefly described, we might well praise God for it. But Madras is only one of our 77 C.M.S. stations in India; its Native Christians are only the seventieth part of those connected with the Society in that country; its Native clergy are only three out of 121 belonging to the C.M.S. alone. Let facts like these be remembered when we meet friends who tell us that there is nothing doing. "The works of the Lord are great"; but they are only "sought out of them that have pleasure therein."

Yet India is still a heathen country, and Madras still a heathen city, looked at in the mass. The Christians are but a small minority yet. We want more missionaries, more prayer, more self-denying effort, if India is to be won for Christ.

HOW TO NAME SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASSES.

THE Rev. J. Stone, of Raghavapuram, Telugu Mission, South India, writes as follows of his Sunday-schools:—

A circular on Sunday-schools, issued by the Bishop of Madras, rather stirred us up to try and make them more effectual, both as a means of building up our Christians and of evangelising. For many years there had been a Sunday-school in Raghavapuram. Still it needed more life, and so we tried at once to re-organise not only this, but all the Sunday-schools in the district. In Raghavapuram there had always been a difficulty about numbering the classes, from the fact that the old people who could not read did not like to feel that they were in a class below the young men and women who could read, and *vice versa*. To get over this difficulty the catechist, following Galatians v. 22, 23, called the old men's class "Faith Class," the old women's class "Peace Class," the young men's class "Obedience Class," and so on.

THE LATE MRS. COLE, OF MPWAPWA.



LL who are interested in our East and Central African Missions will hear with deep regret of the death of the second lady to reside in the interior. Mrs. Last, of Mamboia, died on March 10th from sunstroke; and now, on July 22nd, Mrs. Cole, of Mpwapwa, has died from the effects of a chill. Truly God moves in a mysterious way. The presence of two Englishwomen in the heart of Africa seemed a special earnest of future blessing; and now both are gone! The following letter received from Mrs. Cole only a month or two ago, will show how brightly and hopefully she and her husband were working at Kisokwi, their new station, six miles from Mpwapwa:—



MRS. SATHTHIANADHAN AND HER ZENANA PUPILS.

It is a pleasure to me to think that our little son, the first white child born in Central Africa, was the means, in a slight degree, of bringing the children together for instruction. The Wa-Gogo say he belongs to them, for he was born amongst them; that all other white men come from afar, but his home is U-Gogo. It was on the day of his baptism, when many of the natives came to the service, that the chief of Kisokwi was asked, and promised to let the children come to school. The very next day about a dozen came, and since then our numbers have varied from ten to thirty. Many of them come from two miles distance off, and none of them live less than one mile away. Our chief's children come very regularly every afternoon, Sunday included. The scholars are divided into three classes. I teach the six most advanced to read, my husband takes the next six, and our servant we have taught to read takes the other children and those who come irregularly. The children all unite in the church for religious instruction from Mr. Cole. They have learned to sing about half-a-dozen hymns, such as "Jesus who lives above the sky," "There is a happy land." Mr. Cole has taught them the Lord's Prayer and a few texts.

The children are very intelligent, and learn quickly; they seem to have good memories too. Once or twice there has been a *strike* amongst the scholars. When school was over they asked for cloth for coming to school. When they were refused they said they would not come again "*buceti*," i.e., for nothing. Accordingly the following day they stayed away. Mr. Cole went to see the chief, and told him what was our object in coming here, and said, further, that if the people refused to be taught and to send their children to us for instruction, our "*wakubwa*," great people or elders, at home would wish us to leave them and go and teach some other people who were more desirous to learn. At this the chief exclaimed greatly. He said it was his wish that the children should be taught, and the children should be made to come. It is the mothers who want the cloth to wear themselves, for when I have given the children anything to wear I find they prefer wearing their own clothes, and leave those I have given them at home, or give them to their mothers. We expect to hear grumbling from time to time, for the Wa-Gogo are very

grasping, and we cannot wonder much that they wish to be paid for attending school, as they do it to please us and not from any desire to learn. Besides this, the mothers do not like their girls to leave their work of assisting to grind the corn, and it is the children who mind the cattle, drive away the monkeys from the corn, and help in the gardens. Occasionally we give them little presents, or rather rewards.

Two or three times a week we give the children some Native potatoes, of which they are very fond; our garden produces unusually fine ones. Then I am often able to spare a joint or two of meat when we kill a sheep or goat, especially when the weather is very warm, and often they carry away a good part of an antelope, wild pig, &c., caught in our pits or shot by my husband. Meat is a very great treat for the Wa-Gogo, for although possessing large flocks of cows, sheep, and goats, they very rarely kill an animal unless it is dying. Their cattle is their wealth. To show you that the people appreciate our living amongst them, I will tell you what happened the other day. The old chief of far Kisokwi, of whom we know but little, sent a man to us in a very excited state, begging that we would put up our flag near his village. The man said that large caravans of Wa-Nyamwezi, under an Arab master, were about to pass through Kisokwi, and would eat up everything they passed in the fields; but if the flag of the Mzuogu (white man) were seen, they would leave the fields untouched. We lent the flag, and the caravans passed quietly through the place. Mr. Cole told the man to tell the chief that he did not want their country, he wanted the people for God.

I will just finish what I began by telling you of Mr. Cole's work amongst the Mission people. On Saturday afternoons three or four of the men come voluntarily to Mr. Cole for explanation of the Bible and the plan of salvation. It is something to give up part of their half-holiday. They are very patient and attentive, but are very slow scholars. Mr. Cole has a short service every morning for the people, when he teaches them the Bible History. Some of them say they are ready to follow God and keep His commandments, and I really think they do want to become Christians, but I think their minds are so dark that it will be some time before they can understand the way of salvation. Yet Mr. Hannington said the thought struck him as he sat in the church and watched the attentive listeners. Now why should not these become Christians and work amongst their brethren around? Mr. Cole is most earnest for their conversion, especially since he has become more hopeful of them. He speaks Ki-Swahili fluently, and always preaches extempore. He is giving nearly all his time to the study of Ki-Gogo and Ki-Sagara. I am his scribe, and copy out what he roughly jots down. He has a good Ki-Gogo vocabulary.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

XI.



THE influence of the Word of God, translated into Maori, and circulated, though often in very small portions, among the people, is a remarkable feature of the progress of mission work amongst them. Their thirst for instruction was extraordinary, and no trouble was thought too great that would unlock for them, by a knowledge of reading, the treasures contained in printed volumes. They would spend hours in teaching one another this accomplishment; the demand for books was greater than it was possible to supply, and they thought nothing of a journey of many miles if one was to be obtained. A missionary tells us that he had promised a single New Testament to a congregation distant about five days' journey, as a reward for the labour and pains spent in the erection of their chapel. One of the party went with him the whole way back, nearly a week's journey, to get it, and finding the expected supply had not arrived, went on twenty-five miles further to secure it. Thus, going and returning, the poor fellow made a twelve days' journey to obtain the coveted treasure. A New Testament or a Prayer Book was very frequently preferred to any other payment, and an English teacher of the Bay of Islands, on his return from an expedition to the south, told the missionaries that if he had but taken books with him, he might have obtained a supply of provisions in almost any quantity, and at his own price.

The history of one little copy of the Gospel of St. Luke deserves particular mention.

Ngakuku was a young man of a most daring and desperate character, but from the time that the missionaries settled at native village, Mata-mata, he gave tokens of the power of new influences upon his character. War was raging around station at that time, and the young convert was destined to suffer severely from it, though of course he took no part in it. With some other natives he engaged to convey some of the mission property to Tauranga, a place of greater security. On their return, night overtook them unawares, and they resolved to spend it in a deserted raupo hut; but before they broke the barking of their dogs forewarned them of the approach of an attacking party, who had discovered them by the light of their fires. Happily there was time for them to escape and conceal themselves amongst the high ferns, for just as the enemy reached the hut, they caught sight of the English missionary's tent at a little distance, and rushed towards it. They would not touch his person, though they carried off every thing but the clothes he had on. They then returned to the hut. All had escaped but one. It was thought that Ngakuku's daughter Tarore, five years old, had accompanied her father and his companions in their flight, but she had been discovered in the twilight; she was lying still upon the floor, sleeping the dreamless sleep of childhood. May we say how young as she was, this little one had already become a member of Jesus' fold? We know not, but there is evidence of her being so good a child at school that she had already learned to read, and received a copy of a Gospel as a reward. It was her great delight in this treasure, that she carried it with her wherever she went. The bloodthirsty savages fell upon her as dogs upon a helpless lamb. She was instantly killed, her heart torn out, and the top of her head taken with it, and carried away as an offering to some evil demon. Too late the fugitives discovered she was not amongst their number when they returned to the hut, to find nothing but her remains. It was a fiery chariot that had borne her from the midst, but who could doubt the little spirit was safely for ever now in the arms of the Good Shepherd?

Once Ngakuku would have been mad with a desire for vengeance. Now he meekly carried the body of his little cherishing one back to the settlement, and asking leave to address his countrymen when assembled for her funeral, he besought them to "Do not you rise to seek a payment for her. God will do it. Let this be the finishing of the war, now let peace be made. Perhaps this murder is a sign of God's anger towards us for our sins. Turn to Him; believe, or you will all perish." Would it be possible to find a more speaking comment upon the words of Scripture, "A new creature in Christ Jesus," than in this striking incident?

But it is with one of the books stolen from Ngakuku on this occasion (perhaps little Tarore's, upon this point there does not seem to be decisive evidence) that we have more particularly to do. Bearing in mind that the convert had thus been stripped of one or more of his literary treasures, we must transport ourselves in imagination to the extreme south of the North Island, close to Cook's Straits. A chieftain in these districts named Raparahau was at this time another Hongi in the successful ravages which he committed upon the surrounding tribes, and not in his own land only, but across the water southwards in the one known by the name of the "Middle Island." He bore the character of being "strong to work and strong to talk," amongst his heathen countrymen, meaning that he was equally great in fighting as in boasting. He became the father of a little son, who narrowly escaped death when newly born from the hands of his own unnatural mother. She was just about to put an end to his little life, for what reason we know not, when his father decided he should live, and snatching him from her, carried him off in a basket. He desired to make his

great warrior, and gave him food one day, when grown older, to offer to the gods, that he might obtain their blessing. The boy asked to eat some himself, but his father refused, saying that if he did so the gods would kill him. Katu watched his opportunity, nevertheless, and took some on the sly. His father discovered it, and declared the gods would slay him in consequence. The child stoutly replied that he was not afraid, confessing afterwards that he was greatly terrified at the time, and quite expected to fall down dead for a long time after, but as nothing happened, the first suspicion that these were no true gods crossed his mind. At the time this only made him more daring in wickedness, for now he feared neither God nor man. At this time no whisper of Gospel truth had reached him, for Raparahau's district was 500 miles distant from the missionary stations in the north. It was from a cousin, Tippohae, that he first heard even an echo of Bible teaching. This cousin had been to England, and brought back a report that "the English say there is only One God, who lives in heaven, and that He does not like fighting." This seemed incredible, and set Katu longing to know much more than Tippohae was able to tell him; so that when he found a man named Mata-hau had come to the neighbourhood who had been servant in a white man's family, he went to see him. He heard further that Mata-hau had a book which told of the God of the English, and asked him for it. Mata-hau had not got it himself, but sent them on to the present owner, who refused to give it up, saying he wanted it to make into cartridges. Katu bought it for some mats and some tobacco. It was the Gospel of St. Luke, but not a perfect copy, some leaves had already been torn away by the ruthless hands of the cannibal owner, but the title-page remained, inscribed with a name which gives it a singular interest in our eyes, "Ngakuku." This was the identical book which had been carried off from our convert friend, the night of his child's murder two years before; perhaps it was little Tarore's own—her one earthly treasure! How plainly are we taught, "My Word shall not return unto Me void, it shall accomplish that which I please, it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Katu says, when giving his own account of this, "My heart, and Why-why's (his cousin), and the other young men's longed to have the new talk." Mata-hau read them some, and Katu exclaimed, "Those words are good words. I believe all." But Mata-hau objected, "This is a bad book. It tells you not to drink too much wine, and not to fight, but to live in peace, and to pray to God." The cousin now insisted upon it, that Mata-hau must teach them to read, that they might judge for themselves, and persuading him to do so, with much difficulty took him with them to a very small island named Kapiti, once used by Raparahau as a prison, that they might be uninterrupted. Katu says, "We gave him food and clothes, and everything. We were in Kapiti with Mata-hau nearly six months. We learnt every day, every night. We did not lie down to sleep. We sat at night in the hut all round the fire in the middle. Why-why had part of the book and I had part." (They seem to have divided it thus, that both might be learning at once.) "Sometimes we went to sleep upon the book, then woke up and read again. After we had been there six months, we could read a little, very slowly." During this retreat Katu's father and uncle came to urge the two youths to come and fight, but they answered, "We fear the Book of God, we will not fight." The old warriors scornfully replied, "Our gods are the true gods. They have made us strong to kill so many people; your gods are not strong."

In about half a year, this grand power of reading for themselves having been acquired, they took Mata-hau back with them to the mainland, and began to teach others, with great acceptance. "These people," says Katu, "liked it very much."

We cannot find it in our hearts to curtail Katu's remarkable history, and shall hope to continue it next month.

E. D.

THE NORFOLK LADIES' C.M. UNION.

To the Editor.



IR.—Our Ladies' C.M.S. Union for Norfolk having been lately mentioned in the GLEANER, I venture to send you an account of our latest proceedings. About a month ago invitations were issued to the committee and secretaries all over the county to come here on September 6th, and on the day appointed between forty and fifty assembled, including a few gentlemen. After luncheon we adjourned to the library, and commenced by singing "O Spirit of the living God." Prayer was offered by the Rev. Canon Patteson, and an address was given by the Rev. W. N. Ripley. The gentlemen then withdrew, and the ladies had a conference on the best practical means of helping the work of the Society.

Quarterly meetings were first brought forward, and two plans of collecting were mentioned. In one village an association has been carried on with great success and blessing for sixty years without interruption. Every one is a subscriber, down to the baby in arms. The names are written in a book and called out at the quarterly meeting, which is held in the schoolroom on a Sunday, that being the only day on which it would be possible to get all to come. The subscriptions are always brought or sent, and put in a box which has been used for the purpose for years. (N.B.—People like to see their money carefully locked up.) Missionary information is given at these meetings, and there is a tea to all subscribers once a year, and if a baby cry, the remark is made, "Never mind, he's a subscriber." £5 are given quarterly by the poor people of this little village.

The other plan mentioned was house-to-house visitation, a village being divided into districts for this purpose. It was recommended that notice of the intended visit of the collector should be given through the school children the previous week, and that the special book prepared by the Society for collectors should be used, as it gives the appearance of authorisation. The Quarterly Papers should be taken round, and the pictures talked over and the subjects explained to the people, and then left with them. Very especially it was urged that missionary work should be clearly shown to be one undertaken in obedience to our Lord's last command to teach all nations, and that all should be done for Him.

Another suggestion was that there should be school and Bible-class collections monthly, and that on the appointed day missionary texts should be learned and missionary hymns sung. An instance was given of the willingness of the young men belonging to a Bible-class to help according to their several ability—one bringing shovels and tongs, others bird-cages, a knotted hearth-rug, walking-sticks, mufflers, loaves of bread, a suit of boy's clothes, and one who could do nothing else cut hair, and brought the money he had received. In this class the hymn, "Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me," is invariably sung on the first Sunday in the month, when the missionary box is put on the table.

A proposition was made to have monthly collections amongst the young people employed in drapery establishments, who could be invited to bring their subscriptions to the lady collector's house, where, perhaps, the GLEANER might be read to them.

It need scarcely be said that in a ladies' conference working parties were earnestly discussed. It seemed to be the general opinion that people were quite willing to give their work, but that the difficulty was to dispose of it. Christmas trees were recommended, and instances were given of growth from £30 to £70, and from £3 to nearly £30. Missionary baskets were also mentioned, and the possibility of sending out boxes of warm clothing to the cold stations of N. W. America through the Missionary Leaves Association.

It was agreed that the ladies should meet three times a year, on the days on which the gentlemen have their C.M.S. Union meetings, and that the Hon. Secretary for the county, or some one else, should be asked to give them information. A suggestion was made which met with great approval, that a card should be provided for the ladies of the C.M.S. Union embodying its watchwords, "To pray for the Society, to work for it, to read its publications, and try to get others to do the same," with a few suitable texts; and on the other side a list of the countries in which the Society works, with the days on which prayer should be made for them, according to the cycle of the Society. On this subject an extract from a letter of the young wife of one of our honoured missionaries in China was read by her mother, which touched every heart. It said, "I am much interested about the C.M.S. Union amongst ladies. I think it will answer. I should encourage having meetings for prayer. When you are out here you feel how much both the missionaries and native converts want it. You see we have not the help here of meeting many Christian people, or the stimulus of intercourse with others as at home. It is such a help to know that Christian friends are praying at home."

I have reason to believe that by the blessing of God our meeting helped and encouraged us to go on in the work of the Lord. May He prosper us: then, "We, His servants, will arise and build."

S. C. E.



THE USTAD (SCHOOLMASTER).

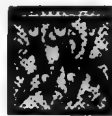


THE MUNSHI (TUTOR).



THE VAKIL (LAWYER).

OUR INDIAN FELLOW-SUBJECTS.



E should so much like to take some of our readers for a walk through the streets of Calcutta or Bombay, and point out to them a few of the characters we should be most likely to meet. As we cannot do so we must be content to ask them to look at our specimen sketches. And

1. First, have a look at this Fisherman (*Machuwa*). He has a bullock's skin sewn up just like the *Bhishti's* sheepskin (see No. 5). It is filled with air, and floats in the river, and this man catches fish being almost like a fish himself. He knows all their ways and their haunts. Look, too, at the Gospel net which our missionaries are ever casting into the waters. For they are fishers of men.

2. Next we see the Schoolmaster (*Ustad*). Many of these are very clever men. The one before us is only the teacher of young children. He is very painstaking, and is giving his boys a lesson in English. And Indian boys are far more smart in learning new languages than our English boys are. They soon learn not only to read but to speak our language well. What a pity the Indian languages are not more taught in our schools!

3. See here is the Private Tutor (*Munshi*). He comes to his pupils' house and teaches him for very much less pay than tutors are content to take in England. They are, however, as a class, not very good teachers, and too fond of praising their pupils and making them fancy they know more than they do.

4. Here comes the crafty Lawyer (*Vakil*). No European can surpass him in the art of representing his case to his client's advantage. He can prove that black is white without any difficulty. The Indians are fond of law, and are born sophists. It is not easy to convince a man like this of the simple truths of our Gospel. He is able to bring up a hundred so-called arguments against the truth. But when such a man is really humbled and convinced, he has great power in setting the truth before his countrymen.

5. The Water-carrier. Consider how much he is thought of in this thirsty land. His name is *Bhishti*, which means "belonging to Paradise."



THE MACHUWA (FISHERMAN).



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THE PARSEE.



THE DHOBI (WASHERMAN).



THE USTAD (SCHOOLMASTER).



THE MACHUWA (FISHERMAN).

... name is *Bhishti*, which means "belonging to Paradise".



THE BHISHTI (WATER-CARRIER).



TAPAL WALLAH (POSTMAN).



THE PARSEE.

He has a sheepskin hung round him, and from its neck he is ever ready to pour, or squirt, or sprinkle the much-needed water. Who can look at him without thinking of Him who is so graciously ready to give a draught of living water to every one who is athirst?

6. The Postman. You would not believe what a linguist this man must be. There are fifteen languages spoken in India, and this poor man must know the characters of several of them. For the English have given India the blessing of the cheap post. How we should like to show you some of these Indian letters! Such long addresses have they that it is often difficult to distinguish the name of sender from that of the intended receiver.

7. Who is this fine cheerful-looking gentleman with the tall spotted hat? He is a Parsee, much more like a European than any of the others. Indeed he is a sort of stranger in India. The home of his fathers was Persia, and his religion, too, is quite different from that of the Hindoos or Mahomedans. He is a good man of business, and devoted to trade.

8. Here is another most useful servant, the Washerman (*Dhobi*). See how he beats the clothes on the river's bank. Yes, and it is marvellous how well he does his work; and if you went home with him you would be surprised to see how, with nothing but a single ponderous smoothing-iron, heated by being filled with burning charcoal, he most skilfully makes up the finest things, and the next moment accomplishes the work of the heaviest mangle. The missionary in his preaching sometimes refers to the work of such men; for they can take out the deepest stains, and make a garment as white as snow.

Now what do you think of these Indians? You see they are not like poor savages. They are clever men. They have their trades and professions like ourselves, and are most skilful in the various arts, which they seem to inherit from their fathers, for in India most of the trades are connected with caste. Well, don't these people need clever, well-educated missionaries to teach them? They are kind and gentle people, but they need the light of God's Truth to shine into their hearts to make them "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" (Col. i. 12).

W. J. BALL.

Cambridge.



THE DHOBI (WASHERMAN).

OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GABBATT.

CHAPTER XI.—CALLED.



UT Leith Lancaster was not at ease.

He returned to London the day after he had proposed to Sasie, and though he left a diamond ring on her finger as a token that she belonged to him, and began to draw pictures in his mind of the home he would prepare for her, he was not happy.

Before many days were over his face wore an anxious, perplexed expression, and loss of appetite and sleepless nights began to tell their tale.

He wrote to Sasie every day, and received letters in return; but after reading them he would sit with his arms on the table, and his hands thrust through his hair, and then would suddenly push back his chair, and pace the room with knitted brows and compressed lips, looking as though he were going through some great mental struggle; it generally ended with his falling on his knees and praying.

"I can keep it to myself no longer," he exclaimed one day aloud, "Sasie must be told." And then he packed his portmanteau, and started for Inglesby by the afternoon train.

"This is the second time within the last month that you've taken me by surprise," exclaimed his mother, with a kiss of welcome, "but I suppose I must expect these erratic movements on your part in future;" but a keener look at Leith checked the smile on his mother's face, and she added quickly, "You are not well, Leith."

"I have something to tell Sasie," he said, earnestly, "and I want you to pray for her."

"Come into the drawing-room; you must have some tea before you tell me."

"No, nothing for me till I've made a clean breast of it," said Leith, following his mother mechanically. "I have been a sinner, mother."

Mrs. Lancaster turned round startled.

"The fact is," explained Leith, sitting down, "I have been turning away from my duty, and have tried hard not to listen to God's voice. He has been calling me, I believe, for months."

"Calling you, Leith?"

"Yes; I think I am not mistaken in thinking that my life work is to be abroad."

Mrs. Lancaster's heart sank.

"But," continued Leith, "a doubt as to whether Sasie would agree to it has made a coward of me, and when her father talked of our settling in London and being comparatively near, I felt it would be nearly hopeless to ask for Sasie if I told him that I meant to live and work as a missionary. I dared not tell either of them, and hoped that the fact of Sasie's love would so fill my thoughts as to make me forget my call."

"And you feel certain that it will be right for you to give up all your former plans and hopes, Leith?"

"Don't tempt me, little mother. I dare not think of what my duty will be if Sasie or her father object. You must pray for us, mother."

"For us!" Do not I need praying for as much if not more than either of them?" thought Mrs. Lancaster, with an inward groan.

Leith rose. "I can't rest till the matter is settled. I will be back soon." And without another word he was gone, leaving his mother staring blankly after him. That evening Nona Lancaster prayed from her heart for strength to say, "Thy will be done."

Leith need not have feared what Sasie's answer would be. Her love for him was far too strong to allow of there being a single question as to whether she would go to the world's end with him or not. So long as she was with him, working by his side, what did it matter as to place and country? indeed, she could only rejoice when she heard he was thinking of going out as a missionary.

And as they sat talking in the twilight by the schoolroom fire, they drew bright pictures of a future home in India or Africa, and forgot all for the moment, save their happy day dream.

"But," said Sasie, suddenly, "I wonder what my father will say?"

"Yes, there's your father," said Leith, gravely.

"Well, the sooner he is told the better. Had you not better have a

talk with him at once, Leith? You will find him in the study, and I will wait here for you."

Sasie had to wait longer than she anticipated. At last, at the sound of Leith's footsteps in the hall, she sprang up and met him at the door. A look at his face was sufficient to tell her the consequence of his talk.

"It is just as I feared; he won't hear of it, and says I must choose between you and what he calls this absurd notion of mine."

Sasie stood as if rooted to the spot.

"He says you are far too young, and that if I insist upon going, I must go alone."

"You can't go alone," murmured Sasie.

"If," continued Leith, "in five years' time you are still of the same mind he may possibly allow it, but that is all the comfort he gives us."

Suddenly clasping her hands over his arm, Sasie looked up anxiously into his face, with the words, "Then you'll be content to wait in England, won't you, Leith dear? There are a great many heathen in London, who need missionaries just as much as those in India or Africa. You won't go away without me?"

"How can I?" he said slowly, looking down at her upturned face.

"We will work together in London," continued Sasie, eagerly, "I will think no more of India or Africa."

"Work together in London." Ah! how sweet it sounded! Was not his mother be pleased? Leith was silent for a moment, only the workings of his face showed the struggle which was going on within him. His voice was unnaturally quiet when he spoke.

"Would you marry a coward, Sasie?"

"A coward? No."

"Then don't make me one. God calls me to fight, and love for Him is making a coward of me."

"But," cried Sasie, covering her face in her hands, "how can I expect you to be brave when I am a coward myself? How can I say go, when my whole heart says stay?"

"I'm expecting too much from you, Sasie. You are right; the only thing we can do is to pray for strength."

"Yes, pray, Leith; but do not ask me to be brave."

It was a silent good-bye, and Leith went out into the darkness, hardly knowing what he was doing, and all the way home he kept thinking of the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." He paced up and down the garden for a long time before going in to see his mother.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lancaster sat watching and waiting for him; it was a relief at last to hear a door open and Leith's footstep in the hall. He went to meet him, but reading all in his face, she was not surprised at his hurried kiss, after which he ran upstairs, shutting the door after him.

Sasie stood where Leith had left her for some moments without moving, and then suddenly a thought struck her. Leith had failed with his father, but why should she? He was very fond of her, and many a little coaxing on her part had made him alter a decision on less important subjects. She would go and pray him to change his mind. A rose in her heart as she made her way to his study, and knocking at the door, found him standing with his back to the fire meditating.

"Well, Sasie, my dear, whatever has put this new idea into your head? Wants to go out to the blacks he tells me, and take you with him? I've never heard of such an idea, and the sooner he changes his mind the better, or he must put off all thoughts of marrying you for the next few years at least."

"Don't you think you could change your mind, father, for once?" said Sasie, coaxingly.

"Eh! what? Change my mind," said Mr. Ogilvie, playfully pinching Sasie's cheek; "why, what do these red eyes mean, little puss?"

But Sasie only grew more earnest. "Five years is such a long time to wait," she said, tremblingly.

"Nonsense, my dear, if a man can't wait five years for his bride, isn't worth much. Think of Jacob—seven years, wasn't it, in that case?"

"Oh, it isn't that," said Sasie, eagerly, "he would wait any number of years for me, I know, only——"

"Only what?"

"Why we may be dead in five years' time," said Sasie, with a sob, "anything might happen."

"Tut and nonsense," said Mr. Ogilvie, a vexed look crossing his good-humoured face, for if one thing vexed him it was to see tears. "Five years will be over before you know, and if your love can't bear the test, I can't say much for it."

"It would bear any test."

"Very well then, if that's the case you need not worry; and all the tears in the world wouldn't alter my decision. I'm not going to let you go out to the heathen before you've seen a little more of your fellow-countrymen, and take my word for it that Leith Lancaster isn't the only nice young man in England. You ought to see others before you decide. 'Marry in haste, and what's the end of the proverb? And if all goes well in five years' time, you'll be sailing away to those blacks you're so fond of with my blessing; till then you must wait patiently. Don't you think I love you enough to know what is best for you, or do you think your father is a dreadful old tyrant?"

"No," said Sasie, "I would never think that;" but as she left the room the faint smile which had risen at his words faded from her face.

Ella Venning did not die. As the days passed she slowly recovered her strength, though the doctors had not been mistaken in saying she would be a cripple for life.

For life! The words had fallen upon Ella's ears like a death knell. To know that though winter would change to summer, weeks into months, months into years, she would still remain a cripple, and would never be like other girls again.

"I would rather die," she moaned at first, when the truth was broken to her; but after the first day or two a torpor seemed to creep over her, and she did not mention the subject again for weeks. She would lie for hours with closed eyes, unwilling to be roused.

It was a terrible grief to Beatrice, but this sorrow brought out all her good points. Her mother was surprised to see how much tenderness and thoughtfulness there was in her character. Ella indeed was her first thought, and she would not, if she could help it, leave her even for an hour, though to sit by her and see her utter indifference to even life itself was sometimes almost too much for her. For hours she puzzled over what she could do to bring a look of even the faintest interest into Ella's worn face, but everything she tried failed.

One day a thought struck her. If there was one person in Inglesby whom Ella admired as well as respected it was Mrs. Lancaster, and knowing she was good as well as beautiful, Beatrice determined to ask her to come and see her sister. It happened to be the morning following the day on which Leith had taken his mother by surprise, and he had gone round to see Sasie after breakfast. Mrs. Lancaster was feeling utterly downhearted and sad, and by no means inclined to see Beatrice or any one; but when she heard the reason of her visit, she gladly promised to do what she asked.

When that afternoon she entered Ella's room, the girl did not look pleased to see her, but by degrees her soft voice and self-forgetting sympathy found their way into her heart, and Ella began to look on her with interest. She was well aware that Mrs. Lancaster's own life had not been all sunshine, and just now there were lines of pain on her white forehead, which Ella, who was learning her first lessons in the school of suffering, was quick to perceive. Beside which, there was an atmosphere surrounding her which did not fail to influence those who came near her, and Ella felt instinctively that she was good.

In her old days Ella had had many a laugh over what she called the "goody goody" people in Inglesby, but she never thought for a moment of including Mrs. Lancaster in this category, or of applying the words to her. She was good, Ella felt it—felt that she recommended the religion she professed, and looking at her, wished she were like her.

Quite unconscious of Ella's thoughts about her, Mrs. Lancaster set herself studiously to interest the girl and win her affection, not that she ever had much difficulty in this way, for a few minutes' talk was generally enough to make people discover that her friendship would be worth having. Ella became interested in her, and as she rose to leave, asked her to come again, and before many visits were over Mrs. Lancaster had won her way into the girl's heart, and it was from her lips that Ella heard that life, even such a life as she expected hers to be, was worth living if given to God; but in order to be able to give, she must first receive.

SEQUEL TO BAIJNATH'S STORY.

(See GLEANER of last month.)

BY THE REV. F. T. COLE.



PON my arrival in the Santál country Baijnath was made over to me for a teacher. He has remained with me during the nine years I have been in the Santál district, and now I have only parted from him upon my leaving India.

During these nine years he has been with me every day, and nearly the whole of each day. I have made use of him constantly as a preacher, and he has accompanied me in all my cold weather itinerations, so I can speak of him confidently as one whom I know thoroughly.

Baijnath is rather short and boyish-looking, having no hair on his face; this makes him look much younger than he really is. He is dark, with rather thick lips, and has a very flat nose. He is about thirty-three years old. (His portrait appeared in the GLEANER of March last.)

As a Christian he has much influence with the people, but what surprises us most is the boldness with which he rebukes sin, no matter who the culprit is; be he rich or poor he has to hear Baijnath's opinion upon the subject. He has a remarkably nice way of speaking and preaching, and is always practical in his remarks. The events of the week, the joys or sorrows of some member of the congregation, are descanted upon in his sermon. He generally assists me by preaching on Sunday afternoons at Dharampur, and when I am absent in the district he takes the whole of the services.

Baijnath has the good fortune to possess a truly good wife. She was brought up by Mrs. Storrs in her girls' school, and has shown by her life the vast difference between an educated and an uneducated Santál woman. Such women have immense influence upon their husbands; and it is very pleasing to see how much respected they are by the rest of the people. They have three children now, one having died when a baby. When Baijnath was once out with me in the district preaching, he dreamt one night that God appeared to him, saying, "Give me your babe." Not long after this a special messenger arrived, and told Baijnath that his child was dangerously ill. He set off immediately, but did not reach his home in time to see his child alive. This loss produced a great effect on him; he seemed to think more of heaven, his own spiritual life appeared to be deepened.

In all the translational work in which I have been engaged, Baijnath has been my right hand. The Santál idiom and diction of the four Gospels have been his, and I think he has in this way laid the foundations of Santál literature and fixed the lines on which the language will run in the future. Before his time there was very little Santál literature, and consequently its style and grammar had not been fixed. Baijnath's Santál is considered by the other missionaries to be very good; he is a fluent writer, also an eloquent speaker, and has a keen sense of the ridiculous.

I once took him to Calcutta for a treat. His eyes and mouth were wide open all the time. The gas and ships struck him as very wonderful. He mistook a marble monument in a church for a live figure. One day he went to the bazaar to look about. A big fat Babu standing at his shop door invited Baijnath to come in, and politely asked him to be seated; this he was ashamed to do, as he had not been accustomed to sit in the presence of such great men. After a great deal of pressing he did at last sit down, and the shopkeeper showed him all the articles in his shop. After spending nearly an hour at this work the Babu asked him how many things he was going to buy. Baijnath in astonishment said he did not want to buy anything, and thought that it was from kindness he was showing him all these things; so he got up and walked away amid a shower of abuse. Baijnath when he returned home gave two lectures to the schoolboys and Christians on what he had seen in Calcutta, and the humour with which he told the tale of the fat Babu is beyond my powers of description.

Baijnath has been the greatest comfort to me at times when I have been cast down; not so much by his words as by his happy, cheerful, Christian life; he has made me feel that after all Christianity is not powerless to raise and beautify the lives of such degraded creatures as the Santáls. I have never had to rebuke him for any serious

fault, nor do I remember even a trivial one; certain it is I have never had any occasion to complain of his laziness. He studies by himself in his spare hours, and during the three years that the agents and catechists have had their half-yearly Scripture examinations he has always come out first, and this is the result of private study.

I must mention a dream which Baijnath described to me. "About two months ago," he said, "I dreamed one night that I saw a road leading to heaven with a gentle slope; presently a man came down from heaven along that road clothed in bright raiment. He stopped in front of me and said, 'Shout to all the passers-by that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, change your minds.' I said, 'I cannot; I am afraid they won't believe me if I do.' The shining person again said, 'Shout, and take this sword, wave it over your head and run up the hill.' So I took the sword and did as he told me. To my surprise I found the men rushing madly after me, and we went up the road in crowds. I was in ecstasy. The road was of a peculiar colour, yellowish red in appearance, and ran from east to west. It was not exactly straight,

but up and down, as over hill and dale." About a month after this dream Baijnath and I were walking home from preaching one day when I said to him, "Baijnath, suppose you were asked to go over the Ganges to look up the scattered Christians and to preach to the heathen there." He said, "Sahib, I will go anywhere I am sent except there." (I ought to say that it is a very jungly and thinly populated place, and that cholera rages violently there at times.) I said, "If God sent you would you not go? Perhaps if you did not you would be acting like Jonah." After a time he said, "Yes, I would go, but my wife would not consent; we were talking about it together some time ago when teachers were wanted for that place." We said no more at that time, but Baijnath told me afterwards that he had again spoken to his wife, and that at first she had steadily refused to go, saying, "You may go if you like, but I won't go with you, neither shall you take the children." We had a long talk about it, and at last she gave in, saying, "If God sends us we will go. We have to die, and to pass through troubles, and we had better bear them in the path of duty."

Not long after that we had a conference, and Baijnath was proposed for ordination with another young man of the same class and age. I mentioned this to him afterwards, and then he told me of his dream and conversation he had with his wife. He knew nothing about it beforehand, so the idea of being ordained had never entered his mind. He is now to undergo a two years' course of training, and I trust he will indeed wave high above his head the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and that thousands may follow him up the hill of Zion with everlasting joy on their heads. Pray for him that he may be kept humble.



CHRIST CHURCH, LAGOS, BUILT BY THE LATE REV. J. A. LAMB.

THE GOSPEL IN CALCUTTA.

A DEEPLY interesting Report on the evangelistic work carried on by the C.M.S. Agency in Calcutta has been received from the Rev. Dr. C. Mann. It is work among all classes of society. Educated inquirers have appeared, Native law learned pundits, and landholders, several of whom are stated to be "new from the Kingdom of God." There is "chapel, street, river-side preaching; interesting respectable Native their houses; work among the Mohammedans, Santals, Chamars, and yas, instruction of domestic hospital ministrations, visiting the Lepers' Asylum. The Native evangelists zealous and self-denying. One Bible colporteur up using umbrella and and put the money saved the missionary fund. Readers will remember touching account of death of a Christian Mission in a Calcutta hospital in the GLEANER of February last. His meekness in suffering and joyful death so touched the heart of another patient in the hospital, that the latter, a Hindu, has since embraced the Gospel. His name, Jagadbandhu (world's friend), was chosen at his baptism to Christ's friend. Three other converts also been gathered from hospital.

A YOUNG WORKER.



FIRST about two years ago a bright young life, full of sunshine and blessing for those around, was suddenly cut off, seemingly in its prime.

It is pleasant to gaze upon a broad river, flowing majestically and irresistibly onward to the sea. And scarcely less pleasure is there in tracing the course of one of the tiny brooks that has helped to feed it, bringing down day its little supply of fresh running water to swell the volume and the power of the great whole. Such a river, fed by thousands and thousands of hidden brooks and fountains, is the Church Missionary Society, and such a tiny, but busily flowing stream was the life and work of Edith Bellingham Cheale Brockham, in Surrey, called home to be with the Lord on October 9th, 1881, at the age of twenty-two.

Nurtured amidst the happy home influences of a country vicarage, her life was a quiet and uneventful one, and, like many such lives, given to steady, unostentatious, earnest work. Sunday-school teaching, district visiting, and the many calls of parish work, were not suffered to exhaust her energy, and she set a happy example of the way in which home and foreign claims may, and should be, alike remembered. For her early years she was a missionary collector. But she was not satisfied without working with her own hands, and on

IN MEMORIAM: JAMES ABNER LAMB.

Died at Lagos, July 1st, 1883.

THOU would'st obey thy blessed Lord,
 Would'st bear His sword and shield,
 Unfurl the banner of His love
 On Afric's distant field;
 Would'st kindle 'mid the shades of night
 A shining beacon-fire,—
 But ere thy work was well begun
 He whispered, "Come up higher."
 Long years ago thou first didst leave
 Thine all to serve thy Lord,
 Raising a temple whence His Name
 Should be proclaimed abroad.
 Long years have passed, and once again
 Thou traversed'st the deep,
 And 'neath the shadow of its walls
 They laid thee down to sleep.
 Was it a lamp of light put out,
 Extinguished in the tomb,
 That might have led our doubting steps
 But for untimely doom?
 Nay, for a crown of glory wreathes
 His honoured servant's head,
 Another star is lit in heaven
 To cheer the path we tread.
 The sun of truth shall rise and shine
 Amid the realms of night,
 Till all the earth at last shall own
 Her Lord, her life, her light.
 We stand and watch with swelling hearts
 The beams of morn increase;
 But while the blessed day rolls on,
 He bids thee sleep in peace.
 Yea, thou hast borne His words of truth
 Amid the weary fight,



THE LATE REV. J. A. LAMB.

Upheld the honour of His name,
 Proclaimed His grace and might;
 Finished thy course and kept the faith,
 Thy life, thy all laid down,—
 Now thou shalt wear before His throne
 An everlasting crown.

M. B. W.

THE LATE REV. J. A. LAMB.

MANY friends will be glad to see in our pages a portrait of our much-lamented brother, the Rev. James A. Lamb; and though we cannot pretend that it does him justice, it will serve to recall his features to those who knew and loved him, both in England and in Africa. In the GLEANER of September we briefly noted the facts of his career, and they need not be repeated. But the remarkable outburst of feeling at Lagos when it pleased God to remove him was a significant evidence of the affection and respect with which he was regarded there, and also of the reality of our work on the coast. Think of Lagos as it was twenty-five years ago, a notorious slave mart, governed by a heathen usurper; and think of Lagos as it appeared four months ago at Mr. Lamb's funeral—an immense concourse of Native Christians, the representatives of several congregations, weeping at a missionary's grave, with the British Governor of their prosperous colony at their head. These Christians are not perfect—far from it; but we need a scene like that to bring home to us the wonderful change that by God's blessing has taken place.

We give also a picture (kindly lent by the publishers of Payne's Lagos Almanack) of the Society's principal church at Lagos, which was built by the personal efforts of Mr. Lamb himself.

her "gala days" was the C.M.S. annual fancy sale held at Brockham. On one of these occasions she remarked to her mother, "We must do more than ever next year, or the people (naming a rich parish in the neighbourhood) will beat us." Together with her sister she had commenced painting on china, and, although they had no instruction in the art, the sale of their combined work produced in four years the sum of £59 16s.

And whence came this steady, persevering labour? Its moving spring was simple, fervent love to her Lord and Saviour. "If Jesus is to us the 'chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,'" she writes, "if we can say, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His,' then surely our first thought is to make Him known to others." And this was so truly her heart's desire that she was eager to seize opportunities for carrying it out. The last evangelistic meeting she ever attended was one planned specially by herself, before the regular time for the first of the autumn meetings had arrived. In her class and in her district she spoke of the Saviour whom she knew and loved. One of the boys of her class wrote, on hearing of her death, to his mother, expressing the earnest wish that he "might always remember things she had told them at school, of the love of Jesus." Another said: "Mother, I shall keep my Bible Miss Edith gave me as long as I live." One who had been a servant in her home wrote: "I know how dear Miss Edith would like that verse she quoted (Cant. vi. 2, 3) inscribed on her tomb, because of her love for the Song of Solomon. . . . She has told me how she liked it; in fact, she was enraptured with it." Yet she was keenly alive to her own deficiencies in testifying for her Lord. "I feel," she said, "I have been so wicked, not like the woman of Samaria, who went about and told every one directly what Jesus had done for her," adding: "You know I can't talk as — and — can."

But it was not her lips only; it was her life that spoke.

Affectionate, dutiful, humble, unselfish, her religion shone out in her daily walk. "What a beautiful example," writes a young friend, "her life will be to us all!" And another, "Her life was truly lovely. She was indeed in the world, but not of the world, and she is now reaping her reward."

And her life and her love rested on this foundation, the perfect, finished atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was (as she writes)

"The story of God's love,
 Of Jesus coming from His home on high
 To take the sinner's place; for man to die,"

that had won her heart, inspired her work, and filled her with such solid peace, that she could thus express herself, while yet apparently in the bloom of health, "It does not matter what becomes of us here, so that we are safe in Jesus." She had had her difficulties and doubts as to whether she were really right in the sight of God, and she never rested until she had found "perfect peace and complete assurance of pardon through the blood of Jesus."

And so, when the summons came to leave her happy home, her beloved work, her family and friends, she was ready. Her illness lasted but a month, and she was quite unaware how it would end, until two days before her death. The thought of the "dark valley" caused her a momentary disquietude, though she said, "I am not the least afraid of the other side"; but it was quickly removed. Calmly she expressed her last wishes and bade farewell to those she loved. And then she breathed out her soul in perfect peace, like a weary child falling asleep in its Father's arms. The cause for which she had so long laboured had not been forgotten during those last hours. "My money in the Bank give to the Church Missionary Society," was one of her last directions.

S. G. S.

[The above particulars are taken from a brief biographical sketch lately printed for private circulation, and are published here by permission.]

THE MONTH.

OWING to the illness of the Rev. A. W. Poole, his consecration to the English Bishopric in Japan could not take place on September 29th as announced. The ceremony was performed, however, on October 18th, St. Luke's Day, at Lambeth Palace Chapel, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. The early date of our going to press prevents our giving further particulars in this number. It is a matter for much thankfulness that Mr. Poole's health, which had suffered under the heavy mental and physical strain of the last three or four months, has enabled him to be consecrated after so short a delay. The medical opinion is decidedly favourable as to the prospects of his health in Japan.

THE Valedictory Dismissal on October 1st was held in the spacious Vestry Hall at Kensington, which was crowded, numbers of friends barely getting standing room. Sir W. Hill presided; the Hon. Clerical Secretary delivered the Instructions of the Committee; the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth gave the address to the missionaries; and the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, offered the special intercessory prayer on their behalf.

THE missionaries taken leave of on this occasion may be grouped under three heads:—(1) Those returning to the fields in which they had previously laboured, viz., the Rev. J. B. Wood, to Lagos; the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Handford to Frere Town; Mr. C. Stokes, with Mrs. Stokes, to the Nyanza Mission; the Rev. F. T. and Mrs. Cole, to the Santal Mission; the Rev. F. A. P. and Mrs. Shirreff, to the Lahore Divinity School; the Rev. M. G. Goldsmith, to the Mohammedan Mission, Madras; the Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Richards, to Travancore; the Rev. D. and Mrs. Wood, to Ceylon; and the Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Valentine to Shaohing, Mid China. (2) Those returning to missionary work, but to different fields, viz., the Rev. C. T. Wilson, with Mrs. Wilson, to Jerusalem; the Rev. T. R. Hodgson, to Baghdad; the Rev. G. Litchfield, with Mrs. Litchfield, to the Bheel Mission; the Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Cavalier, to Tinnevely. (3) Those going out for the first time, viz., the Rev. T. Harding, to Lagos; the Rev. G. E. A. and Mrs. Pargiter, to Agra; the Rev. T. Holden, to the Punjab; the Rev. A. W. Cotton, to Sindh; the Rev. E. W. Elliott, to the Noble High School, Masulipatam; the Rev. J. B. Panes, to the Telugu Mission; the Rev. M. N. S. Atkinson, to the Koi Mission; the Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Horsburgh, to Mid China; and Dr. E. G. Horder, to Hainan, South China.

ONE interesting feature of the Dismissal was the presence of no less than seven Nyanza missionaries. It was especially encouraging to see Mr. Wilson and Mr. Litchfield, forbidden to face again the climate and privations of Central Africa, buckling on their armour once more for new campaigns. The former is to engage in the important work of training Native agents for the Palestine Mission; the latter, to join the Rev. C. S. Thompson in the new Mission to the aboriginal Bheels in Rajputana, Central India—the Mission started at the expense of the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. Then, besides Mr. Stokes (who has since sailed for Zanzibar), there were present Dr. E. J. Baxter, Mr. A. J. Copplestone, the Rev. J. Hannington, and the Rev. W. J. Edmonds. The two former will be returning to their posts shortly, and if the two latter are permitted also to work again in the mission field, none will rejoice more than themselves.

To make the foregoing list of men complete, we should add that the following had previously sailed, and had received their instructions at ordinary meetings of the Committee:—belonging to the first group, the Rev. J. and Mrs. Hines, returning to Saskatchewan; the Rev. R. T. and Mrs. Dowbiggin, to Ceylon; and the Rev. J. P. and Mrs. Ellwood, to North India; in the second group, the Rev. J. Hamilton, for the Niger, and Dr. E. A. Praeger (formerly of East Africa), with Mrs. Praeger, for the North Pacific Mission; in the third group, Dr. Percy Brown, for the Niger; the Rev. J. W. Tims, for Saskatchewan; and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCullagh, for the North Pacific. With these last should also be reckoned the Rev. C. Blackburn, for Mauritius.

ON another page we have mentioned the fresh bereavement which, in the mysterious providence of God, has fallen upon our Missions in East

Central Africa, by the death of Mrs. Cole. The China Mission has suffered a loss by the death of Mr. J. W. Strickson, Assistant Master of the C.M.S. School at Shanghai. At home we have lost the Very Rev. Mee, formerly Dean of Grahamstown, who was Secretary of the Society from 1866 to 1869; and the Rev. A. Matchett, Rector of Trimmingham, formerly missionary in Sindh.

THE Secretary of State for the Colonies (Lord Derby) having requested the C.M.S. Committee to nominate a clergyman to be appointed to Government chaplaincy at Sierra Leone, the Rev. E. P. Sparks, Curate of Boston, was selected, and he has accepted the post thus offered to him by Lord Derby. A Principal for Fourah Bay College is still urgently needed.

THE Travancore Provincial Native Church Council held its annual meeting at Pallam on May 9—11, under the presidency of Bishop Speechly. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Koshi K. from 1 Cor. xii. 22: "Much more those members of the body which are to be more feeble are necessary." Reports were presented by the various Native pastors, particularly of the work aided by the William Carey Jones Fund and the Henry Venn Fund.

THE late Rev. J. A. Lamb, being invited to preach the Annual Sermon of the Native Pastorate Auxiliary Association at Lagos, wrote his sermon but was on his dying bed when it should have been preached. It is printed in the *C.M. Intelligencer*, and gives most striking testimony to the blessing vouchsafed to missionary work in Lagos. Mr. Lamb writes:

When I arrived here in January, 1862, the work was, as it were, in a nutshell. Faji was the mother church. Breadfruit was what we might call a chapel ease in connection with it. Ebute Ero was in charge of its present pastor, a deacon. There was only one day-school, which was at Faji, and the whole of the Church's staff consisted of one European missionary, two Native deacons, two Native Scripture-readers, and two Native schoolmasters. Badagry, supplied with a catechist and schoolmaster, was the only out-station. This was "little one." Now, as we see, it has become "a thousand." There are seven churches on Lagos Island supplied with regular means of grace. There are seven Native clergy working on the island, three of them being in charge of churches under the Native Pastorate Establishment. There are at least ten day-schools supplied with eleven masters, and over 1,000 children are taught in the schools. Ebute Meta and Badagry are each supplied with a Native catechist. A church has been erected on, and an agent supplied for, Iddo Island, and missionary work has been begun at Ondo with an ordained Native missionary in charge, and at Leke and other places.

THE Frances Ridley Havergal Fund now maintains seven Native Bible women in India, viz., one near Calcutta, one at Lucknow, one at Amritsar, one at Jhandiala (under Miss Clay), one at Bombay, one at Jabalpur, one at Masulipatam. Of "Jane," at Jabalpur, the Rev. T. R. Hodgson writes that "she has carried the message of God's love to many a tired and weary, maybe hopeless sister, in many a dark home." The Fund has also made grants for the translation of one or more of F. R. Havergal's books into the Hindustani, Bengali, Telugu, and Malayalam languages.

ONE of the most useful of auxiliary missionary societies is the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India. Founded just twenty-five years ago, after the great Mutiny, it justly claims that it has helped all the missionary societies and interfered with neither. During that time, Training Colleges have been founded; 750 Native teachers have been trained in them; and about 100,000 pupils have been under instruction. Ten millions of publications, in eighteen languages, have been issued. The Society has just issued a tiny book about its work, called *The Star in the East*, which we hope will come into the hands of many of our readers.

THE C.M.S. Lay Workers' Union for London held its first annual meeting at the C.M. House on October 15th. The report showed that 152 members had already been enrolled, most of whom are actively at work in behalf of the Society in their respective districts, chiefly in organizing Juvenile and Sunday-school Associations, giving missionary addresses to children, &c. A pleasant evening was spent, in the course of which service of song was given, consisting of selections from Mendelssohn's St. Paul, with missionary readings by the Rev. Gordon Calthrop.

RECEIVED:—"Thanksgiving, D. g. O. a.," £10; from "A small birch bark," towards the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, £1 1s.; "Please use for the Lord's work abroad," 2s.; L. D., 6s.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1883.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

F. Q. 7th 11.46 a.m.
F. M. 14th 8.23 a.m.

December.

L. Q. 21st 8.8 a.m.
N. M. 29th 1.9 p.m.

- THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF GOD.**
- 1 S I am the Lord, I change not, Mal. 3. 6.
[fulfilled unto us their children, Acts 13. 32, 33.]
- 2 S **Advent Sun.** The promise made unto the fathers ... God hath
M. Is. 1. 1 Pet. 4. 7. E. Is. 2. or 4. 2. John 12. 20.
- 3 M Hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good? Num. 23. 19.
- 4 T The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent, 1 Sam. 15. 29.
- 5 W He is in one mind, and who can turn Him? Job 23. 13.
- 6 T *Imad-ud-din ord.*, 1868. He cannot deny Himself, 2 Ti. 2. 13.
- 7 F With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,
8 S Great is Thy faithfulness, Lam. 3. 23.
[word is settled in heaven, Ps. 119. 89.]
- 9 S **2nd in Advent.** Bp. Stuart consec., 1877. For ever, O Lord, Thy
M. Is. 5. 1 John 2. 15. E. Is. 11. 1-11, or 24. John 17.
- 10 M *S. Crowther bapt.*, 1825. My covenant shall stand fast with him,
11 T The immutability of His counsel, Heb. 6. 17. [Ps. 89. 28.]
- 12 W Confirmed it by an oath—two immutable things, Heb. 6. 18.
- 13 T *Supposed day Smith & O'Neill d.*, 1877. My counsel shall stand,
14 F I have purposed it, I will also do it, Is. 46. 11. [Is. 46. 10.]
- 15 S *Bps. Russell, Horden, and Royston consec.*, 1872. The gifts and
[calling of God are without repentance, Ro. 11. 29.]
- 16 S **3rd in Advent.** Ember Wk. This Man... hath an unchangeable
M. Is. 25. Jude. E. Is. 25. or 28. 5-19. Jo 21. [priesthood, Heb. 7. 24.]
- 17 M I will make an everlasting covenant with you, Is. 55. 3.
- 18 T *Townsend vis. Abeokuta*, 1843. Who shall disannul it? Is. 14. 27.
- 19 W Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, Jer. 51. 29.
- 20 T He is faithful that promised, Heb. 10. 23. [2. 13.]
- 21 F *St. Thomas.* If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful, 2 Tim.
22 S *1st Miss. landed N. Z.*, 1814. His hand is stretched out: who
shall turn it back? Is. 14. 27. [Ez. 24. 14.]
- 23 S **4th in Advent.** I the Lord have spoken it, I will not go back,
M. Is. 50. 1-27. Rev. 11. E. Is. 53. or 33. 3-23. Rev. 17.
- 24 M I AM THAT I AM, Ex. 3. 14. [for ever, Heb. 13. 8.]
- 25 T **Christmas Day.** Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and
M. Is. 9. 1-8. Lu. 2. 1-16. E. Is. 7. 10-17. Tit. 3. 4-9.
- 26 W *St. Stephen.* In hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie
promised, Tit. 1. 2. [faithful, Rev. 21. 6.]
- 27 T *St. John.* He said unto me, Write, for these words are true and
28 F **Innocents' Day.** Can a woman forget her sucking child? Is. 49. 15.
- 29 S Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee, Is. 49. 15.
[and in Him Amen, 2 Co. 1. 20.]
- 30 S **Sun. aft. Christmas.** All the promises of God in Him are yea,
M. Is. 35. Rev. 20. E. Is. 28 or 40. Rev. 21. 1-15.
- 31 M I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world, Mat. 28. 20.

MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

XI.—Our Pilgrimage.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;

1. "They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
2. "They shall run, and not be weary;
3. "They shall walk, and not faint."—Isa. xl. 31.



AVE we already reached the farewell month of what was so recently the glad New Year? It is even so. Swiftly, silently, have we glided through the times and the seasons. Sunset and sunrise, light and shadow, have pervaded, by turns, both our inner and our outer world; and if we have sighed, now and again, over Earth's continual change, we have also often felt refreshed by Life's ceaseless variety. For Earnestness knows nought of Monotony. To us, each day is a new day. Forgetting those things which are behind, we seek the way to Zion, with our eager faces thitherward, beguiling the journey with Songs of Deliverance. Have we not cause to be joyful? Our own God has proved to us all He promised to be, when we laid our trembling hand within His, amid the mists of the dawning year. Not one thing hath failed of all the good things wherewith He delights to bless His trusting ones, and as our hearts burn within us, while we think over His goodness and our shortcomings, we sing with cheerful voice the grand old song: "Thou art my God and I will praise Thee; Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee." And

such sweet music cannot fall "as vinegar upon nitre," even on the ear of Sorrow and Bereavement. Its soothing power is soft as the tones of an Æolian harp, and its wondrous melodies exactly adapt themselves to the various moods of unsatisfied Humanity. Tears jar not with its heavenly harmony, and the ripples of happy laughter make no discord among its vibrations.

How different things seem when viewed from the experience of a closing year, instead of from the oft-times futile anticipations which mark its beginning. Let us pause, and turn, and look back. How many who started with us are lying at rest; how many are scattered, to meet only yonder; how many, then in health and hope, are now on beds of sickness, or passing through times of anxious care. Inasmuch as we are still here, the Lord must still have need of us, to carry on His work in this world. Let us stir each other up; let us "provoke" one another to love and to good works; let us mutually cheer each other, and help, and strengthen. Ah, strengthen. That is the practical word for the erring and the weak. How are we to "renew" our strength? Simply by waiting on the Lord. It is good that a man should both hope and "quietly wait." Dear precious words; full of patience, meekness, the deep repose of trustful activity. And for those who are enabled thus to wait there is a lovely promise, meeting their need at each successive stage of Life's Pilgrimage.

We can never be too young, too old nor too busy, to join the goodly company who feel that they must work for the Master while it is called To-day. But, as work is exhausting, so workers need renewed strength. To buoyant Youth, all impatience to set forth, and seeing no difficulties, in its sublime enthusiasm, the promise rings down, with hearty responsive sympathy, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles." Onward and upward then, ye, on whose bright heads is the fresh dew of the morning; in joy and sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, wait on the Lord. "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord."

Too soon Youth is fled, and the soaring is over. Life's discipline has done its work, and we are tied and bound by the chain of circumstances. Gray hairs are here and there upon us, and we like to remember that they are "Death's blossoms." But while the outward man decayeth, our hearts are leal and true, and our life-purpose tried and purified; to us, then, belongs the next sure promise. Strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, it is we who shall "run and not be weary." We can thankfully feed on this for many days.

At length, with stealthy step, Old Age steals over us. The soaring and the running are both long past, and yet we cannot let all our loved duties pass into younger hands, while we try to learn that our strength is now to "sit still." Nor need we. For the aged, there is a special place in the Lord's vineyard; it is full of peace and pleasantness. Good words spoken amid its green shadows do not fall to the ground, and balmy breezes linger lovingly about its rich ripe clusters. The time of the singing of birds is come. It is the glad festival of the Ingathering. No room there for the blank forebodings of waning strength. The voice of the charmer has peculiar comfort for that restful period of the pilgrimage, which is so leavened with prayerful influence. Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I will strengthen thee, weary one, yea, I will help thee; and for thee is the promise: Thou shalt "walk, and not faint." Let us cherish these beautiful words, according to our need. And in Youth, Maturity, and Age may the Lord bless us, and be gracious unto us, and give us peace. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

A. M. V.

THE RED SEA A MISSIONARY HIGHWAY.



FROM our earliest childhood the Red Sea has been a familiar name to us—the sea whose waters were a wall unto Israel on their right hand and on the left, and which, returning in its strength when the morning appeared, overwhelmed the hosts of Pharaoh. And we cannot but be glad to find that the modern theories which transfer that memorable scene to an arm of the Mediterranean appear to be set at rest by the recent wonderful discovery of the “treasure city” of Pithom.

But the Red Sea has an interest also for its connection with missionary enterprise. Nor is this only a recent connection. Which way the Apostle Thomas went, or Bartholomew, or whoever it was that first carried the Gospel to India, we cannot say; but we may safely assume that Pantænus of Alexandria, the missionary of the 2nd century who visited the Indian Churches, sailed down the Red Sea; perhaps also the embassy sent by King Alfred of England on pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Thomas, if they ever got so far. Modern missionaries, however, from the Jesuits downwards, have sailed round the Cape, until some thirty years ago; and the first C.M.S. men to use the Red Sea were the early missionaries to Abyssinia—Gobat, Isenberg, Krapf, and others. Krapf made ten or twelve voyages on it, most, if not all, of them in Arab vessels, the great steam-packet lines being still in the future. But latterly, almost all our brethren going to or returning from East Africa, Mauritius, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, and New Zealand, have steamed up or down the Red Sea in the splendid “P. & O.” or “British India” ships. Before the Suez Canal was open this route took them to Alexandria, and across Egypt by rail to Suez, where they re-embarked; but now the same vessel conveys them—those, at least, for India—all the way. Those for East Africa change at Aden.

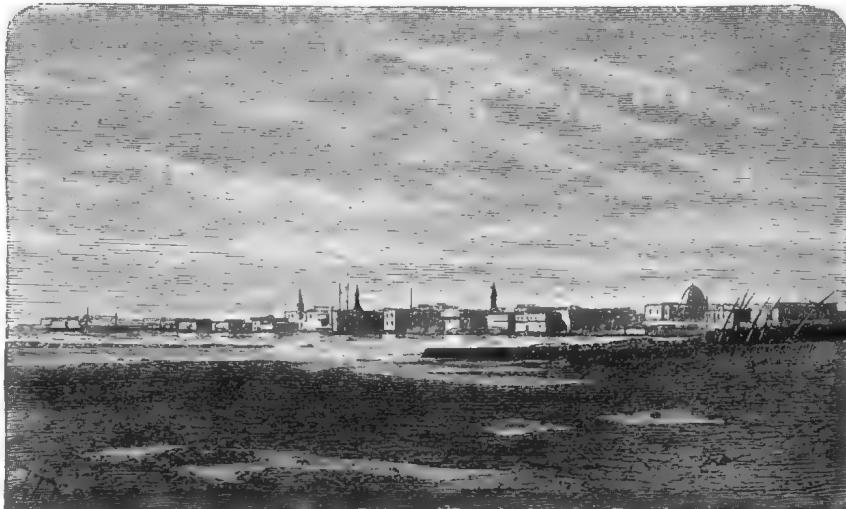
In contrast with the almost crowded state of the Red Sea now, it is curious to see what the Sultan's orders regarding it were just a century ago (1781):—

“The Sultan absolutely forbids that any Franks' ships be permitted, on any pretence whatever, to come to Suez, openly or secretly. The Suez Sea is reserved for the holy pilgrimage of Mecca, and all such as are content to admit Franks' ships to a passage and do not exert themselves in preventing it, are guilty of infidelity to the religion, to their sovereign, and to all Mohammedans. Such as do not attend to this express command, so important to our state and religion, will most certainly meet with severe punishment in this world and in the world to come. Do for ever, with all zeal and ardour as we command. Our Royal orders are gone forth, and this is our will.” (*The Times*, Oct. 30, 1883.)

One memorable voyage down the Red Sea was that of the *Highland Lassie*, the little steam-yacht given by Mr. Wright's family to the East Africa Mission (now superseded by the *Henry Wright*). That was in April and May, 1876. The little vessel was navigated by the late Lieut. G. Shergold Smith, the leader of the first Nyanza party (see *GLEANER* of June, 1876); and his

letters gave a vivid account of the tremendous heat he and crew had to endure. The member of the party that suffered most was the Newfoundland dog!—which had to have its coat cut close, and to be frequently tossed overboard, to keep cool. The great heat of the Red Sea is one reason why missionaries are usually sent out not before October.

In this past October the principal steamers have carried parties of missionaries. The *Rewa*, of the “British India” sailed on Oct. 17 with a C.M.S. party of fourteen, and several ladies of the Zenana societies. The *Ethiopia*, of the same line, sailed on Oct. 24, with a C.M.S. party of twelve, and several more Zenana ladies. The *Peshawar*, of the “P. & O.” sailed the same day, with four from the C.M.S. and one Zenana lady, for China. Before these lines appear, we trust most of them have reached their destination safely. How many readers of *GLEANER* thought of them when joining in the prayer for “that travel by land or by water”? Let us also not forget our dear ones whom they leave behind. The touching lines at the foot of this page, written by a missionary's wife, will remind us of one of the sorest trials that have to be undergone by those who go forth as our substitutes in obeying the Lord's command.



SUEZ, THE NORTHERN PORT OF THE RED SEA.

C.M.S. Mosses
C.M.S. Jam.

Mrs L. E. JUKES, Paul's Street, Tiverton, writes, “You will be glad to hear that we have received £2 for the C.M.S. through the notice of the mosses you kindly inserted in the April number of *GLEANER*. We have sent to their number during the summer holiday, and perhaps some C.M.S. friends might like to procure for Christmas presents.”

MISS LONGLEY, Clifton, Warwick, writes, “What can be done for Blackberries? I have a very large sale of them. I have sold it for the C.M.S. this year, and have realised £6 sent for the Society, and have still three dozen more to dispose of.”

LEFT AT HOME.

A Missionary's Prayer for an Only Child.



KEEP him, dear Father, keep our little Percy,
Close in Thine arms, from all there is to fear;
Dear unto us our treasure is, Thou knowest,
But unto Thee, dear Lord, he is more dear.
Call'd for awhile to leave our little darling,
Not in strange hands, dear Lord, nor yet alone,
But 'neath the care of those who love him dearly,
Thou wilt provide for him a happy home.
Keep him, dear Lord, in all his little footsteps,
E'en as he grows, Lord, let him turn to Thee;
May his young heart be ever in Thy keeping,
As was the Master may our Percy be.
Let him, then, ever waking, Lord, or sleeping,
Be close beside Thee, ever 'neath Thy care;
As thou dost mark each sparrow when it falleth,
So number on his head each curly hair.
O keep our darling baby, Father, for us,
This holy treasure, may we hold it loose,
Loved, blessed, and tended by the Master,
Kept by the Master, for the Master's use.



BY THE RED SEA.

OVER THE WATER.

By EVELYN R. GARRATT.

CHAPTER XII.—GOOD NEWS.



HEN Sasie and Leith met the following day both their faces showed signs of a sleepless night; they stood looking into each others eyes without a word, and each saw at a glance that the other had come to no definite conclusion.

It is hard enough sometimes to decide even an unimportant question, but when it is a matter which may alter the whole current of a life it becomes doubly so.

How could they part?

That was the question written on both their faces, and something there reminded each that "this world is not for aye." That their life was "but as a tale that is told," as a "flower of the field," perishable—uncertain.

The tempter was busy with Leith Lancaster for the next few moments.

Meanwhile Sasie, who stood looking up at him, remembered his words, "Would you marry a coward?" If Leith was in the army, she reasoned with herself, and his Queen and country called for his services, would she wish him, for love of her, to keep at home instead of facing the foe? Nay, would she not rather buckle on his armour and urge him forward, remembering how great and grand a thing it is for a man to fight for his country, and to die for it if need be? If she had to choose, would she not far rather be the widow of a hero than the wife of a coward?

Thus reasoned Sasie with herself. And as she remembered that Leith was in God's army, and that to remain in England instead of obeying the call to go across the water would be quite as cowardly an act as the other, she made up her mind.

"Leith," she said quietly, "Mr. North would ask, 'Will you give unto the Lord of that which doth cost you nothing?'"

"What shall we answer, Sasie?"

A pause, and then the answer came in clear, brave tones—

"We will give unto the Lord that which costs us most—we will give Him each other, Leith."

Mr. North had been disappointed to hear that his missionary-box when opened contained only thirty shillings; he had hoped for far greater things, and felt discouraged.

"I've done so little, Lord, and I meant to do so much," he murmured again and again.

He little knew or expected what he had been the means of doing, and when it was told him the joy was almost too much.

One afternoon to his surprise three visitors were announced, Mrs. Lancaster, her son, and Sasie, all old friends of his, for Mrs. Lancaster had often been to see him when Leith was in London. He was not, however, accustomed to receive more than one at a time, and had not seen Leith and Sasie together since their engagement.

"We've come to tell you some news," said Leith, "for we feel that you of all people ought to know first."

"God bless you both, God bless you," said the old man, holding out his hands to them. "I know all about it—why my little 'bit of sunshine' came round last week to tell me—and may God bless you, my children."

"Oh, but we have some more news for you," said Sasie, "news that will make you very, very glad."

A strange eager light flashed across Mr. North's face. "Over the water?" he asked excitedly, looking at Leith.

"Yes, I am going out as a missionary."

They were almost sorry that they had told him the news so suddenly, for he literally trembled with excitement.

"I owe a great deal to you," said Leith; "for you were the first who taught me to care for the heathen, or led me to think of a missionary's life, and now I feel that God has called me."

"And you, my dear?" looking questioningly at Sasie.

"Father has promised to let me join Leith in five years from the time he starts, if I still love him." Sasie looked up at Leith with a laugh that was very nearly a sob.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," murmured Mr. North; "for what wait I for?" A look of peace and rest stole over his face as if a burden had just rolled off his mind.

Looking from him to her two children Mrs. Lancaster thought of Mrs. Venning's words—

"A deaf, childish old man—what can he do in this great battle of life?"

And as if in answer to the question came into her mind the words—

"Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."

Leith and Sasie were living witnesses of the old man's work in Inglesby.

They went away after a few minutes, leaving Mrs. Lancaster for a little while longer with Mr. North.

"Mr. North," she said, after a slight pause, "I fancy you know something of what I am going through. It is sometimes hard to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Mrs. Lancaster, who was far more accustomed to receive confidences than to make them, to sympathise with others than to ask for sympathy, was surprised to find how easily she was able to talk to Mr. North, and it was a relief to her.

Mr. North looked keenly at her, and his sympathy being fully aroused he was able to express himself and collect his thoughts more easily than usual. "Madam," he said, "there was a time I felt like you, and refused to give God my best. I had a child once—just such another as my 'little Sunshine'—and when she grew up the wish to work among the heathen became strong in her; but I would not let her go. Though she was not my only child she was the one I loved best, and I would have spared all rather than her. Year after year passed, and—ah! my memory fails me. But one day a rich man came into our village and stole my pretty bird away. I can see her now, standing in the churchyard with her golden hair, on her wedding morning. Now, I thought to myself, my little girl will never be longing and pining to go over the sea; but I made a mistake, she went over the water after all,—but it was the river of death that she crossed. All the rest is a blank. I know nothing more, except that she was laid in the grave, in the little churchyard where the primroses and violets grew. I think I nearly died of a broken heart, and I felt the souls of those heathen laid to my charge. It was years before I could believe that God had forgiven me; I had robbed Him of His due, and would not give God my best."

"And your other children?"

"They all died; two were carried off by fever, and one was drowned on his third voyage to China." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "It seems to me, somehow, as if God had sent my little 'bit of sunshine' to me in the place of Gracie; and I have been praying for long that she might be led over the water, though He knows how much I shall miss her. He has granted my prayer about her. Madam, be sure of it, that God's way is always the happiest. You will lose, instead of gaining, if you try to keep your son. Besides, will you offer unto the Lord your God of that which doth cost you nothing?"

Sasie grew in soul during the next five years, and when they came to an end she felt that it had been good for her to have had that quiet training time.

How different now were her feelings, as she looked forward to work in India, from what they had been at the beginning of those five years! Then Leith was everything—the work, save that she was to share it with him, nothing. Now, she felt that even if there were no Leith in the question, the work was there for her, and she looked forward with eagerness to beginning it.

It was sad work leaving home, and saying good-bye to little Inglesby, which looked particularly sweet in the bright October sunshine, as she leant against the stile leading into the churchyard, taking her last look at the old familiar scene. Standing there, the remembrance of her first meeting with Mr. North came vividly before her, and she could almost fancy she heard his trembling words—

"Shall I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing?"

Sasie crossed the stile, and made her way to the spot where she had first

seen him. There was no bent old man with silvery hair sitting on the tombstone, but by its side was a newly-made grave. It was a simple grass mound; no stone had been erected to tell who lay beneath; but those who loved him needed no reminder of where the old man lay, and his grave was bright with flowers.

He had died on a bright summer morning, when the sun was shining in all its glory, and the birds' voices were sounding a joyful thanksgiving to their Creator. He passed peacefully away in his sleep, with a smile of satisfaction on his face. When Mrs. Caston came down from the chamber of death that morning her face bore traces of tears.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said to Mrs. Venning, who was waiting in the shop. "I'm afraid I've kept you waiting, but the poor old gentleman has just gone from us."

"Has he really died? I had no idea he was so ill. Well, it's the happiest thing that could have happened to such a lonely old man, and it is not as if he had left any one behind to grieve over his loss."

Mrs. Caston shook her head sorrowfully. "That he is happier in Heaven, ma'am, I have no doubt, and if any one was prepared to go there he was; but as to leaving no one behind to grieve for him, I can't say much about that. My husband and I feel, ma'am, that we've been entertaining an angel unawares, and though I grumbled a bit about the extra work at first, and went so far as to say I could not stand it much longer, I've learnt better long ago. I've never had a lodger whom I shall miss so much, and I verily believe that God has blessed this house ever since he came into it, that I do."

"Will you really miss him so much?" said Mrs. Venning; "I had fancied that being so helpless —"

"Yes, ma'am, and so he was very helpless, but never a grumble came from his lips, and he wasn't one of those fidgetty ones who always want to be attended to. He would sit quite patient and quiet by the hour together, and I used to hear him praying just beautiful—speaking to the Lord as if He were close beside him, and so I believe He was. And," she added, brushing away her tears as her eyes fell on the missionary-box on the counter, "that box shall stand there so long as I live, and I don't say so only because it would please Mr. North, but because it will please the Lord."

Did Mrs. Venning remember her talk with Mrs. Lancaster seven years ago about the new lodger at Mrs. Caston's?

I think so, for her face wore something of the same sad expression as she left the shop that Mrs. Lancaster had seen upon it at the time of Ella's accident, when she had confessed to another mistake, another sin.

As she wended her way home the following words came to her mind:—

"But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more, those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary."

THE END.

Missionary Sermons in Advent.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to suggest to your clerical readers the following subjects, as suitable for a Course of four Sermons on Sunday evenings during the season of Advent:—

- (1) The Condition of the World without the Gospel.
- (2) The Means used to propagate the Gospel.
- (3) The Results achieved by preaching the Gospel.
- (4) The Responsibility resting upon every individual Christian to assist in the spread of the Gospel.

We are now circulating these subjects among the members of our Suffolk Union in the hope that they may be used by the clergy, and tend to awaken among their people an increased interest in the subject of Foreign Missions.

Peasenhall Vicarage,

Nov. 10th, 1883.

EDWARD D. STEAD,

Hon. Sec. Suffolk C.M. Union.

A Dying Maori Clergyman.

WHEN the late Rev. Piripi Patiki, of New Zealand, was dying, his son in the ministry, the Rev. Wiki Te Paa, proposed to telegraph to Archdeacon Clarke. "Why should you?" said the old man; "it is the Lord's work. He planted the seed, made the seed to grow, and then to bear fruit, and now that the fruit is ripe let Him gather it in His own way. Do not interrupt the elders in their work. And you, my son, God has planted you here: grow, work, bear much fruit, and when you are ripe He will gather you too. When I am gone, you can write to the elders and let them know."

ONE OF OUR HELPERS.



HAVE just returned from D—, where I addressed a meeting last night. The Vicar's daughter called for me in the afternoon, and we drove to the pretty vicarage, but stopped on our way, at one of the smallest houses I have ever seen, to pick up a very tiny widow woman, who just matched her house. She used to be the toll-keeper, and the house was the toll-house; but the gate has been removed for many years, though its keeper is permitted to occupy her old home.

The old lady came out at the sound of wheels, and greeted my companion cordially.

"I shall soon be ready," she said, and began to bustle about. The window shutter had to be secured, the cat conducted to some outside haunt, and made snug for the night, and the door locked. Then she came to the carriage, and got in with some difficulty, grasping her faithful umbrella, her clean white handkerchief, and her well-worn black thread gloves. She was a very neat little old woman, dressed in old, but spotless, black and white. I learnt from others that she has been the chief friend of the C.M.S. in her neighbourhood for many years. She goes round the parish and collects the small subscriptions and donations that so many are willing to give if some one will only take the trouble to call for them. I learnt also that she had a very high character for personal holiness. One friend spoke of her as "a saint."

I drove back with her this morning, and she told me much about herself. She is 76 years of age, and much regrets that her increasing feebleness prevents her from doing as much as she used to do for the cause she loves. She has lived in her tiny lonely house for 46 years; during 16 years a husband (as small as herself her friends tell me) shared her home, but for 30 years she has been a widow, with no living companion but her cat. She has never been to London, nor wandered far from home, but she has an intense interest in missionary work in the "utmost parts of the earth"—an interest which arises apparently from a real compassion for the poor heathen who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," and a deep love for her Saviour, and a desire to obey His last command.

It is encouraging for the missionary to meet such friends among the poorest and humblest of Christ's flock. And it should also be an encouragement to those who desire to help the work at Home, to know that one so solitary, old, and poor, can do so much to help the glorious work of establishing Christ's kingdom in the world.

L.

THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

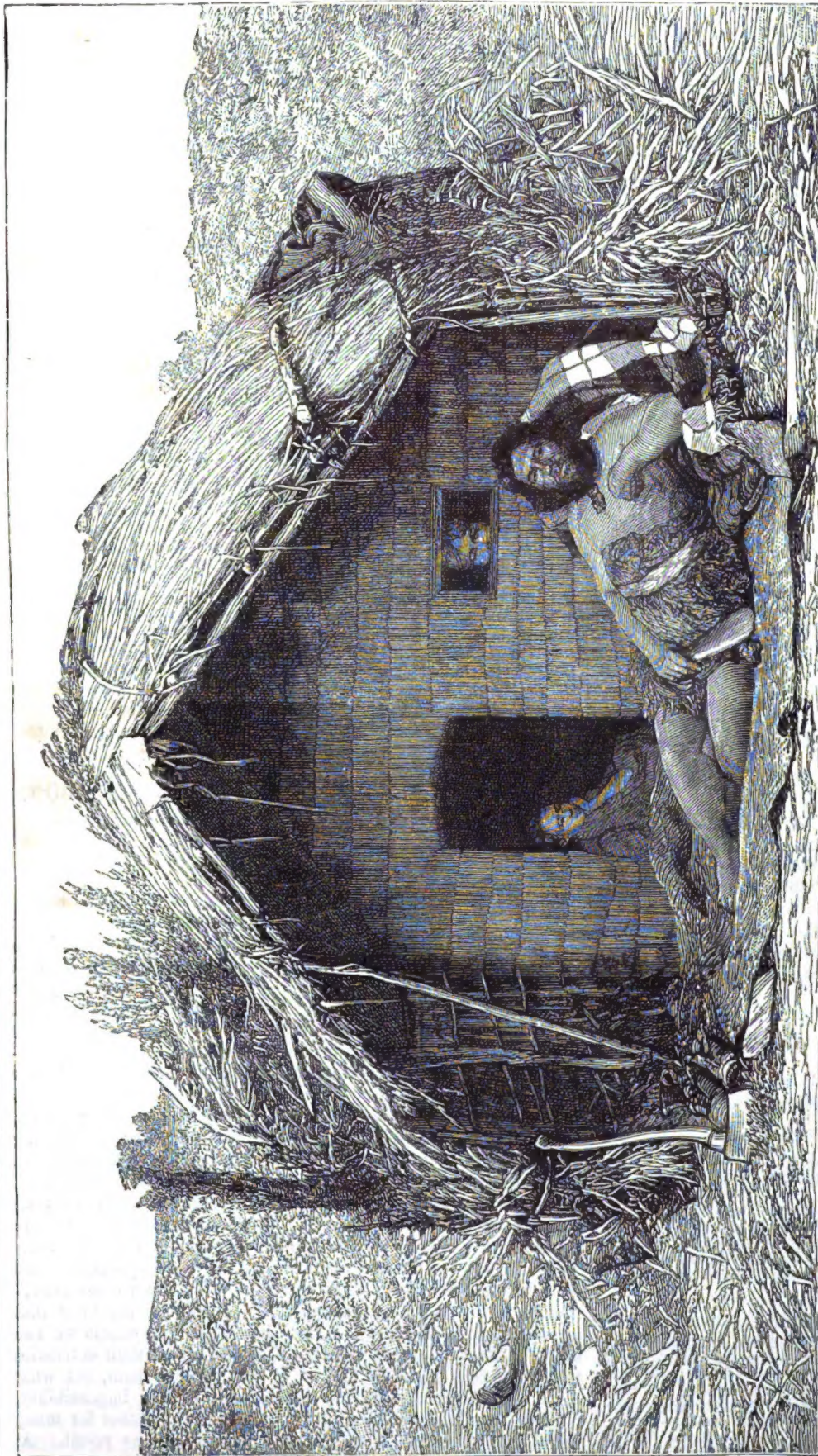
By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

XII.



E heard last month of the son of the blood-thirsty chieftain, Raparahau Katu, at the extreme south of the island, being seized with an earnest desire to learn to read the Book of God, of which he first heard casually from a cousin, and acquiring the power of doing so by six months steady toil with a teacher, shut up in a little islet once used as a prison.

The spiritual appetite thus once awakened, Katu and Why-why longed for further teaching, and felt nothing would now satisfy them but hearing the Gospel "straight from a white man's mouth." Raparahau strongly objected to their going, but they were not to be thwarted in their purpose; and paying their fare in pigs and potatoes, took their passage in an American ship, bound for the 500 miles' voyage to the Bay of Islands, starting courageously, though they left their wives weeping pitifully on the shore. Arriving in about a month, they were taken to our friend Mr. H. Williams, quaintly called "of the Four Eyes" by the natives, because he wore spectacles, and he asked the reason of their coming. "To get a missionary," replied Katu, "to teach my people." Alas! for the blow that awaited him in the reply: "But there is no one whom we can send." Most touchingly did they urge and repeat their entreaties that some one might be spared to return with them, but what could the missionary do but explain the simple impossibility, "There is no one who can go;" they talked together for many hours, but of course it was always with the same result. At



A MAORI FAMILY AND HUT AT WAIPAHIHI, LAKE TAUPŌ.

last Mr. H. Williams sent to his brother, under the guidance of a native lad, a distance of fifteen miles. The journey was nothing in itself, but the very district had been ravaged by Raparahau, and his son might have been sacrificed, had he not been recognised. He arrived in safety, only to meet with a renewed disappointment. The second Mr. Williams could do no more for them than the first. "Oh, dark, very dark were our hearts," said Katu; "we have left our homes, our wives and our people; we have come this long way, but we do not hear good talk." The fellows returned to wait for a ship, which was being paid for more sorrowful than before. But a fortnight later they heard an exclamation, "The missionary's boat has come," and running out to see, with revived hope, were told "They are waiting for you." Katu continued, "Mr. Williams said, 'Fellow, do not be angry with me any more; here is your missionary.' His name was the Rev. W. Hadfield. He had heard me speak to Mr. Williams at Waipahihi, but he did not understand what we said. When we were gone he said to Mr. Williams, 'What did those Maoris say?' Mr. Williams told him we were a missionary, and God put it into his heart to come with us. We said, 'We are very much obliged to you,' and we were very happy." It was true: the young missionary just arrived from England, and present at the interview, had been deeply touched by the pleadings of these poor thirsty souls, and some one might be sent to show them the way to the Water of Life, that in spite of his ignorance of their language, and being entirely strange to the country, he had urged them to allow to return with them to the South, and Mr. Williams, the Four Eyes, seeing in these incidences the leadings of God's hand, decided to go also, and remain there with him until a mission was established. Thus the hut was returned with two missionaries instead of one, and more joyous was the reception met with on arriving. The voices arose from many voices, "The

come, welcome, come hither—the Light is come, that all men may believe.”

At Waikanae, opposite Kapiti, about 1,200 were assembled to greet them. There was just time to hold service before the sunset, in the course of which two hymns were sung to original native tunes. Mata-hau had been labouring here, since his own heart had been changed, to bring others to the knowledge of the Truth, and many were in an inquiring state; they had even erected a neat church, lined with tall reeds, for their expected missionary.

Within six months after his arrival, Mr. Hadfield had the joy of baptizing Katu, Why-why, Mata-hau, and some seventeen others. These three took the names respectively of Tamahana (or Thompson), Henera Matene (or Henry Martyn), and Joseph. “We were all very happy that day,” wrote Katu; “our hearts cried; we were very happy.” Tamahana, as we must now call him, proved, as we might have expected, a most earnest worker amongst his countrymen. He and his friends went with a number of New Testaments, lately come from England, to itinerate in Middle Island. It had been formerly desolated by Raparahau, and the old warrior’s son ran no little danger in this enterprise, but this did not hold him back. When they pointed to the land his father had laid waste, he replied, “I have come to teach you the Word of God, that is my sword.” He seemed never weary of labouring at his blessed work, and has been known to sit up teaching all night, after preaching seven times in the preceding day.

On his return he made new efforts to benefit his own people; and finding he needed more knowledge himself, went for a while to the college at Auckland. As he had difficulty in inducing his subjects to substitute decent houses for the savage “pah” in which they still lived, he set fire to it, and then, building himself a palace, which contained four rooms! he directed them in erecting their cottages, which each contained two rooms and a chimney. He also introduced cows amongst them, and though the natives were terribly alarmed at first at the sight of this formidable creature, they soon learned its value, and followed their chieftain’s example by keeping some of their own. It is interesting to know that old Raparahau entered heartily into his son’s improvements, and even attending school, learned his letters with the meekness of a child. He was never sufficiently advanced in knowledge of the truth to justify his baptism, but in his dying moments he could answer Tamahana’s anxious question, “My father, who died to bear your sins?” with the blessed assurance, “Oh, my son, Christ died for me.”

* The accompanying engraving is from a sketch of the very house, taken on the spot more than thirty years ago. The pictures on the two pages form an instructive contrast.

We have endeavoured thus, in the course of the year, to present to our readers a series of dissolving views from the Story of the first Missions to New Zealand, carried on under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society. After the opening years, in which faith and hope were so sorely exercised, it is an unprecedented history of progress and triumph; some of its passages seem almost like a fulfilment of the promise, “A nation shall be born in a day.” If spared to another year, we may be permitted to sketch some of the later trials and difficulties which more than once threatened to extinguish the sacred flames thus kindled by the work of the Spirit of God through the length and breadth of the land. For the present we will close with a parting glimpse of the honoured veteran who had been permitted to be the first to open the campaign, not far from the commencement of the century.

It was in 1837 that Mr. Marsden paid his seventh and last visit to New Zealand, accompanied by his daughter. In former years he had travelled hundreds of miles on foot, over mountains, and through bogs and forests. Now greatly enfeebled by age, he had to be carried in a litter, but everywhere his progress was like a triumphal procession. Some seventy of the natives marched beside him, a self-elected body-guard, and the many who came out at the various stations to do him honour formed quite an imposing spectacle.

His natural strength indeed had abated, and his bodily eyes were dim, but his mind was still full of energy, and his heart overflowing with love. His first act was one of mediation between two contending parties near Kaitaia, and afterwards he spent six months going from one settlement to another, “blessing and blessed” wherever he went. The natives—heathen and Christians alike—welcomed him with open arms; they would sit with their eyes riveted upon him; and when requested to with-

draw, would reply, “We wish to have a very long and steadfast look at our old friend, for we shall never see him again.” Before he left, Mr. Marsden went a cruise as far as Cook’s Straits, returning to Sydney in August, and in May, 1838, he received the long expected call to “enter into the joy of his Lord.” He had been speaking of the “precious hope he had in Christ,” and the last words that fell from his dying lips were, “Precious, precious, precious!” It was at the age of seventy-three he thus fell asleep in Jesus, having been forty-five years chaplain in New South Wales. In that colony also his work and influence for good had been most remarkable, but it was to the Great Britain of the Southern Seas that he had proved himself an apostle indeed. We may truly say of him there, that “his works do follow him.” To him was given the rare privilege of benefiting, not individuals only, but whole races of his fellow-men.

E. D.



THE HOUSE BUILT FOR HIMSELF BY TAMAHANA TE RAPARAHAU.

THE MONTH.

WE cannot let the Luther Commemoration go by without one word of thankfulness for the heartiness with which it has been observed in England. If it were not for the grand truths which Luther did so much to set forth and establish in the mind of Christendom—the truth of salvation by grace through faith, and of the sinner's liberty of direct access to God through the One Mediator—what kind of message could the Church Missionary Society carry to the heathen world? Nor let us forget that when the Church of England failed to give a single man to the mission field, Lutheran Germany provided a noble succession of missionaries, not only for the C.M.S., but for the S.P.C.K. and S.P.G. also. We are glad to hear that one fruit of the Commemoration in Germany itself is the formation of a German Evangelisation Society, of which Dr. Theodore Christlieb of Bonn is President.

BISHOP POOLE sailed with Mrs. Poole from Liverpool for Japan on October 24th. It should be recorded here, as it could not be last month, that at the consecration on St. Luke's Day the Archbishop of Canterbury was assisted by the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Dover, and Lahore, and Bishop Caldwell. The two latter, as old missionaries of the C.M.S. and S.P.G. respectively, appropriately presented the Bishop-elect. The Dean of Windsor acted as Chaplain to the Primate. The handsome chapel of Lambeth Palace was crowded with Mr. Poole's friends and members of the two societies, and the service was a quiet and solemn one. The University of Oxford has conferred the D.D. degree on the new Bishop.

BY the death of Canon Clayton (which was announced after the GLEANER went to press last month) the Church Missionary Society is again bereaved of one of its oldest and most faithful friends. No face was more familiar than his, and none more welcome, at our May anniversary; and there was no stauncher advocate of the spiritual principles which are the basis of the Society. The loss of such men is indeed felt. May God raise up many like Charles Clayton!

THE C.M.S. Committee, at their meeting on October 16th, had the pleasure of accepting the offers for missionary service of two clergymen, one an Oxford man in an Oxford curacy, and the other a Cambridge man in a Cambridge curacy—an unusual and interesting coincidence. They are the Rev. A. G. Norman, B.A., Scholar of Brasenose and Curate of St. Ebbe's, and the Rev. J. B. Brandram, B.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Curate of Christ Church, Barnwell. The latter is a grandson of the well-known Andrew Brandram, formerly Secretary of the Bible Society, and was for some time Tutor at the C.M. Children's Home at Highbury. Mr. Norman is appointed to Amritsar, and Mr. Brandram to Nagasaki, Japan.

IT being important that the Rev. J. W. Handford, who laboured so successfully as schoolmaster at Frere Town for some years, and who was ordained last Trinity Sunday, should be in full orders before returning to East Africa, arrangements were made by the Bishop of London for Bishop Cheetham (late of Sierra Leone) to confer priest's orders upon him; and, by permission of the Bishop of Winchester, the service was held at St. Mary's, West Cowes, of which Dr. Cheetham is now Vicar. It took place on October 18th, St. Luke's Day, the same day that Bishop Poole was consecrated. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. T. Storrs, Vicar of Sandown, formerly of the C.M.S. Santal Mission.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that the *Henry Wright* steamer, which (as before mentioned) had been detained at Aden by the monsoon, arrived at Frere Town on September 25th.

THE Bishop of Sierra Leone held an ordination in St. George's Cathedral, Freetown, on September 23rd. The Society's zealous lay missionary at Port Lokkoh, Mr. J. A. Alley (see GLEANER, February, 1882), was admitted to deacon's orders; and also three Africans, Mr. Samuel Taylor (B.A. and L.Th. of Durham); Mr. G. Gurney M. Nicol (B.A. of Cambridge, son of the Rev. G. Nicol of the Gambia); and Mr. Samuel Spain. At the same time, a fourth African, the Rev. H. P. Thompson, received priest's orders. The three last named are in the service of the Sierra Leone Native Church. Mr. Taylor is a C.M.S. agent, and works with Mr. Alley at Port Lokkoh. The Rev. J. Robbin,

Native pastor of Regent, was examining chaplain. The Bishop himself preached, on St. John xv. 16.

LETTERS are to hand from Uganda up to July 1st. The Rev. Ashe, the leader of the last expedition after Mr. Hannington's death, reached Rubaga on May 2nd. He was then very ill, but had since improved in health. He writes warmly of what he has seen of the work done by Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Mackay. We shall give fuller details shortly.

BISHOP ROYSTON, of Mauritius, has been visiting the C.M.S. Missions. He confirmed 104 persons at Frere Town, 145 at Rabat, and 7 at Kamlikeni.

ON July 8th, Bishop Burdon ordained an excellent Chinese catechist, whose Chinese name is Fong Yat-Sau, but whose baptismal name is Matthew, and who is known in Australia, where he formerly laboured among the Chinese immigrants, as Matthew A-Jet. This name used to be familiar one in the Rev. H. B. Macartney's magazine. After his return to Hong Kong he was for a time in the employ of the London Missionary Society. The ordination was held in the C.M.S. church, St. Stephen's.

WE are sorry to say that in the recent riots at Canton, the Rev. Grundy's house was wrecked, and he lost all his furniture, books, &c. Mrs. Grundy, providentially, was at Hong Kong at the time. Thither her husband has been obliged to come for a time. There is no doubt that the Chinese Government will award full pecuniary compensation. Bishop Burdon writes that the riots were neither political nor religious, but simply an outburst of revenge for murders committed by foreigners.

THE Rev. T. F. Wolters, of Jerusalem, had the privilege, on June 1st, of baptizing two Mohammedans, a widow and her daughter, the first converts from Islam to be received into the visible fold of Christ in Paul's (C.M.S.) Mission Church. The mother first heard the Gospel through the Prussian Deaconesses' Hospital, from Mr. J. Jamal, a cousin of the Native pastor at Salt. Both she and her daughter had been under systematic instruction for months, and "as far as man can judge, grasped Christ as their Saviour." Our readers will join with us in thanking God for what we trust will prove to be a pledge of blessing in our Missions to the Moslems of the East.

FROM the *Daily Telegraph* of October 2nd, we take the following notice of Bishop G. E. Moule and Archdeacon A. E. Moule, which appears in a correspondent's letter, entitled "Life in China":—

Having spent a day or two in Hangchow, I passed up the Tien-tang River in the direction of the Hwuychow mountains. Here I found a warlike population notoriously troublesome in past years to the authorities, and even now putting the mandarin who governs them to his wits' end to know how to keep them in order. There were, however, plenty of troops about, and the roads and tracks over the hills appeared to be tolerably safe. Europeans do not traverse the country, though, to the praise of Bishop Moule, and his brother Archdeacon Moule, as well as of the American missionaries of Hangchow, should be said that the Chinamen of the district are personally visited, and from what they have seen of the devoted men I have mentioned, they formed a very friendly opinion of foreigners. I did not have a single unpleasant word said to me once I had passed Hangchow, although I might have been insulted with perfect impunity.

WE ask the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the GLEANER for the coming year enclosed in this number. Will they make an effort now to increase the circulation by inducing their friends to subscribe? We want the GLEANER to leave a large profit to the Society, never to draw from its funds; and to this end we want the sale to rise from 30,000 copies a-month to 60,000.

AND why is not the GLEANER more widely used for localising the Parochial Magazine? It is localised with conspicuous success, and considerable profits, in some poor parishes, like St. James's, Bermondsey, and some well-to-do middle-class parishes, like Holy Trinity, Penge.

Why are these so relatively few?

. We would remind our friends that the GLEANER Examination Paper was held on Tuesday, January 8. Full particulars can be obtained from the Editorial Secretary, C.M. House, 16, Salisbury Square, E.C.

"A SUBSCRIBING CRIPPLE."—S. Margetts, Mickleton Wood, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, desires to thank an unknown friend at Worcester for his kind letter and enclosed gift.

RECEIVED.—H. K. S., for Persia Mission, 5s.; M. P., Proceeds of Plantation